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# MARY BAKER G. EDDY

## THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

II

## MRS. EDDY AND PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

IN 1861 Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, and her husband were living at Rumney, New Hampshire, six miles from North Groton, where they had formerly resided. Upon leaving Groton they had first gone to Rumney Station, where they boarded for some months at the house of John Herbert, after which they rented from John Dearborn a small one-story cottage in Rumney village.

Although the Pattersons were still in meager circumstances, their house at Rumney was more comfortable and more happily situated than the rough one-story building behind the Groton woods where they had spent seven years. Rumney village lies in one of the most beautiful regions of New Hampshire and is surrounded by majestic hills which swell toward the White Mountains some twenty miles away. The Patterson cottage stood on an elevation at the edge of the town, facing the highway.

Mrs. Patterson was at this time forty years old, was a confirmed invalid, and for six or seven years had been practically bedridden. Her husband, who irregularly practised homeopathy in connection with his dentistry, had, during this time, treated her unsuccessfully for an affection of the spine. His diagnosis, apparently, was vague, and his treatment experimental. On October 14, 1861, Dr. Patterson wrote to P. P. Quimby, at Portland, Maine, telling him that his wife had been for many years an invalid from a spinal disease. She had heard of Quimby's "wonderful cures," and desired to have him visit her. If it was Quimby's intention to come to Concord, Dr. Patterson wrote, he would "carry" his wife to see him. Quimby replied that he had no intention of going to Concord, and, as Dr. Patterson's circumstances were scarcely such as would permit his undertaking the longer journey to Maine with his invalid wife, he did not write again.

### *Mrs. Patterson's* Appeal to Quimby*

In the following May, 1862, however, Mrs. Patterson herself wrote to Quimby from Rumney, stating that her husband

* It may be well for the reader to get firmly in mind Mrs. Eddy's several names. From 1821 to 1843 she was Mary A. M. Baker. Then she became Mary Baker Glover. In 1853 she married Dr. Daniel Patterson, and remained Mrs. Patterson until 1873, when she obtained a divorce. For a few years previous, however, she was known as Mrs. Glover. In 1877 she married Gilbert A. Eddy, called also Asa G. Eddy.

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had "been captured by the Southrons,"* and that her nerves had suffered severely from the shock. She affirmed that she had "full confidence" in Dr. Quimby's "philosophy as explained in your circular." She had been ill for six years, and "only you," she added, "can save me." Hard as the journey to Portland would be, she wrote, she thought that she was sufficiently "excitable," even in her feeble condition, to undertake it. This "Doctor" Quimby now becomes such a potent influence in Mrs. Patterson's life that some understanding of him and of his theories is necessary for any complete comprehension of her subsequent career.

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was "Doctor" only by courtesy: he had taken no university degree and had studied in no regular school of medicine. He was regarded by the educated public as an amiable humbug or a fanatic, but by hundreds of his patients he was looked upon as a worker of miracles. His methods resembled those of no other physician then in practice. He did not even imitate the spiritualistic and clairvoyant healers who at that time flourished in New England. He gave no drugs, went into no trances, used no incantations, and, after discovering his "Science," did not heal by mesmerism. He professed to make his patients well and happy purely by the benevolent power of mind.

### *Quimby, the Village Philosopher*

Fantastic as this idea then seemed, Quimby was no ordinary medical quack. He did not practise on the credulous for money; and his theories represented at least original thought and patient, life-long study. He was born at New Lebanon, New Hampshire, February 16, 1802, but spent the larger part of his life at Belfast, Maine. He was one of seven children; his father was a poor, hardworking blacksmith. Quimby, therefore, had practically no early advantages; indeed, he spent actually only six weeks at school. As a boy he was apprenticed to a clock-maker, and at this trade he became an adept; the Quimby clock is still a domestic institution in New England; hundreds made by Quimby's own hands are still keeping excellent time. Quimby had an ingenious mind and a natural aptitude for mechanics. He invented, among other things, a band-saw much like one in use at the present time, and was one of the first makers of daguerreotypes. As a child he had shown keen powers of observation and much originality of thought. From the first he disclosed one rare mental quality; his mind took nothing for granted and recognized no such thing as accepted knowledge. He developed into a mild-mannered New England Socrates, constantly looking into his own mind and subjecting to proof all the commonplace beliefs of his friends. He read deeply in philosophy and science, and loved nothing better than to discuss these subjects at length.

### *The Occult in New England*

In those days a man of Quimby's intellectual type did not lack for subjects of interest. In the '30's the first wave of mental science, animal magnetism, and clairvoyance swept over New England. The atmosphere was constantly charged with the occult, the movement ranging all the way from phrenology and mind-reading to German transcendentalism. Quimby's interest was directly stimulated by the visit of Charles Poyen, the well-known French mesmerist, who came to lecture in Belfast. The eccentric clock-maker became absorbed in Poyen's theories, formed his acquaintance, and followed him from town to town. Inevitably, Quimby began experimenting in the subject which so interested him. Discovering that he had mesmeric power, he exercised it upon many of his friends and easily repeated the performance of Poyen and other exhibitors. From becoming their imitator he became their rival. He abandoned his workshop and started out as a professional mesmerist. Among the wonder-workers of the early '40's, "Park" Quimby, as he was popularly called, became pre-eminent. Always considered an eccentric character in his native village, he was now regarded as an outright crank and was the subject of much amiable jocularity. Almost equally well known was his "subject," Lucius Burkmar, a boy of about seventeen, over whom Quimby had acquired almost unlimited hypnotic control. The two traveled all over New England, performing mesmeric feats that have hardly been

* In the spring of 1862, Dr. Patterson had gone to Washington in the hope of getting employment as a surgeon in the Medical Department of the Federal Army. Upon his arrival there he went out with a friend to look over the battlefield immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, strayed into the Confederate lines, and was captured and sent to Libby Prison. He was in prison two years before he succeeded in making his escape. After his return home he lectured upon his prison experiences in various New Hampshire villages.

duplicated since, everywhere arousing great popular interest, and, in certain quarters, great hostility. Psychic phenomena were then incompletely understood; clergymen preached against mesmerism, or animal magnetism, as the work of the devil,— a revival of ancient witchcraft; while the practical man regarded it as pure fraud. The newspapers frequently vilified Quimby and Burkmar; and they were more than once threatened by mobs.

Then, as now, the public mind associated the occult sciences with the cure of physical disease. Clairvoyants, magnetizers, and mind-readers treated all imaginable ills. When blindfolded, they had the power,—according to their advertisements, — of looking into the bodies of their patients, examining their inmost organs, indicating the affected parts, and prescribing remedies. Hundreds of men, women, and children, whose cases "the doctors had given up as hopeless," fervently testified to their power. Thus Quimby and Burkmar inevitably received numerous appeals from the sick. After a few trials, Quimby became convinced that in a mesmeric state Burkmar could diagnose and treat disease. Though absolutely ignorant of medicine and anatomy, Burkmar described minutely the ailments of numerous patients. He also prescribed medicines, which, although absurd to a physician, seemingly produced favorable results. For three or four years Quimby and Burkmar practised with considerable success. Consumptives, according to popular report, began to get well; the blind saw, and the halt walked.

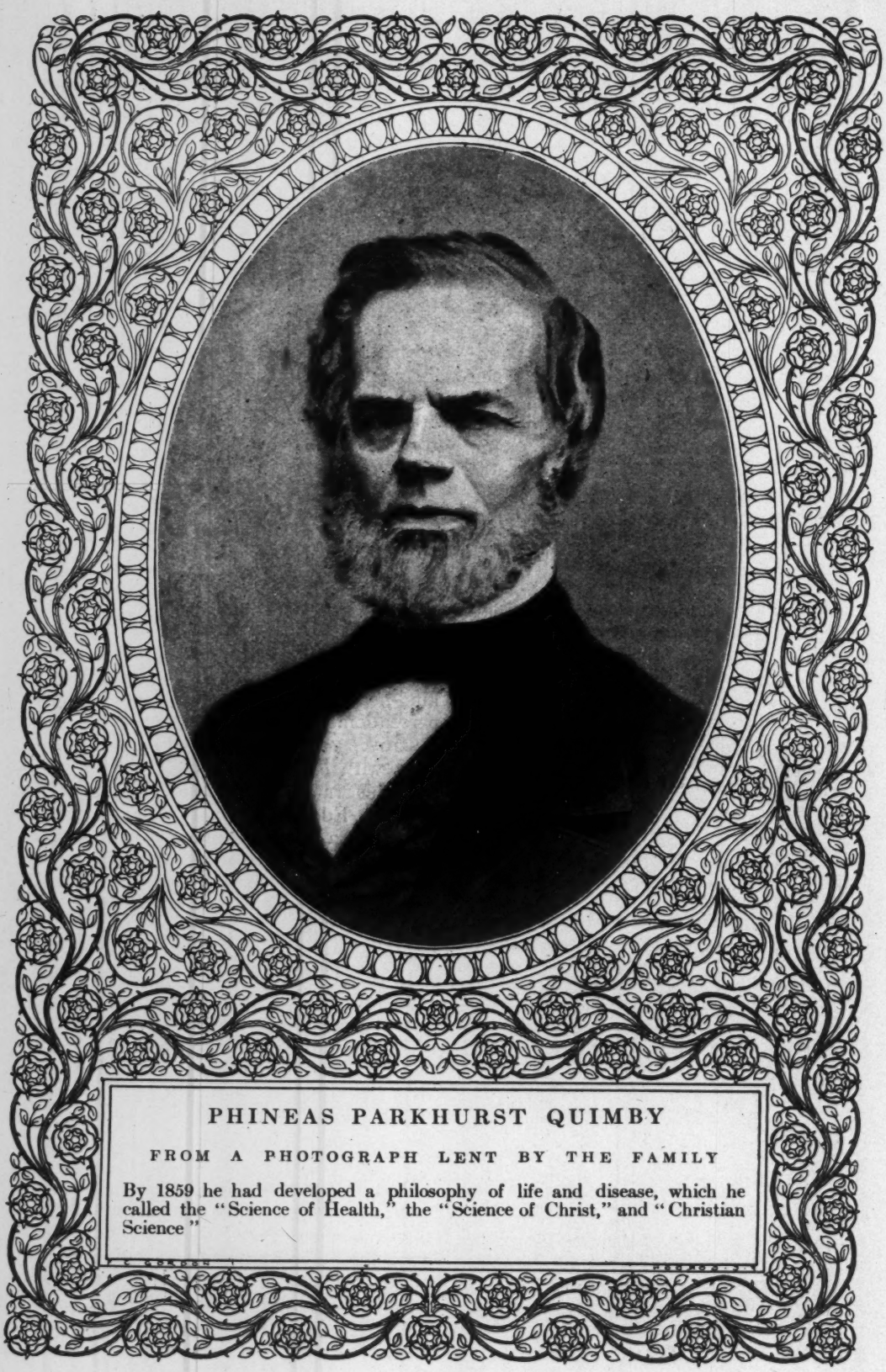
### *Quimby Abandons Mesmerism*

In the course of these experiments, Quimby made an important discovery. After careful observation, he concluded that neither Burkmar nor his remedies, in themselves, had the slightest power. Burkmar, he believed, did not himself diagnose the case. He merely reported what the patient, or someone else present in the room, imagined the disease to be. He had, Quimby thought, a clairvoyant or mind-reading faculty, by which he simply reproduced the opinion which the sick had themselves formed. Quimby also discovered that, in instances where improvement actually took place, the drug prescribed had nothing to do with it. Once Burkmar, in the mesmeric state, ordered a concoction too expensive for the patient's purse. Quimby mesmerized him again; and this time he prescribed a cheaper remedy — which served the purpose quite as well. After a few experiences of this kind, Quimby concluded that Burkmar's prescriptions did not produce the cures, but that the patients cured themselves. Burkmar's only service was that he implanted in the sick man's mind an unshakable faith that he would get well. Any other person, or any drug, Quimby declared, which could put the patient in this attitude of mental receptivity and give his own mind a chance to work upon the disease, would accomplish the same result. He made this discovery the basis of an elaborate and original system of mind cure; he dropped mesmerism, dismissed Burkmar, and began to work out his theory. He experimented for several years in Belfast, and, in 1859, opened an office in Portland.

### *Quimby's "Rare Humanity"*

Quimby had the necessary mental and moral qualifications for his work. His personality, above all, inspired love and confidence. He radiated sympathy and earnestness. Patients who saw him for a moment even now affectionately recall his kind-heartedness, his benevolence, his keen perception. Even his opponents in the controversy which has raged over his relations with Mrs. Eddy, speak well of him. "On his rare humanity and sympathy," says Mrs. Eddy, "one could write a sonnet."

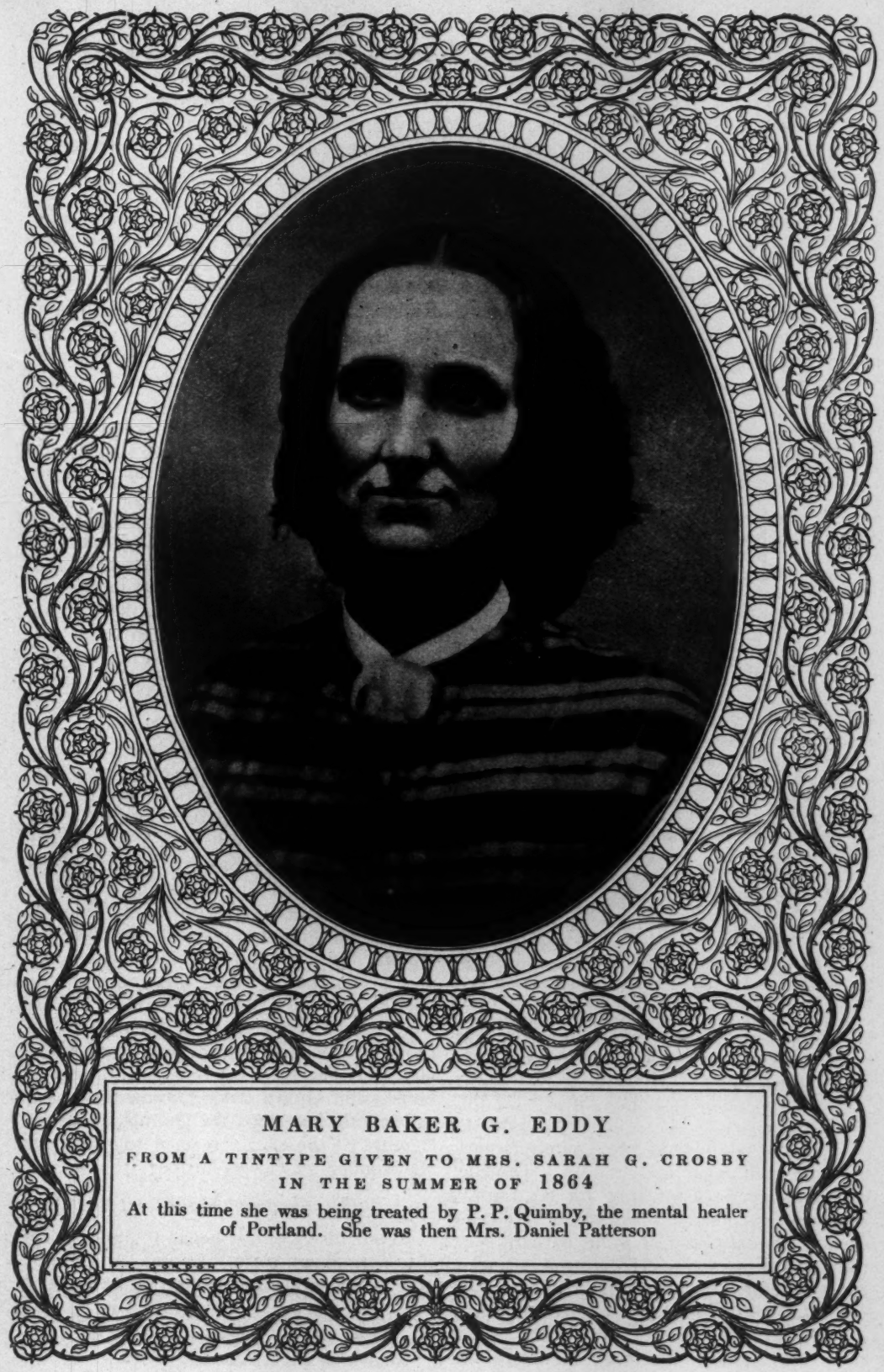
He was a small man, both in stature and in build, quick, sensitive, and nervous in his movements. His large, well-formed head stood straight on erect, energetic shoulders. He had a high, broad forehead, and silken white hair and beard. His eyes, arched with heavy brows, black, deep-set, and penetrating, seemed, as one of his patients has written, "to see all through the falsities of life and far into the depths and into the spirit of things." At times those eyes flashed with good-nature and wit, for Quimby by no means lacked the jovial virtues. If his countenance suggested one quality more than another, it was honesty; whatever the public thought of his ideas, no one who ever saw him face to face doubted the man's absolute sincerity. He demanded the same sympathy which he himself gave. He dealt kindly with honest doubters, but would have nothing to do with the scornful. Unless one really wished to be cured, he said, his methods had no virtue. On one



PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY THE FAMILY

By 1859 he had developed a philosophy of life and disease, which he called the "Science of Health," the "Science of Christ," and "Christian Science"



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

FROM A TINTYPE GIVEN TO MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY IN THE SUMMER OF 1864

At this time she was being treated by P. P. Quimby, the mental healer of Portland. She was then Mrs. Daniel Patterson

occasion, instead of taking his place beside a certain patient, he turned his chair directly around and sat back to back. "That's the way you feel toward me," he declared. His offices were constantly filled with patients, and his mail was enormous. People came to consult him from all over New England and the far West. He treated "absently" thousands who could not visit him in person.

### *Mrs. Dresser's Impression of Quimby*

Mrs. Julius A. Dresser, one of his early patients and converts, thus describes her first meeting with Mr. Quimby:

> I found a kindly gentleman who met me with such sympathy and gentleness that I immediately felt at ease. He seemed to know at once the attitude of mind of those who applied to him for help, and adapted himself to them accordingly. His years of study of the human mind, of sickness in all its forms, and of the prevailing religious beliefs, gave him the ability to see through the opinions, doubts, and fears of those who sought his aid, and put him in instant sympathy with their mental attitudes. He seemed to know that I had come to him feeling that he was a last resort, and with little faith in him and his mode of treatment. But, instead of telling me that I was not sick, he sat beside me and explained to me what my sickness was, how I got into the condition, and the way I could have been taken out of it through the right understanding. He seemed to see through the situation from the beginning, and explained the cause and effect so clearly that I could see a little of what he meant. My case was so serious, however, that he did not at first tell me I could be made well. But there was such an effect produced by his explanation, that I felt a new hope within me, and began to get well from that day.
>
> He continued to explain my case from day to day, giving me some idea of his theory and its relation to what I had been taught to believe, and sometimes sat silently with me for a short time. I did not understand much that he said, but I felt the spirit and the life that came with his words; and I found myself gaining steadily. Some of these pithy sayings of his remained constantly in mind, and were very helpful in preparing the way for a better understanding of his thought, such, for instance, as his remark that, "Whatever we believe, that we create," or, "Whatever opinion we put into a thing, that we take out of it."

In all the relations of life, Quimby seems to have been loyal and upright. Outside of his theory he lived only for his family and was the constant playmate of his children. His only interest in his patients was to make them well. He treated all who came, whether they could pay or not. For several years Quimby kept no accounts and made no definite charges. The patients, when they saw fit, sent him such remuneration as they wished. Inevitably, he drew his followers largely from the poor and the desperately ill. "People," he would say, "send for me and the undertaker at the same time; and the one who gets there first gets the case."

### *Spread of Quimby's Theory*

Quimby was thoroughly convinced that he had solved the riddle of life, and that ultimately the whole world would accept his ideas. His subject possessed him. He wearied his family almost to desperation with it, and wore out all his friends. He discussed it at length with anyone who would listen. To put it in writing, to teach it, to transmit it to posterity,— that was his consuming idea. His only fear was lest he should die before the "Truth" had made a lasting impress. He wrote about it in the newspapers,— not, however, as extensively as he desired, for the editors seldom printed his articles, regarding them as the veriest rubbish. He selected here and there especially appreciative and intelligent patients, discussed his doctrine with them at length, and enjoined them to teach unbelievers. His following was not wholly among the ignorant and humble. Edwin Reed, ex-mayor of Bath, Maine, declares that Quimby cured him of total blindness. He visited him as a young graduate of Bowdoin, had his sight completely restored, spent several months studying the theory, and left with the conviction, which he has never lost, that Quimby was a strong and original thinker. Julius A. Dresser, whose name figures largely in the history of mental healing, early became absorbed in Quimby. For several years he served as his office assistant, receiving patients and explaining, as a preliminary to their meeting with the doctor, his ideas and methods. In 1863 Dr. Warren F. Evans, a Swedenborgian clergyman, visited Quimby twice professionally. He became a convert, and, in several books well known among students of mental healing, develops the Quimby doctrine. "Quimby," he said, "seemed to reproduce the wonders of Gospel history."

### *The Quimby Manuscripts*

About 1859 Quimby began to put his ideas into permanent form. George A. Quimby thus describes his father's literary methods:*

> Among his earlier patients in Portland were the Misses Ware, daughters of the late Judge

* Article in the *New England Magazine*, March, 1888.

Ashur Ware, of the United States Admiralty Court; and they became much interested in "the Truth," as he called it. But the ideas were so new, and his reasoning was so divergent from the popular conceptions, that they found it difficult to follow him or remember all he said; and they suggested to him the propriety of putting into writing the body of his thoughts.

From that time he began to write out his ideas, which practice he continued until his death, the articles now being in the possession of the writer of this sketch. The original copy he would give to the Misses Ware; and it would be read to him by them, and, if he suggested any alteration, it would be made, after which it would be copied either by the Misses Ware or the writer of this, and then re-read to him, that he might see that all was just as he intended it. Not even the most trivial word or the construction of a sentence would be changed without consulting him. He was given to repetition; and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to have a repeated sentence or phrase stricken out, as he would say, "If that idea is a good one, and true, it will do no harm to have it in two or three times." He believed in the hammering process, and in throwing an idea or truth at the reader till it would be firmly fixed in his mind.

In six years Quimby produced ten volumes of manuscripts. In them he discussed a variety of subjects, all from the standpoint of his theory. He wrote copiously on Religion, Disease, Spiritualism, "Scientific Interpretations of Various Parts of the Scriptures," Clairvoyance, "The Process of Sickness," "Relation of God to Man," Music, Science, Error, Truth, Happiness, Wisdom, "The Other World," "Curing the Sick," and dozens of other topics. He was free with these manuscripts as with everything. He gave all his patients access to them and permitted all who wished to make copies, overjoyed whenever he found one interested enough to do this. He also encouraged his followers to write, themselves, frequently correcting their essays and bringing them into harmony with his own ideas. Quimby's writings as a whole have never been published; but the present writer has had free and continuous use of them.

### *Quimby Calls His Theory the "Science of Health" and "Christian Science"*

From these manuscripts can be deduced a complete and detailed philosophy of life and disease. They refute, once and for all, an assertion sometimes made, that Quimby was a spiritualist, or that he made the slightest claim to divine revelation. Certain admirers sometimes compared him with Christ; but he himself wrote a long dissertation called "A Defense Against Making Myself Equal with Christ." He usually calls his discovery the "Science of Health," and "The Science of Health and Happiness"; once or twice he describes it as "Christian Science." Scores of times he refers to it as the "Science of Christ." He also repeatedly calls it "The Principle," "The Truth," and "Wisdom."

Though he never identified his doctrine with religion and never dreamed of founding an ecclesiastical organization upon it, his impulse at the bottom was religious. He believed that Christ's mission was largely to the sick; that He and His apostles performed cures in a natural manner; and that he had himself rediscovered their method. Jesus Christ, indeed, was Quimby's great inspiration. He distinguished, however, between the Principle Christ and the Man Jesus. This duality, he said, manifested itself likewise in man.

### *Quimby's "Scientific Man"*

In every individual, according to Quimby, there were two persons. The first was the Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom into which he had been naturally born. In this condition he was the child of God, the embodiment of Divine Love and Divine Principle. This man had no flesh, no bones, and no blood; he did not breathe, eat, or sleep. He could never sin, never become sick, never die. He knew nothing of matter, or of the physical senses; he was simply Spirit, Wisdom, Principle, Truth, Mind, Science. Quimby, above all, loved to call him the "Scientific Man." This first person was, so to speak, encrusted in another man, formed of matter, sense, and all the accumulated "errors" of time. This man had what Quimby called "Knowledge"—that is, the ideas heaped up by the human mind. According to Quimby, this second man held the first, or truly Scientific man, in bondage. The bonds consisted of false human beliefs. The idea, above all, which held him enthralled, was that of Disease. The man of Science knew nothing of sickness. The man of Ignorance, however, consciously and unconsciously, had been impregnated for centuries with this belief. His whole life, from earliest infancy, was encompassed with suggestions of this kind. Parents constantly suggest illness to their children; doctors preach it twenty-four hours a day; the clergy, the newspapers, books, ordinary conversation,— the whole

MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY

Of Albion, Maine, at whose home Mrs. Patterson (now Mrs. Eddy) spent several months in 1864, where, according to Mrs. Crosby, she acted as medium in their spiritualistic séances

MISS ANNA MARY JARVIS

Of Warren, Maine. Miss Jarvis was one of the first upon whom Mrs. Patterson (now Mrs. Eddy) practised the Quimby system of healing

modern world, thought Quimby, had engaged in a huge conspiracy to familiarize the human mind with this false concept. This process had been going on for thousands of years, until finally unhealthy ideas had triumphed over healthy; beliefs had got the upper hand of truth; knowledge had supplanted wisdom; ignorance had taken the place of science; matter had superseded mind; Jesus had dethroned Christ.

Quimby regarded his mission in the world as the reëstablishment of the original and natural harmony. Though his philosophy embraces the whole of life, he used all his energies in eradicating one of man's many false "beliefs," or "errors," — that of Disease. His method was simplicity itself. The medical profession constantly harped on the idea of sickness; Quimby constantly harped on the idea of health. The doctor told the patient that disease was inevitable, man's natural inheritance; Quimby told him that disease was merely an "error," that it was created, "not by God, but by man," and that health was the true and scientific state. "The idea that a beneficent God had anything to do with disease," said Quimby, "is superstition." "Disease," reads another of his manuscripts, "is false reasoning. True scientific wisdom is health and happiness. False reasoning is sickness and death." Again he says: "This is my theory : to put man in possession of a science that will destroy the ideas of the sick, and teach man one living profession of his own identity, with life free from error and disease. As man passes through these combinations, they differ one from another . . . He is dying and living all the time to error, till he dies the death of all his opinions and beliefs. Therefore, to be free from death is to be alive in truth; for sin, or error, is death, and science, or wisdom, is eternal life, and this is the Christ." "My philosophy," he says at another time, "will make man free and independent of all creeds and laws of man, and subject him to his own agreement, he being free from the laws of sin, sickness, and death."

Quimby, after quitting Burkmar in 1845, never used mesmerism. Nor did he manipulate his patients. Occasionally, after talking for a time, he would dip his hands in water and rub the patient's head. He always asserted that this was not an essential part of the cure. His ideas were so startling,

he said, that the average mind could not grasp them, but required some outward indication to bolster up its faith. The cure itself, Quimby always insisted, was purely mental.*

### *Mrs. Patterson Goes to Dr. Vail's Sanatorium*

Quimby had been practising in Portland about three years when he received Mrs. Patterson's letter in which she first suggested making a journey to that city to receive treatment from him. It was impossible for her to carry out her intent at once, however. While Dr. Patterson was in Libby Prison, Mrs. Patterson was dependent upon her sister, Mrs. Tilton. Soon after her husband's capture, she returned to her sister's home at Sanbornton Bridge. Mrs. Tilton, who regarded Quimby as a quack, would not furnish her sister with money to go to Portland. She did, however, send Mrs. Patterson to Dr. Vail's Hydropathic Institute at Hill, New Hampshire. Here Mrs. Patterson spent two or three months in the summer of 1862. She had set her mind, however, upon visiting the Portland seer, and in August wrote him a letter from this sanatorium, telling him that she had not been benefited by Dr. Vail and would die unless he, Quimby, could help her. She thus described her condition in this letter:

"I can sit up but a few minutes at a time. . . . Do you think I can reach you without sinking from the effects of the journey?"

While staying at Dr. Vail's Institute, she sent several appeals to Mrs. Tilton for small amounts of money. She hoarded them as they came in, and finally pieced together enough to take her to Portland.

Mrs. Patterson arrived at the International Hotel, October, 1862.

### *Mrs. Patterson Reaches Quimby*

George A. Quimby, Mrs. Julius Dresser, and Edwin Reed, all remember Mrs. Patterson's appearance at this time. She was so feeble that she had to be assisted up-stairs to Dr. Quimby's office. She had lost much of the beauty of her early womanhood; her figure was emaciated, her face pale and worn, her eyes were deep and sunken. Her hair hung about her shoulders in large curls, after the manner of the time. Her shabby dress suggested the hardness and poverty of her life. Indeed, she had scarcely met Quimby before she told him that she was very poor and asked his assistance in getting an inexpensive boarding place. Quimby, by personal intercession, obtained a room at reduced rates for her on Chestnut Street.

No detailed record of that first memorable visit exists. According to George A. Quimby, Quimby's son and secretary, Mrs. Eddy's first stay in Portland lasted about three weeks. As far as her health was concerned, the visit seemed a complete success. Under Quimby's treatment, the spinal trouble entirely disappeared. Mrs. Patterson left the office, she herself says, a well woman. But this hardly-achieved visit to Portland meant much more to her than that. For the first time in her life, it would seem, she felt an absorbing interest. Her contact with Quimby and her inquiry into his philosophy seem to have been her first great experience, the first powerful stimulus in a life of unrestraint, disappointment, and failure. Her girlhood had been a fruitless, hysterical revolt against the sordid monotony of her environment. The dullness and meagerness of her life had driven her to strange extravagances in conduct. Neither of her marriages had been happy. Maternity had not softened her nor brought her consolations. Poverty had ground her from her childhood; after the death of her first husband and again after the imprisonment of the second, she had been a helpless dependent. Up to this time her masterful will and great force of personality had served to no happy end, but seemed rather like sharp instruments which threatened to destroy her. Her mind was turned in upon itself; she had been absorbed in ills which seem to have been largely the result of her own violent nature — lacking any adequate outlet, and, like disordered machinery, beating itself to pieces.

Quimby's idea gave her her opportunity, and the vehemence with which she seized upon it attests the emptiness and hunger of her earlier years. All during her stay in Portland she haunted the old man's rooms, asking questions, reading manuscripts, observing his treatment of his patients. Quimby

* As far back as 1857, a writer in the Bangor *Jeffersonian* contradicts the statement that Quimby cured mesmerically. "He sits down with his patient," the letter says, "and puts himself *en rapport* with him, which he does without producing the mesmeric sleep. The mind is used to overcome disease. . . . There is no danger from disease when the mind is armed against it. . . . He dissipates from the mind the idea of disease and induces in its place an idea of health. . . . The mind is what it thinks it is and, if it contends against the thought of disease and creates for itself an ideal form of health, that form impresses itself upon the animal spirit and through that upon the body."

at first took a decided liking to her. "She's a devilish bright woman," he frequently said. Always delighted to explain his theories, in Mrs. Patterson he found a most appreciative listener. Both on this and subsequent visits he permitted her to copy certain of his manuscripts. Undoubtedly he saw in Mrs. Patterson a woman who could assist him in the matter dearest to his heart,—the popularization of his doctrines.

Her devotion to her teacher was that of a long-imprisoned nature toward its deliverer. Her greatest desire seems to have been to teach Quimby's philosophy and to exalt him in the eyes of men. Soon after her recovery she wrote the following letter to the Portland *Courier*:*

### *Mrs. Eddy's Letter to the Portland "Courier," November 7, 1862*

When our Shakespeare decided that "there were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy," I cannot say of a verity that he had a foreknowledge of P. P. Quimby. And when the school Platonic anatomized the soul and divided it into halves to be reunited by elementary attractions, and heathen philosophers averred that old Chaos in sullen silence brooded o'er the earth until her inimitable form was hatched from the egg of night, I would not at present decide whether the fallacy was found in their premises or conclusions, never having dated my existence before the flood. When the startled alchemist discovered, as he supposed, an universal solvent, or the philosopher's stone, and the more daring Archimedes invented a lever wherewithal to pry up the universe, I cannot say that in either the principle obtained in nature or in art, or that it worked well, having never tried it. But, when by a falling apple, an immutable law was discovered, we gave it the crown of science, which is incontrovertible and capable of demonstration; hence that was wisdom and truth. When from the evidence of the senses, my reason takes cognizance of truth, although it may appear in quite a miraculous view, I must acknowledge that as science which is truth uninvestigated. Hence the following demonstration:—

Three weeks since I quitted my nurse and sick room *en route* for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby; and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty-two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof, coupled too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal. Now for a brief analysis of this power.

Is it spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom. "Believe in God, believe also in me; or believe me for the very work's sake." Now, then, his works are but the result of superior wisdom, which can demonstrate a science not understood; hence it were a doubtful proceeding not to believe him for the work's sake. Well, then, he denies that his power to heal the sick is borrowed from the spirits of this or another world; and let us take the Scriptures for proof. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." How, then, can he receive the friendly aid of the disenthralled spirit, while he rejects the faith of the solemn mystic who crosses the threshold of the dark unknown to conjure up from the vasty deep the awestruck spirit of some invisible squaw?

Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays, instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Her extravagance brought general ridicule upon Quimby and herself. "P. P. Quimby compared to Jesus Christ?" exclaimed the Portland *Advertiser*, in commenting on her letter. "What next?" Mrs. Patterson again took up the cudgels. She wrote in the Portland *Courier*:

Noticing a paragraph in the Advertiser, commenting upon some sentences of mine clipped from The Courier, relative to the science of P. P. Quimby, concluding, "What next?" we would reply in due deference to the courtesy with which they define their position. P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, "and the life was the light of man." P. P.

*Letter by Mrs. M. M. Patterson (now Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy) in the Portland *Courier*, November 7, 1862.

Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection. But we also know that "light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Mrs. Patterson expressed her admiration of Quimby in verse also:

### *Mrs. Eddy's Sonnet on a Quimby Cure*

SONNET

*Suggested by Reading the Remarkable Cure of Captain J. W. Deering*

To Dr. P. P. Quimby

'Mid light of science sits the sage profound,
Awing with classics and his starry lore,
Climbing to Venus, chasing Saturn round,
Turning his mystic pages o'er and o'er,
Till, from empyrean space, his wearied sight
Turns to the oasis on which to gaze,
More bright than glitters on the brow of night
The self-taught man walking in wisdom's ways.
Then paused the captive gaze with peace entwined,
And sight was satisfied with thee to dwell;
But not in classics could the book-worm find
That law of excellence whence came the spell
Potent o'er all, — the captive to unbind,
To heal the sick and faint, the halt and blind.

Mary M. Patterson

For the *Courier*.

Mrs. Patterson returned a well woman, as she thought, to Sanbornton Bridge. Quimby became the great possession of her life. She talked incessantly of him to all her friends, and sought to persuade the sick to visit him. In 1863 she wrote many times to Quimby. Her letters, now in the possession of George A. Quimby, describe, in the most reverential terms, her indebtedness.

The following extracts illustrate the tone of these communications:

### *Letters from Mrs. Eddy to P. P. Quimby*

Sanbornton Bridge, January 12, 1863. . . . I am to all who see me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . . I eat drink and am merry, have no laws to fetter my spirit. Am as much an escaped prisoner, as my dear husband was. . . . My explanation of your *curative principle* surprises people especially those whose minds are all matter. . . . I mean not again to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present.

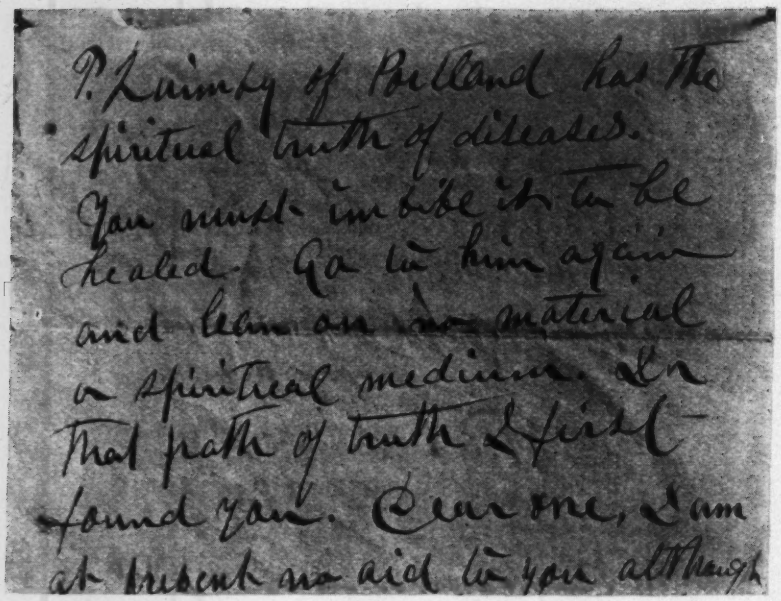
In a letter dated Sanbornton Bridge, January 31, 1863, she asks for "absent treatment." "Please come to me and remove this pain." In this letter she says that her sister, Mrs. Tilton, and her son, Albert Tilton, are going to visit Mr. Quimby. She says that Albert smokes and drinks to excess, and begs Quimby to treat him for these habits, "even when Albert is not there." She explains that she herself has treated Albert to help him overcome the habit of smoking and, while doing so, felt "a constant desire to smoke!" She asks Quimby to treat her for this desire. In other letters Mrs. Patterson repeatedly asks for absent treatments and occasionally incloses a dollar to pay for them.

In a letter from Saco, Maine, September 14, 1863, Mrs. Patterson says that Quimby's "Angel Visits" (absent treatments) are helping her. "I would like to have you in your omnipresence visit me at 8 o'clock this evening." On this occasion she specifies that she wishes to be treated for "small beliefs," namely, "stomach trouble, backache, and constipation."

### *Mrs. Eddy Studies under Quimby*

In the early part of 1864, Mrs. Patterson again spent two or three months in Portland. She continued uninterruptedly her studies. She found congenial companions in one Mrs. Sarah Crosby, who was likewise a patient of Quimby's, and Miss Anna Mary Jarvis, who had brought her consumptive sister to Quimby for treatment. Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Patterson became warm friends. They occupied adjoining rooms in the same boarding-house and spent much time together. Mrs. Patterson told Mrs. Crosby that she intended to assist Quimby in his work. The latter, says Mrs. Crosby, frequently expressed his pleasure at Mrs. Patterson's enthusiasm. "He told me many times," she adds, "that I was not so quick to perceive the Truth as Mrs. Patterson." Quimby now gave Mrs. Patterson much of his time. He was practising then mainly in the morning, and allowed Mrs. Patterson to spend nearly every afternoon at his office. "She would work with Dr. Quimby all afternoon," says Mrs. Crosby, "and then she would come home and sit up late at night writing down what she had learned during the day."

This second visit to Quimby seems to have been even more stimulating to Mrs. Patterson than the first. She gave all her time and strength to the study of this esoteric theory, which seemed to satisfy some inherent craving of her nature. It was during this visit that she first manifested a desire to become herself an active force in the teaching and practising of this "Science." The desire became actually a


P. Quimby of Portland has the spiritual truth of diseases. You must imbibe it to be healed. Go to him again and learn as no material or spiritual medium. In that path of truth I first found you. Ever one, I am at present no aid to you although

Facsimile of a portion of the second sheet of the first "spirit" letter from Albert Baker, Mrs. Eddy's brother, to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby — See page 352

purpose, perhaps an ambition — the only definite one she had ever known. She was groping for a vocation. She must even then have seen before her new possibilities; an opportunity for personal growth and personal achievement very different from the petty occupations of her old life. In one of her letters to Quimby, written some months after she left Portland, there is this new note of aspiration and resolve:

> Who is wise but you? . . . Doctor, I have a strong feeling of late that I ought to be perfect after the command of science . . . I can love only a good, honorable, and brave career; no other can suit me.

Upon leaving Portland, after this second visit, Mrs. Patterson went to Warren, Maine, to visit Miss Jarvis. Here she seems to have tried Quimby's treatment upon Miss Jarvis, putting into practice what she had learned from Quimby himself during the last three months. "At the mere mention of my going," writes Mrs. Patterson, "Miss Jarvis has a relapse and is in despair."

She confidently believes that she has benefited the sick woman. Once, after receiving an "absent treatment" from Quimby, she successfully transmitted its blessings to Miss Jarvis. She became so "cheerful and uplifted" that Miss Jarvis "was gay and not at all sad." She also writes that she has been asked to take outside cases at Warren, but that she feels herself not yet ready, being still in her "pupilage."

In a letter from Warren, March 31, 1864, she says:

> I wish you would come to my aid and help me to sleep. Dear Doctor what could I do without you?

In a letter dated Warren, April 5, 1864:

> I met the former editor of the Banner of Light, and he heard for once the truth about you. He thought you a defunct Spiritualist, before I quitted him at Brunswick, he had endorsed your *science* and acknowledged himself as greatly interested in it.

In another letter from Warren, under date of April 24, 1864, she says:

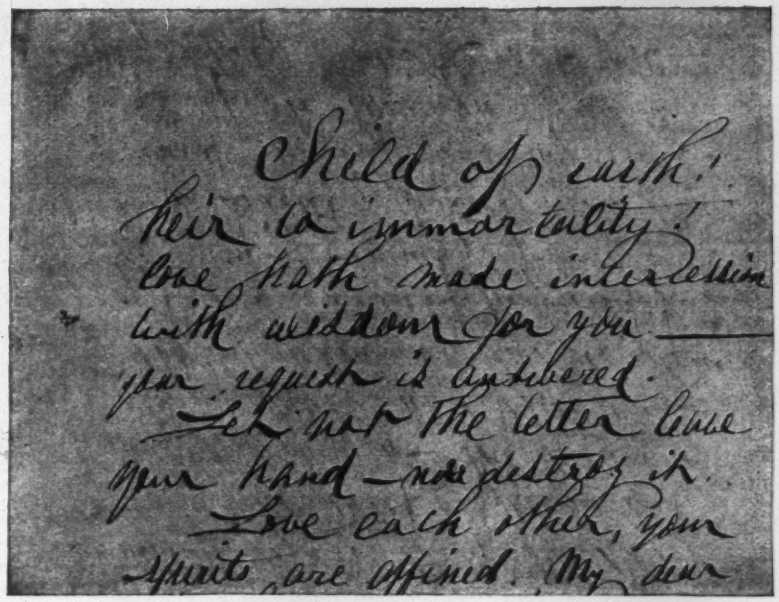
> Jesus taught as man does *not*, who then is wise but you? Posted at the public marts of this city is this notice, Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall on P. P. Quimby's Spiritual Science healing disease, as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism.

In a letter dated Warren, May, 1864, she writes that she has been ill, but,

> I am up and about to-day i e by the help of the Lord (Quimby).

Again,

> Dear doctor, what could I do without you? . . . I will not bow to wealth for I cannot honor it as I do wisdom. . . . May the peace of wisdom which passeth all understanding be and abide with you.— Ever the same in gratitude.


Child of earth!
Heir to immortality!
One hath made intercession
with wisdom for you ——
your request is answered.
Let not the letter leave
your hand — nor destroy it.
Love each other, your
spirits are affined. My dear

Facsimile of a portion of the second "spirit" letter from Albert Baker to his sister, Mrs. Eddy, and Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby—See page 352

In one letter she describes the sudden appearance of Quimby's wraith in her room. She spoke to it, she adds, "and then you turned and walked away." "That," she says, "I call dodging the issue." She repeatedly calls his treatment his "Science"; her illnesses, her "beliefs" or "errors"; and her recoveries, her "restorations."

In May, 1864, Mrs. Patterson left Miss Jarvis and went to visit another friend, her fellow patient, Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, at Albion, Maine. Mrs. Crosby,* who is now living at Waterville, Maine, gives an interesting account of this visit, which lasted several months. Mrs. Patterson, she says, although in a state of almost absolute destitution, retained the air of a grand lady which had so characterized her in her youth. Although visiting at a farmhouse where everyone had a part in the household duties, Mrs. Patterson was always the guest of honor, nor did it occur to anyone to suggest her sharing the daily routine. Mrs. Crosby's children waited upon the guest, and even her room was cared for by others. Mrs. Patterson talked incessantly of Quimby and often urged Mrs. Crosby to leave her home and go out into the world with her to teach Quimby's "Science." Mrs. Crosby admits that she was completely under Mrs. Patterson's spell, and says that even after years of estrangement and complete disillusionment she still feels that Mrs. Patterson was the most stimulating and invigorating influence she has ever known. Like all of Mrs. Eddy's old intimates, she speaks of their days of companionship with a certain shade of regret — as if life in the society of this woman was more intense and keen than it ever was afterward.

Spiritualism was then under discussion everywhere in New England, and Mrs. Crosby says that during this visit both she and Mrs. Patterson became somewhat interested in this subject through communications from Mrs. Patterson's dead brother. Mrs. Crosby is authority for the following account:

### *Mrs. Crosby's Story† of Mrs. Eddy and the Spirit of Her Brother Albert*

Mr. Crosby's farm was rather isolated, and the two women found relief from the tedium of country life in spirit communications

* Mrs. Crosby is well and creditably known in southern Maine. When she was a woman of middle age and the mother of a family, her husband became insolvent. She learned stenography at night without a teacher and became a court stenographer at a time when it was most unusual for a woman to hold such a position. For fifteen years she was stenographer in the highest courts of Maine, during which time she paid off her husband's debts, and reared and educated her family.

†This account is simply a condensed version of Mrs. Crosby's affidavit, which takes up the history of her entire acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy, beginning when she was a patient of Quimby's in 1864. This document is now in the writer's possession.

from Mrs. Patterson's dead brother, Albert Baker. Mrs. Patterson had been much attached to this brother, and described his talents and personality at great length to Mrs. Crosby, making such an attractive picture that he became a very real person to the young woman. Albert, Mrs. Patterson told her, was Mrs. Crosby's guardian spirit; he had long been trying to communicate with her, but had never been able to do so until his sister came to visit her, as Mary was his "only earthly medium." Mrs. Crosby says that she implicitly believed in Albert's care and guardianship over her, that she derived constant strength and comfort from it, and that this spirit friendship was one of the most real she has ever known.

Albert's first communication to Mrs. Crosby occurred as follows:*

One day Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Crosby sat together at opposite sides of the same table. Suddenly Mrs. Patterson leaned backward, shivered, closed her eyes, and began to talk in a sepulchral, mannish voice. The voice said that "he" was Albert Baker, Mrs. Patterson's brother. "He" had been trying, the voice continued, to get control of Mrs. Patterson for many days. "He" wished to warn Mrs. Crosby against putting such entire confidence in Mrs. Patterson. "He informed me," Mrs. Crosby continues, "through her own lips, that while his sister loved me as much as she was capable of loving anyone, life had been a severe experiment with her and she might use my sacred confidence to further any ambitious purposes of her own."

Mrs. Crosby was naturally amazed at this injunction. That Albert should select his own sister as the medium through which to warn Mrs. Crosby against her, seemed remarkable. Again, if Mrs. Patterson consciously shammed, Mrs. Crosby could not understand why she should deliver a message so uncomplimentary to herself — unless, indeed, to make the message seem more genuine. Several times, in the course of this visit, Mrs. Patterson went into trances. In one of these, Albert Baker's spirit told Mrs. Crosby that if, from time to time, she would look under the cushion of a particular chair, she would find important written communications from him. Mrs. Crosby, following the injunction, discovered now and then a letter. One of these is interesting chiefly as containing Albert Baker's spiritistic endorsement of P. P. Quimby. A part of this letter is photographically reproduced elsewhere. The text is as follows:

*Mrs. Crosby does not assert or even imply that Mrs. Eddy was ever in any regular or professional sense, a "medium." Mrs. Eddy herself states that she has been able to perform the signs and wonders of spiritualism, though explaining them by another cause. In the second edition of "Science and Health," 1878, page 166, she says: "We are aware that the Spiritualists claim whomsoever they would catch and regard even Christ as an elder brother. But we never were a Spiritualist; and never were, and never could be, and never admitted we were a medium. We have explained to the class calling themselves Spiritualists how their signs and wonders were wrought, and have illustrated by doing them; but at the same time have said, This is not the work of spirits and I am not a medium; and they have passed from our presence and said, behold the proof that she is a medium!"

### *A "Spirit" Letter from Albert Baker*

Sarah dear Be ye calm in reliance on self, amid all the changes of natural yearnings, of too keen a sense of earth joys, of too great a struggle betwen the material and spiritual. Be calm or you will rend your mortal and your experience which is needed for your spiritual progress lost, till taken up without the proper sphere and your spirit trials more severe.

This is why all things are working for good to those who suffer and they must look not upon the things which are seen but upon those which do not appear. P. Quimby of Portland has the spiritual truth of diseases. You must imbibe it to be healed. Go to him again and lean on no material or spiritual medium. In that path of truth I first found you. Dear one, I am at present no aid to you although you think I am, but your spirit will not at present bear this quickening or twill leave the body; hence I leave you till you ripen into a condition to meet me. You will miss me at first, but afterwards grow more tranquil because of it. which is important that you may live for yourself and children. Love and care for poor sister a great suffering lies before her.

After leaving Albion, Mrs. Patterson continued to receive messages from Albert. On one occasion Mrs. Patterson sent Mrs. Crosby the following communication from her brother:

### *A Second "Spirit" Letter*

Child of earth! heir to immortality! love hath made intercession with wisdom for you — your request is answered.

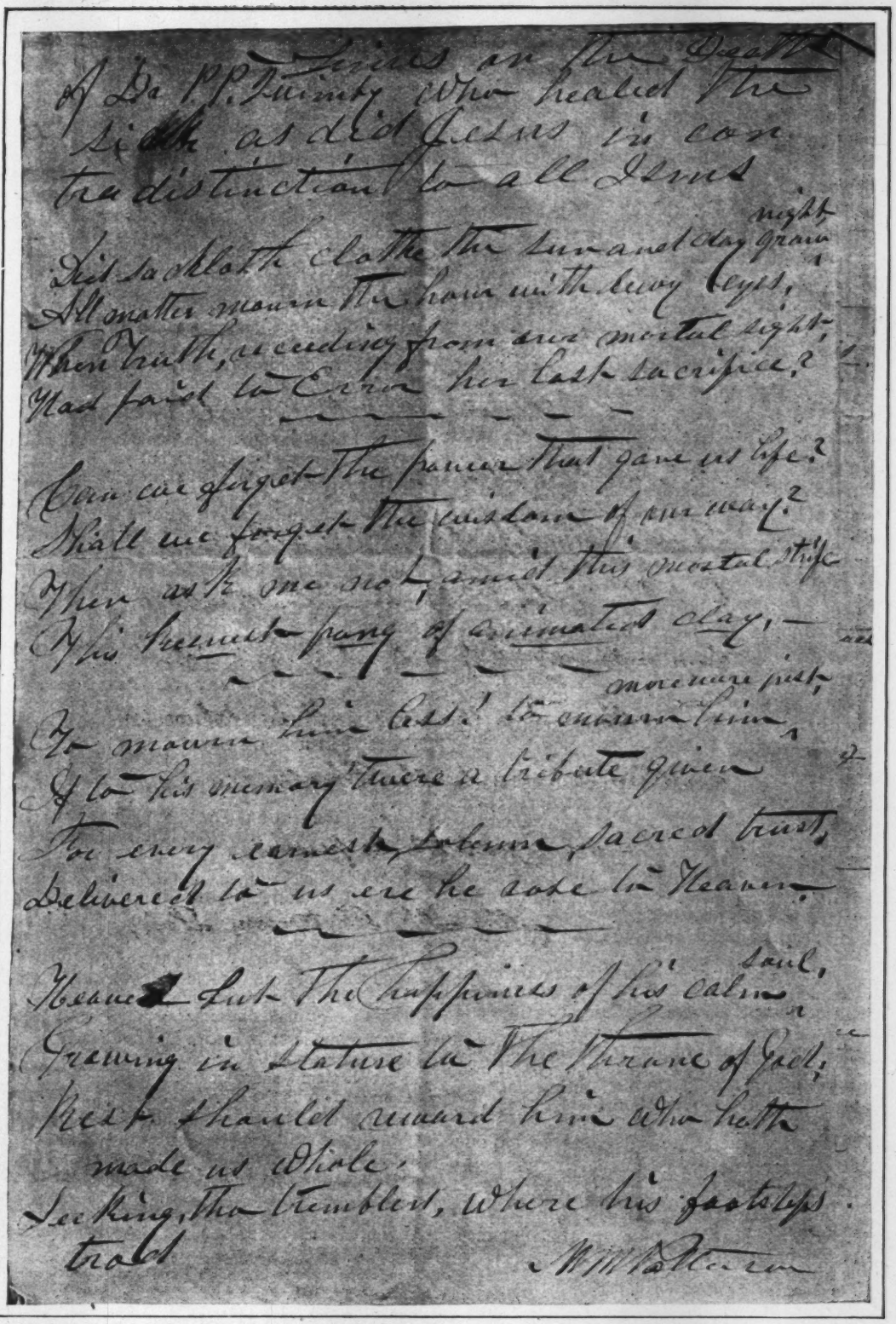
Let not the letter leave your hand — nor destroy it.

Love each other, your spirits are affined. My dear Sarah is innocent, and will rejoice for every tear.

The gates of paradise are opening at the tread of time; glory and the crown shall shall be the diadem of your earthly pilgrimage if you patiently persevere in virtue, justice, and love. You twain are my care. I speak through no other earthly medium but you.

### *The Death of P. P. Quimby*

Mr. Quimby died January 16, 1866. As in the case of many mental healers, his own experience apparently belied his doctrines. He had for years suffered from an abdominal



"LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. P. P. QUIMBY"

A facsimile of Mrs. Eddy's poem in her own handwriting, sent to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby

It will be noticed that this copy differs slightly from the version printed on page 354

tumor. He had never had it treated medically, but asserted that he had always been able, mentally, to prevent it from getting the upper hand. The last few years of his life he worked incessantly. His practice increased enormously, and at last broke him down. In the summer of 1865 he was compelled to stop work. He closed his Portland office and went home to Belfast to devote the rest of his life to revising his manuscripts and preparing them for publication. His physical condition, however, prevented this; he became feebler every day. He now acknowledged his inability to cure himself. As long as he had his usual mental strength, he said, he could stop the disease; but, as he felt this slipping from him, his "error" rapidly made inroads. Finally, Quimby's wife, with his acquiescence, summoned a homeopathic physician. Quimby consented to this, he said, not because he had the slightest idea that the doctor could help him, but merely to comfort his family. His wife had never accepted the "theory"; his children, for the most part, had no enthusiasm for it. They all, however, loved the old man dearly and could not patiently witness his suffering without seeking all means to allay it. Quimby followed implicitly all the doctor's instructions. His son, George A. Quimby, says:*

An hour before he breathed his last, he said to the writer: "I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory. I am perfectly willing for the change myself, but I know you will all feel badly; but *I* know that I shall be right here with you, just the same as I have always been. I do not dread the change any more than if I were going on a trip to Philadelphia."

His death occurred January 16, 1866, at his residence in Belfast, at the age of sixty-four years, and was the result of too close application to his profession and of overwork. A more fitting epitaph could not be accorded him than in these words:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." For, if ever a man did lay down his life for others, that man was Phineas Parkhurst Quimby.

Many mourned Quimby's death. No one felt greater grief or expressed it more emphatically and sincerely than Mary M. Patterson. She wrote at once to Julius Dresser, asking him to take up the master's work. Her letter follows:

**New England Magazine*, March, 1888.

## *Mrs. Eddy Asks Dresser to Take Up Quimby's Work*

Lynn, February 1, 1866.

MR. DRESSER:

Sir: I enclose some lines of mine in memory of our much-loved friend, which perhaps *you* will not think overwrought in meaning: others *must* of course.

I am constantly wishing that *you* would step forward into the place he has vacated. I believe you would do a vast amount of good, and are more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of.

Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk, and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, choloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?

Respectfully,
MARY M. PATTERSON.

The verses in question had already been published in a Lynn newspaper.

## *Mrs. Patterson's Tribute in Verse*

Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby,† Who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms.

Did sackcloth clothe the sun and day grow night,
All matter mourn the hour with dewy eyes,
When Truth, receding from our mortal sight,
Had paid to error her last sacrifice?

Can we forget the power that gave us life?
Shall we forget the wisdom of its way?
Then ask me not amid this mortal strife —
This keenest pang of animated clay —

To mourn him less; to mourn him more were just
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven.

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,
Growing in stature to the throne of God;
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

MARY M. PATTERSON.
Lynn, January 22, 1866.

†In a copy of these verses sent to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, which is reproduced on page 353, the title is worded somewhat differently and several slight variations occur in the text.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"It had begun away back in their school-days"

# THE COURTING OF PEARLY

BY

HELEN REIMENSNYDER MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "ELLIE'S FURNISHING," "THE REFORMING OF A BRIDEGROOM," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IT was beginning to be "put out" in Stumpstown that Pearly Schwenkfelder was "promised" to Adam Hoofstitler, and as gossip in Stumpstown traveled fast it soon reached the ears of even Simon Flick, who, though only a young man in his twenties, mingled so little with his fellow villagers and so strictly "minded to his own business," that much of the village news was apt to pass him by.

This item came to Simon with a sharp sting.

He found it impossible, the afternoon that he heard the news, to work in his blacksmith shop. With what appeared to his apprentice an alarming recklessness, he announced, an hour after his return to the shop, that he was going out for a while and would leave the apprentice alone in charge of the business; and then, flinging himself outdoors, he strode down the road as fast as his slightly lame foot would allow him to go.

To know that Pearly was "promised" to another man was anguish enough. But to know that the man was Adam Hoofstitler was nothing short of maddening. For Pearly's own sake, because Simon loved her, he would save her from a union so fatal to her happiness — to the happiness of any woman. But mingled with the passion of his love for her was another passion almost as fierce — his detestation of Adam.

It had begun away back in their school-days, when Adam, who was the bully of the school, used to make pretty little Pearly cry by taunting Simon with his "game leg" and then, right in Simon's presence, seizing Pearly and kissing her until her tears were turned to laughter. Sometimes Simon's rage would get the better of his prudence, and he would try to fight Adam, who was twice his size. Of course, poor Simon always came out beaten. Once, a quarrel that had been

entirely provoked by Adam led to Simon's suspension from school for a month, because, Adam's father being a school director, the teacher felt it prudent to take his part.

A climax had come one night at a party to which Simon had escorted Pearly when she was a blooming, bewitching maiden of sixteen. Simon at that time had been too poor to hire a sleigh to take her to the party, but he and Pearly, who was very fond of him, had enjoyed the moonlight walk over the crisp snow with all the keenness of their youth. It was when the party was over and she and Simon were stepping out of the house to walk home together, both of them with sweet anticipations of the pleasure of their long, moonlight walk, that Adam had suddenly come up behind them and with a roar of laughter thrust Simon roughly aside, lifted Pearly bodily in his arms, set her in his own sleigh, and driven off with her. Simon had slipped on the ice when Adam pushed him and had given his lame foot a wrench that had made his almost unnoticeable lameness conspicuous for the rest of his life.

"used to make pretty little Pearly cry"

For many days after this party Simon, laid up with his injured foot and kept from the work by which he supported his widowed mother and himself, waited in vain for some word of apology or regret from Pearly. He rose from his bed at the end of a month, a hardened and a bitter man, in the very flush of his young manhood.

This stolid moroseness, with which, after many years, he had become impregnated, left even himself deceived as to the passions still alive in him — until a revelation of himself was made to him in the news of Adam's betrothal to Pearly.

"Mebbe it ain't so, fur all!" he was saying to himself as he strode up the village street, in the warm April afternoon, his head hanging forward, his hands clasped behind him. "How could Pearly look fur happiness married to *him* — she knows how ugly-dispositioned he is!"

A heavy footstep on the otherwise noiseless street made him look up — to see Adam himself coming toward him. In his customary blustering tone, Adam hailed him:

"Hello, Gameleg! What are *you* starin' at? I hope you'll mebbe know me next time you see me!"

Simon found himself strangely impervious to-day to the taunt which in his sensitive boyhood had so tortured him. As he walked on up the street, he continued to consider, heavily, what there was in Adam that could attract Pearly.

"He's a good-looker," he acknowledged to himself with an icy chill at his heart as he thought of his own maimed member and of his general physical inferiority to the stalwart, broad-shouldered Adam. "And, to be sure, that makes somepin, too, to a girl — as much as it does to a man if a *girl's* a good-looker. And he's well-fixed. He'd purvide good fur her. Better'n me — fur all I'm well-fixed, too, now. But I wasn't till a little while back yet, and Adam he always was. If I thought there was any chanct fur me, I'd try to cut him out, even yet!"

His steps had led him half unconsciously toward Pearly's home. He had never looked at or spoken to her since that night she had been snatched from him at the party, but he knew to-day that his boyish love for her had never died, and that she was the only

woman in the world whom he would ever want to marry.

Pearly was the only child of the people who kept the station restaurant and the village grocery store.

As Simon reached the sidewalk in front of Mr. Schwenkfelder's yellow frame house, his ear was caught and thrilled by the sound of Pearly's voice singing in the front room to an accompaniment on her cabinet organ. He stopped short and listened.

"When the pearly gates unfold
for you and me!"

were the words which floated to him from the "best front room."

"I'll go in oncet and get a plate of ice-cream or what!" he resolved with a thumping of his heart that fairly made his knees shake.

The restaurant opened into the parlor where Pearly sat, and he could see her plump, pretty figure at the organ as he took his place at one of the oil-cloth covered tables of the small eating-room.

There were no other customers present. The "hired girl" who was in attendance came at once to take his order. Simon looked about at the printed signs which covered the walls: —

"Sarsaparilla, five cents"; "Ginger-ale, five cents"; "Ice-cream, five and ten cents"; "Oyster stews, fifteen cents"; "Ham and X, twenty cents."

The last sign was a concession to the Pennsylvania Dutch pronunciation of "ham and eggs."

"I'll take a glass of sassafarilla," he said.

While he waited, his eyes feasting upon the unconscious object of his ardor, Pearly struck up another song. The quite heart-rending words were warbled to an accompaniment that was inappropriately jaunty. The song tragically told of the early death of a maiden whose lover, in his despairing grief, pined away and shortly followed her to "her tomb in the walley."

"In the walley, in the walley!"

Pearly shrilly sang the chorus:

"In the walley they aid him by her side!"

Perhaps Pearly felt the intensity of thought and emotion directed to her from Simon's excited mind, for she suddenly stopped short, turned on the red plush organ-stool, and fully met his gaze fixed upon her from the room beyond.

Her face went pale as she saw him. For an instant she hesitated, while Simon's eyes seemed to hold her spellbound. Then suddenly she rose, came quickly forward, and entered the eating-room. There was

"right in Simon's presence, seizing Pearly and kissing her until her tears were turned to laughter"

"Pearly struck up another song"

a bright look of excitement in her face and a soft delight about the smile of her full lips that made Simon's head swim.

"Why, Si! Did *you* come oncet!" she exclaimed, seating herself opposite him, leaning her elbows on the table and her cheeks on the backs of her hands. "I think it can't be! You're a wonderful stranger! Ain't you are?"

"I felt fur a drink of sassafarilla, it's such a hot day," said Simon, growing red with his embarrassment in explaining his presence.

He sipped his glass to cover his sense of awkwardness. Every nerve in him was tingling with delight at Pearly's nearness. She did not speak again at once, but sat looking at him in silence. What should he say to her? What had he really come here for? Was there any least use in the world of his trying to cut out Adam Hoofstitler at this late stage of the game? That look of pleasure with which she had come forward to greet him — could he dare to take hope from it?

Pearly made a slight restless movement in her chair, and a fear seized him that she would rise and leave him.

"I didn't know, Pearly, that you'd learned to play and sing so good," he quickly said. "You're a wonderful pretty singer."

"Yes, I know a good bit about music. I took twenty-four lessons fur five dollars off the Evangelical preacher's daughter."

"I like to hear you sing, 'When the pearly gates.' It minds me of *you!*"

"Do you think? Because my name's Pearly, ain't?" she asked, smiling and blushing. "You always was so fond fur my name, still, ain't you was, Si? Pop, too," she nodded. "Pop he give me my name. He seen it oncet in such a Family Story Paper, and he always thought such a heap of that name!"

"I, too," said Simon.

"It's a wonder, Si, you could be away from work in the middle of the day yet!" Pearly remarked.

"I ain't got much time," said Simon confusedly. "What time it is, Pearly?"

She drew a tiny gold watch from her bosom and held it toward him. "It's half-past twelf."

"Well," said Simon, "I don't have to get back till a half hour a'ready. Did your pop give you that wonderful handsome watch, Pearly?" he asked; for all Stumpstown knew that, to her father, Pearly, his only child, was the very core of his heart, and that he delighted to "spend on her."

"N — no," answered Pearly, her eyes falling. "I — I came by this watch."

She did not need to explain. Adam Hoofstitler had surely given her the watch.

"Last Sundays, Si," she hastily added, "I thought I have saw you walk on the Cemetery. Was it you? I was there with — I was walking on the Cemetery, too"; she changed her statement with a self-conscious look and tone that made Simon's heart sink lower.

"Yes, I was walkin' on the Cemetery," he dully answered. "I didn't take notice to you walkin' there."

"'I didn't know, Pearly, that you'd learned to play and sing so good'"

"Did you come on a funeral, Si?"

"No, I just come *so*."

"I thought you mebbe had came on the funeral of that party where was ninety-nine years old and was brought from Bethlehem over. I seen the remains. There was nothin' but skin and bones at him!"

"Now think!" said Simon.

"Indeed, yes!" sighed Pearly. "It used to make me feel funny to look at them awful thin remains!"

"It was a pity of him," said Simon perfunctorily.

The topic was neither savory nor fruitful, and conversation here flagged a trifle.

Simon wrestled with a desperate temptation to put his fate to an immediate test, demand of Pearly whether she were really "promised" to Adam, and discover at once whether she could give him any hope.

"You're lookin' well, Si. Only a little older," the girl remarked.

"You're lookin' good, too, Pearly. Only I can't say you're lookin' any older. Say, Pearly!"

"What, Si?"

"Why didn't you never write to me when I was laid up after that party where Adam Hoofstitler fetched you away from me?"

Pearly's fair face and neck flushed a deep pink as she gazed at him with wide eyes of surprise.

"Si, I was just a-goin' to ast *you* why you never come to see me or ast fur me when I had so sick after that there sleigh-ride with Adam!"

"*I* never heard you had sick, Pearly!"

"I had sick of typhoid fever. It was the day after the party, and I believe I was washing dishes, or what I was doing — when I got it so in my head! I went to bed, and the doctor he didn't know what it would give yet, but till a day or two it give typhoid fever. I had to do seven weeks with it, and it turned me all over! And when I got some better, the first thing I ast was if Si was here ever. And when they sayed no, only Adam, and they sayed how all the time I had sick, Adam he was so kind that way — then I didn't know what *to* think no more!"

"Pearly! I never knowed you had sick! I was laid up with my foot, and no person never tole me you had the fever!"

"Now, *Si!*" Pearly half gasped. "You don't mean to say you never knowed!"

"Pearly!" called a voice from the grocery store on the other side of the eating-room, "what you do?"

It was the voice of her father, and it was followed by his portly appearance in the doorway.

"What you do, Pearly?"

"Nothin', Pop."

"Well, then," he jocularly admonished her, "stop it!"

He roared with laughter at his own wit as he stood in his shirt-sleeves, his fat palms resting on his hips, his red cheeks shaking with his mirth.

"Why, Si!" he exclaimed in surprise as he recognized the young man. "What brung *you* along yet?"

Simon felt, in Mr. Schwenkfelder's surprised greeting, an overwhelming sense of embarrassment in his fear lest the purpose of his visit be manifest to Pearly's father. Could he once be persuaded that she cared more for him than for Adam, he would brave her father, Adam, and all the village in his endeavors to win her. But so long as he was in doubt, his confusion and timidity ruled him.

"It gets late on me, and I must go," he said, rising abruptly.

"Well, good-by, Si," said Pearly, a wistful note in her voice that set his pulse to bounding. He lifted his downcast eyes and looked at her.

"Mebbe I might come, a little while after supper, down," he suggested. "Would my comp'ny be acceptable, Pearly?"

"I'd enjoy your comp'ny much, Si," she blushingly answered.

"Ain't you lookin' fur Adam Hoofstitler over?" he blurted out.

"He — he has to go up behind Reading this after," she faltered.

"And when the cat's away the mice'll play, heh?" hilariously shouted Mr. Schwenkfelder. "Ain't, Si?"

Simon hardly knew, as, only half conscious of the ground under his feet, he limped homeward, whether he ought to feel elated or discouraged at Pearly's invitation, since it was given because Adam would be out of town. Was Pearly only wanting to trifle with him? Just what it might signify as to Pearly's true sentiments, Simon pondered heavily all the rest of the day, until at nightfall he again found himself, with alternate hope and misgiving, walking up the village street toward Schwenkfelder's restaurant.

Pearly was sitting on the front porch, most fetchingly dressed in a white frock with pink ribbons on it.

"'I AIN'T JUST TO SAY *PROMISED*, SI. BUT—BUT WE'RE IN WITH EACH OTHER WONDERFUL THICK'"

"I'm that glad to see you, Si!" she greeted him; "come here and set down on the porch, side by each!"

"I brung you a present, Pearly," Simon boldly plunged in when he had taken the chair at her side. "Will you accept it off of me?"

"Oh, Si! I don't know if I had ought to. What fur present is it?" she inquired, with eyes of eager curiosity on the package in his hand.

This "present" was a test on Simon's part. If she accepted it from him, she was surely not "promised" to another. Such an act would be counted by Stumpstown standards as nothing short of stealing. It would be getting goods on false pretenses.

Simon removed the wrapping paper and brought forth a large volume, the title of which appeared in gilt letters on the brown imitation-of-leather cover.

Roses and Thorns of Paris and London.
That Lessons may be learned therefrom,
Influencing to Shun Evil and Admire
Virtue.

"I bought it off of such a agent last week," he explained; "and to-night I conceited I'd fetch it with — and give it a present to you, Pearly. It's got pictures all through. It cost me four ninety-eight."

"Now, think!" cried Pearly admiringly. "I never had a book where cost that much. It's wonderful handsome, Si, saddy!" (Thank you.)

"I'm glad you like it, Pearly."

"I like it wonderful, Si."

"Then ain't you promised to Adam Hoofstitler, Pearly?"

Simon's heart beat thick in his breast as he asked the crucial question.

Pearly started and blushed very red in her confusion.

"I ain't just to say *promised*, Si. But — but we're in with each other wonderful thick."

"But you ain't promised?"

"No — not just to say that. But," she faltered, her eyes downcast, "it ain't because Adam ain't *ast* me often enough."

"'Come on out of here, Adam — me and you ain't in it'"

"Pearly! Is it that you won't have him, or what?"

"I won't do it to say to him if I *will* or no. But — to be sure, me and Adam, us we're awful well acquainted together that way. And in January I get twenty years old, and now pop and mom they say it's time I marry oncet!"

"And why won't you say yes to Adam?" Simon asked huskily.

Pearly looked down and outlined with her fingers the letters on her book.

"I have a many reasons."

"Won't you tell 'em off to me?" Simon pleaded.

"I don't think it would be nice in me to talk down on Adam as long as I leave him keep comp'ny with me."

"Is it that you don't know right what you do want, or whatever?"

"Well, Si," answered Pearly, leaning a little nearer to him and lowering her voice confidentially, "sometimes I say to myself, 'I sure won't do it.' And then again when Adam he plagues me so to have him, I don't know what *to* think. But I pass it as my opinion a girl ought not to engage till she's sure."

"Don't you like him good enough?"

"I'm afraid, Si, sometimes I don't. Then again sometimes I think I could stand him pretty good — fur all he's so hard to do with and so ugly-dispositioned! And through the nose he talks — and that kreistles (disgusts) me. And he's so jealous — I darsent never even talk with other ones!"

"Is it — is it that you mebbe like someone else, Pearly?" Simon ventured.

Pearly nervously fingered her book and did not at once answer. But at last, without looking up, she said in a low voice:

"Mebbe that is it. I — I never could forget *you*, Si, and how much me and you enjoyed ourselves to be together!"

"Pearly!" Simon leant forward and clasped her hand. "Look at here! You give Adam the go-by and be *my* girl!"

"Oh, Si!" murmured Pearly, tears in her voice, "it don't look nice if I travel with you now, after Adam! I'd sooner have *you*, Si, 'deed I would — but it don't do! It gives bad feelings to break away from your steady comp'ny like that. I wouldn't know *how* to do it."

"I'll easy tell you *how*, Pearly! When is Adam comin' to set up with you again?"

"Monday dinners he comes, on his way to work, and sets an hour."

"Well, you just tell him, when he comes, how you made up with Simon Flick, and you're goin' to keep comp'ny now with *him*, and Adam he should go on home and stay. That's the way you can do it."

"Oh, Si, he wouldn't listen on me. And I wouldn't half do that — I wouldn't *half* send him home — when me and him's been keepin' comp'ny so long a'ready!"

"Then let it to me. I'll go to see him and tell him!" Simon eagerly suggested, scenting a foretaste of his enjoyment in such a triumph over his hated, life-long tormentor and enemy.

"I wouldn't risk leavin' you do that!" said Pearly. "Adam he'd most likely up and fight you! You see, Si, no one can't easy get over (get ahead of) Adam — he's so strong — and so quick-dispositioned. Oh!"

This sudden outcry was occasioned by the appearance at the porch steps of none other than the redoubtable Adam himself.

He was not dressed in his "Sunday suit," in which a young man of Stumpstown must always be clad when he calls on a young lady; he wore his every-day clothes and carried a small valise.

"Well, Pearly! I conceited I'd stop on my way home and see how you was. I got home earlier than what I thought for."

He had mounted three of the four porch steps before he recognized the man who was sitting beside Pearly, for the evening had grown dark while Simon and Pearly had been talking together.

"Well, I'm blamed, if it ain't Si Flick!" he exclaimed. "Hello, Club-foot, what are you doin' here?"

Simon Flick did not wince. He felt the cherished animosity of years fail him utterly.

Neither he nor Pearly made any answer to Adam.

"Well — it's time you limped along home, Si," Adam instructed him, "and give up your chair to *me*. I don't know what you're doin' anyhow, settin' here with Pearly! Go on, now!"

Simon leaned back comfortably in his chair and fitted together the tips of his fingers. He did not speak.

"Do you hear?" cried Adam. "Pearly, shall I chase him off?" he half jocularly, half angrily asked. His tone expressed his perplexity at the silence of both of them.

"Adam Hoofstitler," Pearly answered him quietly, but with an unaccustomed force in her manner, "you'd better chase *yourself* off if you can't treat my friend civil. Si was always my friend since I was a little girl yet, and you sha'n't affront him here!"

"He ain't been your friend fur as much as four years back a'ready!" Adam contradicted her, amazement getting the better of his usually ready anger at opposition.

"But he would of been if it hadn't been fur you, Adam. I didn't know how you made him fall, and how he was laid up all the time I had sick — and it was all your doin's!"

"So them's the things Simon's been settin' here tellin' you, heh? Well, Pearly," he sarcastically suggested, "you better choose right now which of us two you'll have then."

"Pearly!" Simon here became articulate. "Here's your chanct. Choose between us *now!* Pearly, I pass you my word, if you

choose me, I'll never in all our lives together do anything to make you sorry you choosed me. I'll use you as good as I otherwise can, Pearly!"

"Is the feller went crazy as well as club-footed?" cried Adam. "Pearly, what's he talkin' anyhow?"

Pearly rose from her chair, and Simon quickly stood at her side. The girl laid her hand on his arm. "I choose you, Simon. And Adam, here's your watch back again."

She took out her little gold timepiece and held it toward her rejected lover.

He did not take it. For an instant he glared at her, his eyes shining in the dimness with a concentrated anger that made her tremble, but before which she did not quail.

Suddenly — his face apoplectic with rage — he made a dash at Simon. But Simon had been watching for this — had he not known Adam Hoofstitler all his life long? — and having the advantage of standing a step higher on the porch than his antagonist, he met his onslaught with a quick parrying blow which, taking Adam by surprise, hurled him backwards to the pavement.

Instantly, however, he was on his feet again, and now, quite beside himself with fury, he rushed a second time upon Simon. Pearly, recklessly obeying her instinct to protect her chosen lover, stepped in front of him before he could prevent her — and it was she who received Adam's blow!

It would have struck her to the floor had not Simon caught her as she fell. Adam, heedless of his outrage to the girl, seized Simon by his collar to hurl him off — when he found himself grasped by the strong hand of Pearly's father.

"What you mean, doin' somepin like this?" demanded Mr. Schwenkfelder furiously, his face crimson with mingled alarm for his daughter and anger at the man whom he had seen strike the blow.

"I didn't go to hit Pearly — you might know!" growled Adam, trying to shake himself free of Schwenkfelder's hand on his collar. But big and strong as Adam was, Mr. Schwenkfelder was his match.

"And when you'd hit her, 'stead of bein' concerned fur her, you just kep' on tryin' to fight Simon, you coward! Well, this here settles *you!* I never did like you anyways, with your bullyin', braggin' ways! You can just take yourself off! and double quick, too, or I'll set the dog on you!"

"Ezra Schwenkfelder!" protested Adam, his own anger cooled before this unexpected encounter with Pearly's father; "you'll sure think better of this here till morning a'ready; you're some mad and don't know right what you're sayin'! I'm sorry if I hurt Pearly!"

He turned to the girl, whom Simon had helped to her chair. She was white and trembling, and her childish eyes were fixed upon Adam with fear and aversion.

"Pearly! I'm wonderful sorry this here happened! It's all because this here Simon Flick —— "

"That's like your cowardness!" exclaimed Mr. Schwenkfelder disgustedly, "to be blamin' someone else fur your own bullyin' and bruteness!"

"I always knowed," panted Pearly, "that some day you'd hit me, Adam! I felt you would some day! But I sure never conceited you'd do it before we was married a'ready!"

"Clear out here, I tell you!" commanded Mr. Schwenkfelder, "and good riddance! I seen enough of you just now to make me know you ain't marryin' our Pearly if *I* can help!"

Adam, obeying perforce, turned his back on them all and stalked away.

An hour later Pearly, quite herself again after her fright, stood at the porch steps bidding Simon good-night.

"Pearly!" he breathed ecstatically as he held both her hands in his, "to-night I done what I conceited to do since that night four years back, when Adam Hoofstitler spited me so wonderful by taking you away from me and carrying you home in his sleigh!"

"What was it, Si, that you'd conceited to do?" Pearly shyly asked, prepared to feast on his honeyed words of long devotion to herself.

"I always conceited that no matter how long I'd have to wait, I'd some time get back at Adam Hoofstitler fur what he done to me! And to-night I have got back at him. To-night I've did what I set out to do four years back and have thought about every day since! But I've did even better'n I planned fur, I've took his girl off him! I never thought I could get *that* good a spite at him! And now," Simon added in deep-toned satisfaction, "I'm contented!"

Pearly drew her hands from his and stepped back, her eyes fastened upon Simon with much the look of fear and aversion which

she had turned upon Adan when she had sent him about his business an hour before.

"So that's what you come here fur to-day!" she breathed. "That's what you made love to me fur and ast me to be your girl! — so's you could get your spite out of Adam! Not because you loved me, but because you wanted to get me loosed of Adam to spite him! Well, Simon Flick, you was wonderful dumb to *tell* me — fur now I'd sooner be *six* old maids as marry you! I'd sooner marry Adam than a man that ast me to marry him just so's to spite another man!"

"But, Pearly ——"

She had turned and rushed into the house before he could stop her.

Simon stood confounded. His head swam with the effect of this sudden revulsion of his joy to alarm and grief. What had he done? What had happened? Pearly lost to him! She would "sooner marry Adam." Simon passed his hand over his head and staggered down the street.

During a long, sleepless night he wrestled with his trouble. How could he make it right with Pearly and win her back? He realized that when on the next morning Adam should go to her in all the confidence of his strong self-esteem, she would most likely, in her disappointment in himself, take back her rejected lover; and yet, Simon knew that the pain he suffered in the thought of this was all for the loss of Pearly and scarcely at all for the triumph of Adam. Had he not then misrepresented himself to Pearly? Was his heart really so black with unchristian "spite" as he had himself supposed it to be? If he could prove to Pearly that it was not! — then all might even yet be well with him — unless his proof, coming after her reconciliation with Adam, was too late.

Next morning, as early as propriety would permit, Simon went to see Pearly. But it was as he had feared. He was too late. Adam was there ahead of him. The "hired girl" who answered his knock on the door told him so and handed him a folded sheet of paper.

Simon unfolded the paper and read:

Friend. I don't never want to see you no more, Simon, after what you spoke to me last night.

Pearly Schwenkfelder

The note crushed in his hand, Simon turned away, his face ashy.

But as the house door closed behind him, the restaurant door next to it opened, and Mr. Schwenkfelder stepped out.

"Si! I want to speak somepin to you!"

"What does Adam Hoofstitler mean, sneakin' 'round here after what you sayed to him last night?" desperately demanded Simon.

"Yes, ain't!" vigorously nodded Mr. Schwenkfelder. "Well, he didn't take me serious. He thought I'd be over it till this morning a'ready. But I meant it all right! I never did like him and his masterful ways. Missus she says, too, she'd be better satisfied if Pearly took someone else. Missus she never did like Adam."

"And now are yous leavin' him come back to Pearly again after what passed between yous last night?"

"Well, Adam he come here this morning as if nothin' had happened, and he sayed he'd come to ast a favor off of me, and he sayed he had the chanct to git the post-office of Stumpstown at three hundred dollars per annum by the year, if he could get a party to go on his bond fur one thousand dollars. Well, I sayed I wouldn't do it to go on his bond, fur I did that way oncet fur a man in a bank, and I lost. And I passed my promise then to Missus I'd never do it no more. Adam he didn't know no person else to ast. It ain't much people in Stumpstown has prop'ty to that amount, you know. Adam he's a good bit spited at me. But he kep' it down on account of his wantin' Pearly so bad."

Simon was staring at him with a strange gleam in his eyes — the look of a man who sees a vision. He did not speak.

Mr. Schwenkfelder regarded him in perplexity. "What's ailin' you, Si?" he demanded, nudging him with his elbow to arrest his attention. "You look like as if you was *seein'* things!"

"Pearly and Adam's in the parlor, ain't?" Simon huskily asked.

"Yes, what'd you want, Si?"

"Leave me speak to 'em. I ain't raisin' no disturbance."

"*You* ain't, mebbe. But Adam is if he sees you, and I ain't havin' Pearly no more excited!"

"I'm not a-goin' to excite her. I'm a-goin' to make her peaceable."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"You can come with — and see," answered Simon, walking past the hesitating

landlord into the house. Adam and Pearly were seated together on a haircloth sofa. Pearly's face was white, and her eyes downcast, and Adam was in an attitude of earnest expostulation. The pair looked up in startled surprise. Pearly's white face grew flushed, and her lifeless eyes flashed upon Simon. Adam eyed the leading intruder aggressively.

Simon walked straight up to the sofa.

"Adam Hoofstitler" — he spoke in a tone of quiet dignity — "I come in here to say I'd go on your bond fur you. I tole Pearly last night how I felt spiteful to you, and she throwed me over because of it. Now I'm here to prove to her that my spite died out before the sorrow of losing her. I ain't got no mean feelin's to you now, and I'm provin' it by offerin' to risk the loss of them thousand dollars. Pearly!" he besought the girl, "will this prove to you that I love you true and honest and with all my heart?"

The flash in Pearly's eyes had changed to a soft glow. She rose from the sofa and laid her hand on Simon's arm.

"This is more'n I'd ast you to do, Si, to prove your love! I thought from the way you spoke last night it was only spite to him and not love to me that brung you to see me. I know different now, and that's all that matters me anything. You have no need to go on Adam's bond. If I'm to marry you, Si, I'm sure I'd sooner you'd not risk that much!"

"It would easy-up my conscience if I done it," Simon responded. "It always troubled me a heap, still, how spiteful I couldn't help feelin' to Adam, and it kep' me from joinin' on to church. I knowed them feelin's I had to him wasn't right, but I couldn't seem to help havin' 'em, and I didn't *want* to help it, neither! I can't take credit fur actin' good to Adam now, fur my mean feelin's to him is all gone, and it ain't no struggle to me. You see, Pearly, the power of love to cast out the devil!"

He clasped her hand in both his own, and the look in their faces made Mr. Schwenkfelder modestly turn his back.

"Come on out of here, Adam — me and you ain't in it!" he exclaimed. "Good luck to you, Simon!" he called over his shoulder. "*I'm* satisfied all right!"

"Look-a-here, Pearly!" Adam, who had been sitting dumfounded, at last found voice to interpose. "I ain't *takin'* his offer of his bond, and I ain't leavin' him take my girl off me if I have to lame his other leg fur ——"

"Here!" wrathfully exclaimed Mr. Schwenkfelder, turning about and facing him, "you shut up that kind of talk, do you hear? And come on out of here! I'm glad Simon turned up to cut you out! You never suited *me* fur no son-in-law. Now, out of here!"

Adam wavered only an instant, for, like all bullies, he was a coward.

"And mind you," warned Mr. Schwenkfelder as he followed him out of the room, "you give Si any trouble, and you'll answer to *me* — I'll kick you good if you touch him! Yes, and if I hear of you callin' your cowardly names after him! Now you mind if I don't!"

The parlor door closed sharply behind them. And Simon and Pearly were alone.

# YOUTH'S PRAYER

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

LET me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust — a vacant shrine!

Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon — and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant that when I face the grisly Thing,
My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps!
Let me be as a tune-swept fiddle-string
That feels the Master Melody — and snaps!

*Permission of New York Zoological Society*

# THE WILD ANIMAL PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENTS

BY

A. W. ROLKER

AUTHOR OF "THE ROGUES OF A ZOO," "WILD ANIMAL TRAPPING," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. R. SANBORN AND PIERRE PULLIS

PRESCRIBING medicine for a caged beast is like prescribing medicine for a human creature, only more difficult. Where the human being is quick to complain, the wild animal, hardened to the rough-and-tumble knocks of a wilderness, takes his pangs as a mere matter of course, never betraying by sign or whimper that the sting of death is upon him until he is dangerously near the point where human aid cannot avail him. Often a ferocious beast like a lion, or a ponderous patient like an elephant, develops diseases like pneumonia. Poultices and similar local treatment are impossible in such cases, and all that can be done is to remove the animal to an infirmary properly heated and there treat it with pills or capsules smuggled into toothsome tid-bits. A beast may be too sick to eat, but, while there is any hope at all, it is never too sick to drink. Medicines may be administered in drinking-water or in milk or in cod-liver oil, of which all cat animals are especially fond. If to all the obstacles in the way of treating them, you add that wild animals are subject to almost all the diseases common to man,

and that every wild animal is equipped with claw and fang, and with a strength and agility far beyond that of a human being, you get some idea of the difficulties which the wild animal physician must surmount.

Yet the work of studying the diseases and disease are filed. Samples of the blood, the sputum, and the effluvia are put under microscopes and examined for bacteria. If these are found, the germs are "cultured" and experimented upon for means of extermination. And lastly, should a patient die, he is

*Permission of New York Zoological Society*

A SURGEON AT WORK ON RAJAH, THE ORANG-UTAN

of saving the lives of rare and expensive captives has been carried on successfully. The knowledge and the experience of some of the foremost "human" physicians have been utilized. Each "case" is treated with the same minute care as an interesting "human case." Daily reports of the condition of a patient and the progress of his removed to a morgue, where an autopsy is held and every organ is microscopically examined.

Such was the fate of "Rajah," the "Mayor of the Monkey House" in the New York Zoölogical Park, one of the finest specimens of orang-utan ever in captivity. Big as an eight-year-old boy, with long arms and legs

and a tubby body covered with reddish brown hair. "Rajah" had a delightfully homely monkey face, out of which pleaded a pair of mild, brown eyes with an all but human intelligence. In fact, there were times when the human in this beast seemed almost uncanny. His relations to his keeper were those of a two-year-old child toward its nurse. He craved affection and companionship. Often he would stretch his long arms upward and beg to be lifted up as a child begs its mother to take it. Then, with arms and legs folded about the neck and the waist of the man, the ape would hold fast, resting his cheek against that of his friend.

"Rajah," however, was more than a mere natural curiosity. He was an "educated" ape. His long legs thrust into a pair of trousers, and his arms and body clad in a spike-tail coat and a "fancy" shirt-front with collar and necktie, he would sit on a chair in front of a little table and give surprising exhibitions of simian table manners. He would tuck one end of his napkin into his collar at the throat and wipe his mouth with it at frequent intervals. He knew how to eat sliced bananas with a spoon, could pour milk out of a tea-pot and drink it out of a cup, and could perform the difficult trick of drinking out of a pocket-flask without spilling a drop. Other tricks, such as dressing and undressing himself, using a knife and fork, and riding a tricycle, he was acquiring, when he was stricken with a strange disease which puzzled the physicians.

In all probability "Rajah" would be alive to-day were it not for five huge, four-hundred-pound tortoises, found in the crater of an extinct volcano in the Galápagos Islands, carried for days by a small army of natives, and finally transported to the Park. Here the tortoises were liberated to crawl and to stretch their hideous necks in a wired enclosure surrounding an open summer cage wherein lived not only "Rajah," but "Zulu" and "Sadie," and two other big "orangs." All day long the five entertained crowds by their feats on trapezes and flying-rings; by mischievously tickling one another with straws, or suddenly pulling a leg or an arm; and by displays of crude reasoning, like throwing pebbles at passing toads and using sticks or twigs to tease the tortoises when they were beyond arm's reach from the bars of the cage.

But all this time the great shell-backs were taking deadly revenge, for, one after another, the apes, obtained at infinite pains and trouble, were stricken with a mysterious bowel complaint. The afflicted apes, looking as sick as only sick apes can look, were huddled into so many heaps, their heads ducked between their knees, their long hands clasped over the backs of red skulls, their eyes black and burning with fever, their temples sunken, and utter misery on their bright, mischievous faces.

The pathologist in charge called in "human" physicians, among them a specialist on stomach and bowel troubles. Samples of the effluvia showed a living, squirming mass of bacteria unknown in this country. Before experiments could be made with these, "Sadie" and two of her mates were dead, and only "Zulu" and "Rajah" were left.

Tucked beneath a blanket, his head on a pillow, "Rajah," very sick indeed, lay comfortably bedded in a shoe-box in a corner of his cage in the monkey house. He must have been suffering intensely, and his pain brought out the human in him more than ever. He would lie breathing heavily and moaning softly until stroked by the hand of his keeper, when the sounds of distress would cease, as if mere human contact had alleviated his misery. Then the lids would droop lower and lower, and the eyes become heavier and heavier, until they would close, and the beast would find forgetfulness in sleep. The poor body, gaunt and emaciated, seemed burning up with fever. The arms, once like veritable steel bands, lay weak and lifeless; the hands, usually so moist and cool, were dry and hot as they feebly sought the hand of the keeper. And there lay this helpless, knowing creature, to whom nothing of the cruder human attributes save laughter and tears seemed denied, craving affection until the very last.

The end came dramatically, toward the wee small hours of morning. The keeper, thinking his patient too sick to get up, had left the cage open and had retired toward a lamp at the end of a long, narrow passage, when he was startled to see the figure of a dwarfed, misshapen man coming toward him through semi-darkness. The figure swayed weakly from side to side, and the arms were extended to steady the faltering steps. "Rajah," missing his friend, was looking for him. Up went the arms in a gesture of supplication, and with a guttural sound that meant, "Take me! Take me!"

*Permission of New York Zoological Society*

Bandaging the leg of "Bridge," the Eskimo dog presented to the Zoo by Lieutenant Peary. His leg was badly lacerated by being caught on a hook

the sick ape begged to be picked up. Gently he was raised, and his arms closed tight about the keeper's neck and, like a sick boy's, the homely head sank into the hollow at the man's neck. All the former prodigious strength seemed to come back to the arms in that moment, and they clung desperately, refusing to loosen. Then a hot hand clutched that of the man and held it as if in a vise. With a deep groan, as if a human being were breathing out his soul, the body drooped, the head fell limp, one by one the fingers loosened their hold — the heart of the man-beast had ceased to beat.

To-day, of all the happy, careless five, only "Zulu" is alive. He owes his recovery to the wild animal physician who discovered in the nick of time a poison fatal to the germs. And then it was found that the tortoises, so closely confined near the apes, were fairly alive with deadly microbes, and though the tortoises themselves were immune to these, the more sensitive organisms of the apes quickly absorbed them.

### *Treating Ferocious Patients*

Gentle patients, like apes, monkeys, and many members of the deer and the goat families, the animal physician may pick up and handle almost as he would a baby; but the carniverous beasts, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and the jaguar, these animals, whose one instinct is for blood, are a different proposition.

A sick lion or a sick tiger behaves exactly as one would expect one of these kings of the wilderness to behave. No matter how acute or prolonged the pain, not even at the last moment does the brute betray suffering. So died "Hannibal," a fine eighteen-year-old lion belonging to the park where "Rajah" died.

As in the case of old men who have been spared the experience of serious illness, if no other sickness attacks an aged lion, pneumonia stands ready to pounce on the lungs. Such a fate overtook "Hannibal," — deep yellow as an autumn sunset, with a grim face framed in a maze of tousled mane,

and with royal, disdainful eyes that gazed coldly over the heads of his visitors.

Now and then the old king coughed, a short, harsh, hacking cough, showing the blood-red maw, the fiery tongue,— rough as a rat-tail file,— and the snowy, pointed teeth that had crunched through the leg bones of many a buffalo in the dark nights of the jungle. Even the feeding hour failed to stir his interest. There he lay, the fatal sting deep within him, gazing as coldly into the face of death as he had gazed into the eyes of would-be friends. Now and then the bewhiskered chin would sink to the yellow paws, and he would lie dozing in the grasp of the fever. At intervals he arose, coughing a cough that racked his mighty frame, to slack the thirst that was consuming him. Erect he walked, his stiff, extended tail switching from side to side, undaunted, ready, if need be, to challenge to the death as he had challenged in the days of old. Into the narrow confines of his cage the feeble hand of man reached forth to him as far as it dared.

The center of the cage was provided with a trap-door, really an elevator. Upon this a small cage was hoisted into the den of the sick lion. He was coaxed into the box, which was then closed, rolled upon the elevator, and lowered to the basement. There it was transferred to a similar elevator, which was hoisted up through the floor of a second cage in a separate room, where the patient was cut off from the other animals and the noise and excitement of visitors. The top of this cage, which was the "infirmary," consisted of steel wire and gave free access to the sunlight which flooded golden through the curved glass roof of the building. Here the fine beast, too dangerous to approach, stretched his mighty limbs in comfort.

Skilful though the physician might be, except to give medicine and to feed stimulants, he dared do little for this patient. The infirmary, bright, properly heated and

ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO A YOUNG ALLIGATOR

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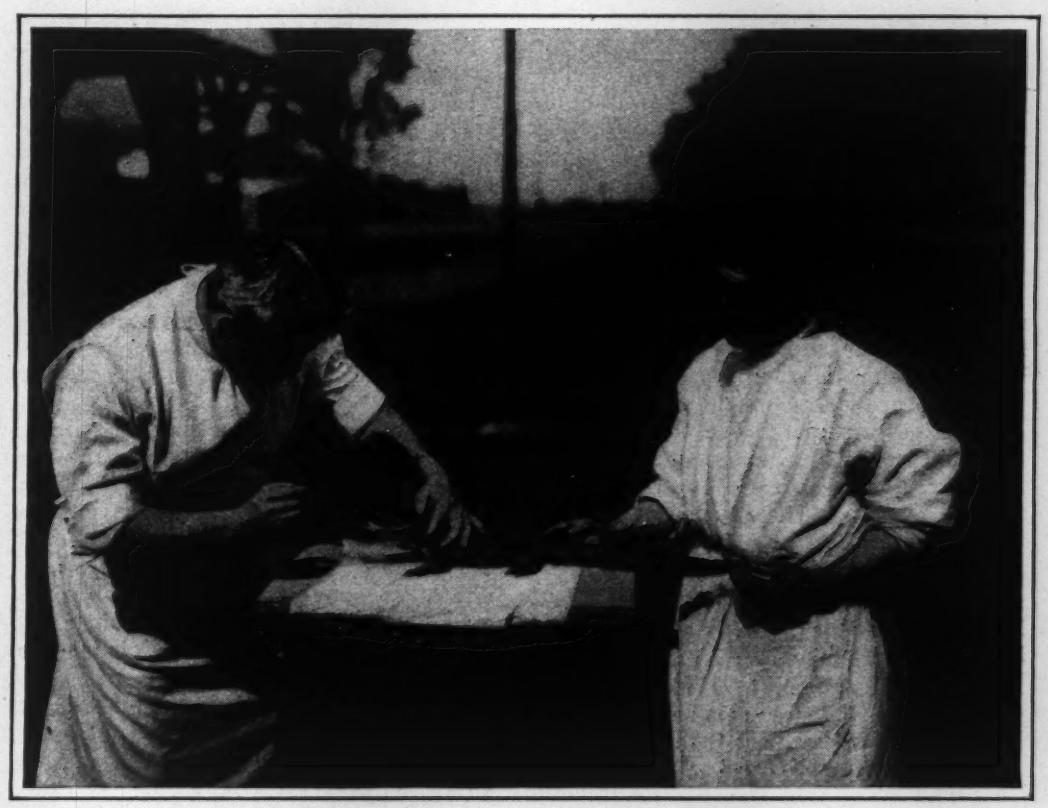


ventilated, and spick and span, proved the last home of "Hannibal." Medicines, disguised in cod-liver oil, and mixtures of nourishing drink, like milk and eggs and whisky, were administered, but the end was inevitable. As the sickness progressed, sleep came oftener to the sick beast, startled at intervals into wakefulness by fits of coughing. The quick, hacky breath told that his suffering grew steadily worse, until, toward the end, he arose, shook his beautiful mane and lashed his tail, raised his head high, and tried to roar his farewell. But the once resounding voice broke pitifully. The beast tottered on his legs. A queerly puzzled, helpless expression came into his face as the great nose sank toward the floor, then the yellow legs collapsed, and the monarch sank, dead,— the most royal of all the patients of the wild animal physician.

### *Mending the Split Lip of "Tuck"*

As a rule, one of the healthiest, hardiest beasts of a menagerie is that lumbering, dogged prisoner, the bear. Heat or cold, winter or summer, all seem the same to this shaggy captive. In summer he escapes the heat of his thick coat by frequent plunges into his cage pool, where his fur absorbs enough water to keep him cool long after the surface of the hair has dried. During the winter he is in a state of semi-hibernation, spending much of his time in sleep, coming forth once a day to nibble at a loaf of bread or a few stale biscuits.

Often, however, the dangerous beast gets into conflict with other bears and receives injuries requiring the services of the animal physician. This is what happened to a "zoo" mate of "Hannibal," "Friar Tuck," a five-hundred-pound European black bear with shaggy fur that hid the muscles and sinews heaped beneath his tough skin, and an elephantine gait that belied the lightning-like swiftness of this animated catapult.

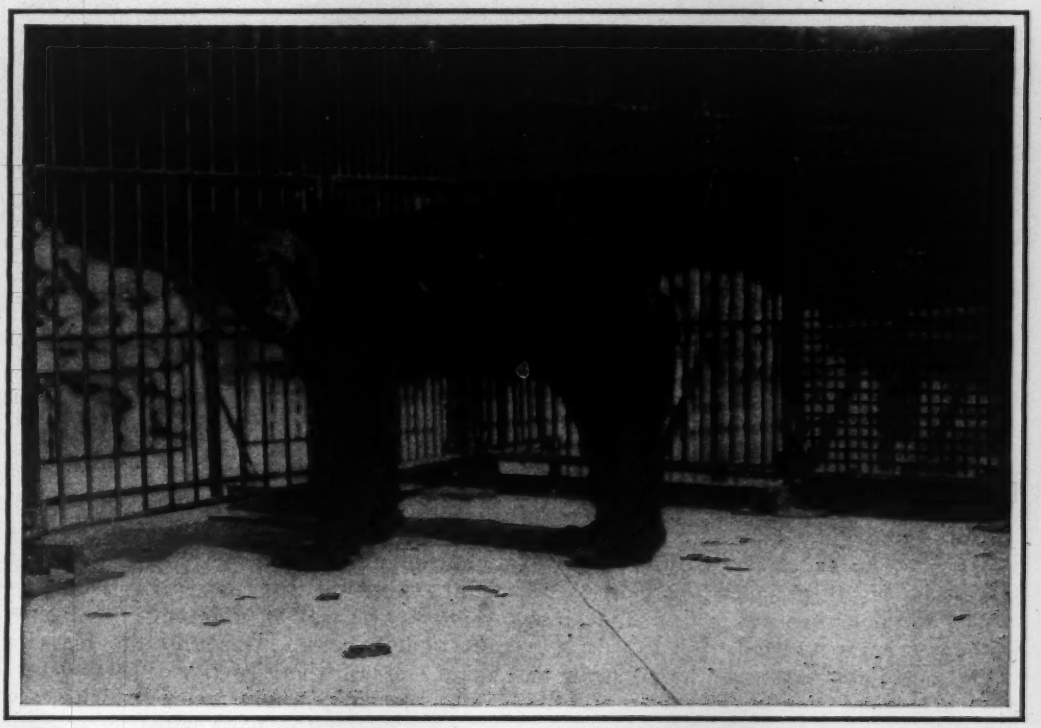
The trouble began early one morning in a fight between "Tuck" and his brother "Tom." The brutes, having got a beautiful start, were at each other. Growling and snarling, each was trying to bury his fangs in the other's neck. Rearing on their hind legs, they would come together exchanging resounding cuffs and buffets that would have staggered an ox. Like a pair of heaving young mountains they strained back and forth over and over each other. Again and again teeth were buried deep in flesh, nothing but the tangle of the six-inch-long hair preventing laceration. At last the keepers rushed into the den with spiked poles and separated the combatants.

Then it was seen that "Tuck" was in serious distress. Snarling and growling, and "mad clear through," he was tumbling and rolling over and over, frantically wiping one paw down one side of his muzzle as if bees, hornets, and all the wasps in creation were stinging his nose. What ailed the brute it was impossible to see among the tangles of his shaggy head, so a rolling cage was pulled into the den, and "Tuck" was prodded into it. By means of planks shoved through the front and back bars of the cage, this was partitioned in two; then it was partitioned into a quarter, and still farther sub-divided, until the bear, puzzled and helpless, was wedged between wall and partition. A brief struggle, and a canvas chloroform bag was slipped over the patient's head, until, the anesthetic taking effect, the struggle became less and less, and finally the great sinewy body relaxed, and the brute, paws limp, lay helpless.

Then the cage was opened, and the bear was drawn forth, while the physician took the head in his hands and investigated. During the fight one side of "Tuck's" long, overhanging upper lip had been caught between his teeth, and he had bitten clear through it, spiking it on one of the two-inch-long fangs of his upper jaw. It was hopelessly stretched in this painful position, while the efforts of self-treatment had made matters worse by severe tearing and laceration. With a pair of pincers, the physician drew down the lip and freed it and, having washed the wound with antiseptic, turned "Tuck" loose in his den, where he lay all day with a chastened spirit and a chloroform headache.

One other instance requiring the surgical skill of the wild animal doctor occurred in this park in the case of "Silver," a big grizzly, who would not have hesitated to give battle to a Nubian lion, and who could fell a bullock with a single stroke of his paw. "Silver," a gaunt creature of the Rockies, rearing eighteen inches taller than the tallest man, was "off his feed." Sullen and ferocious, he lay huddled in a heap, murder lurking in his eye and ready to blaze out at the least provocation; for there had come to his Highness a disease of the common, ordinary, barn-yard cattle, a sickness called

"lumpy-jaw," supposed to originate with a fungus on rye straw. Not a moan or groan escaped the blood-red mouth of the old fellow who, it was thought, might be suffering from a toothache. But day by day the jaw swelled, indicating a more serious ailment, and the case was diagnosed as "actinomycosis," and the animal was put into the rolling cage and under the influence of chloroform. Quickly the doctor worked, shaving the hair from the spot where he intended to cut. Then his lancet made its incision through the skin and through the flesh until he exposed the cause of the trouble — a growth, grayish brown, big as a child's head and crudely resembling calves' liver. This he removed, washed the wound carefully with antiseptic, and sewed it up and sprinkled iodoform on it. For a week "Silver" lay in the infirmary, after which he was ready to be transferred to his den.



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JONATHAN EDWARDS

**President Roosevelt's black bear. He had chronic indigestion at the time this photograph was made**

### *Treating a Dangerous Tiger*

Ingenious though the rolling cage may be, as a device for rendering a caged animal helpless, there are instances where a suspicious brute like a lion or a tiger divines its purpose and, like "Goldie" of the Bostock Show, fights like an incarnate devil against the intrusion.

"Goldie" was a magnificent trained tiger, of deepest orange and blackest black; a wicked-tempered brute, ever on the verge of overstepping that tiny gulf separating his natural instincts from his fear of man. Tall as a big lioness, with slender, restless tail, and paws as big as the feet of a baby elephant, this brute, intelligent far beyond his kind because of his association with man, seemed ever on the very point of attacking his trainer. Ears thrown back, tail extended, mouth open, and paw crooked and uplifted, the beast would enter the arena, never ceasing to challenge the man who defied him at the end of a long black-snake whip. And when this beast became so ill that it was necessary to lay hands on him, it was feared there was trouble ahead.

"Goldie" coughed frequently, a dry, irritating cough that seemed to come from

his throat, and although in his usual properly vicious spirits, he refused the most delicate morsels of food. He was hungry enough, for he tried to eat. But he could not swallow, half-famished though he was. With a snarl of anger he would set back his ears and lash his tail and spit out the raw beef. Then he would sit in the rear of his cage, suspiciously eying the chunk, until he would pounce upon it and with a sweep of his paw send it against the iron bars. No one knew what ailed the tiger, and it was decided to operate on him.

The mere preparations for his capture, going on before the cage, drove the maddened beast to fury. He snarled, drew up his lips, showing the red gums and the snowy teeth, dug his poniard-like claws into the floor of the cage, and lashed his tail from side to side, switching himself into a frenzy. The instant the first plank was poked through the bars, he was all over it. With one swoop of his paw he sent it from the hands of the men holding the farther end, and sank his teeth into it, crunching into the two inches of hemlock until it splintered as if shivered by a pile-driver. The men tried again and again, but only with the same results, until it was decided that the animal was hurting himself with his own madness. The entire partition, nearly six feet deep, was then nailed together, to be shoved through the bars in one solid piece while a ruse was resorted to.

The one thing this tiger hated next to the black-snake whip of his trainer was the sight of a man, and when a keeper stationed himself just out of clawing distance at one end of the cage, "Goldie" cut the air like a yellow streak, "fetching up" against the bars until they rattled and shook. There he lay, his open mouth poked invitingly between the bars, and a foreleg, crooked at the ankle, extended through the bars clear from the shoulder. His attention concentrated on his tormentor, he did not notice the partition shoved in alongside of him until he found himself wedged between this and the wall of the cage, almost helpless.

A canvas chloroform bag, provided with a running noose and rigged on a long pole like a butterfly net, was slipped over his head, and the animal was left to fight himself. Thus blindfolded and crazed with rage, the beast hurled himself forward and backward and sprang against the ceiling of his cage. But the choking fumes of the drug were getting in their work. Before many seconds the struggle became fainter and fainter, until his legs gave way, and the beast lay still as a mouse, dead asleep.

Then the animal doctor entered the cage. He had to work quickly, before the effects of the anesthetic should wear off. He grasped the relaxed jaws, opened them, and held them wedged apart by a piece of wood, while he peered down the red throat. Down into the throat went the hand of the physician. He tugged again and again. At last he brought forth a piece of beef bone which had stuck crosswise in the throat of his patient.

### *Treating Herbiverous Patients*

Unlike the meat-eating animals, the herbiverous or grass-eating beasts give little or no trouble to the animal specialist. The one great difficulty among these animals is that they are obliged to become used to the strange foods of our country. Therefore, stomach troubles and bowel complaints are not uncommon.

One of these diseases, called "botts," is what killed "Judy," one of Peter Barlow's plunging elephants, which performed for an entire season at Luna Park, Coney Island. "Judy" was a tall cow elephant of enormous girth, with short, stocky legs, small eyes, a great bulging forehead, and a long, tapering trunk, thick at the base. Even for an elephant, she was an unusually intelligent, affectionate beast. Down in the big elephant stables, where twenty of these giants were chained by a fore and a hind leg, she would play by the hour with her trainer, extending her trunk like a great python, gently winding its tip about the man's ankle, and pretending to pull him down. Again, she would "wrestle" with him, pushing him tight against the wall of the stall with her head and permitting him to shove her backward until she was bent clear to the attitude of a dog about to spring. It was her delight to be patted behind the ears and between the forelegs, where an elephant's skin is soft as a baby's. And when she was not in play with her trainer, she would play with the other elephants. She would reach over and stealthily pull the ear of her mate "Jerry," or whisk his half bale of hay out of his reach with one sweep of her trunk, or steal trunkfuls of his oats and bran to blow over her back.

As usual, when sickness broke out, it was the pet of the herd that was first stricken.

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TREATING A BABOON FOR TUBERCULOSIS, BY HYPODERMIC INJECTION

Inside the beast myriads of worms had developed and were eating the walls out of her stomach. The pain must have been intense, for the sick animal stood with eyes closed, head lowered, and dangling trunk, breathing quickly ; but not a sound of complaint escaped the stoic. Her trunk and her ears were hot, and her eyes twinkled like burning coals with the fever raging behind them. In vain the doctor tried his remedies. The great trouble was to get the patient to take medicines. At the end of the great trunk that could alike uproot a young tree or pick up a pin or a penny, there seemed a sort of intuition which human beings do not possess. She might be coaxed to eat an apple, yet, when a plugged apple, loaded with medicine, was offered, she refused it. In time she refused to eat altogether. For a week, night and day, the trainer had been with his charge, nursing her as a father nurses a sick child. But his work was of no avail.

Half an hour before the sick brute died, she gave a little trumpet and, throwing her trunk about the man's waist, held him and drew him toward her.

"Gawd, I knew then she was saying good-by, and I began to blubber like a baby," Barlow told me when relating the story. "She held me close, as much as to say, 'You've done all you could for me, but it's no use.' After a while I noticed the spring go out of the trunk, and when an elephant's trunk hangs limp like a piece of fire hose, you may know he's pretty near 'all in.' A quiver passed through her body. I saw she was swaying and was going to fall, so I jumped out of the way. One groan she gave, then she came down with a crash like a mountain, and it shook the entire barn."

Although in many cases the elephant is the most difficult to treat, he is often the most obedient of patients. For instance, if the little shifty eyes grow sore and inflamed, the animal will stand still at word of command, and with lowered head will permit the doctor to apply a soothing lotion. As a matter of fact, there are instances where the animal has turned in to help the doctor, as was the case with "Jewel," the old Central Park elephant. "Jewel," who was a trick elephant, and who carried all the lumber and timber for the house she now lives in, became lame in one of her forefeet. Frequently she would search with her trunk about the sole of her foot, and the animal doctor decided she had "picked up" a piece of glass or pebble.

The sole of an elephant's foot consists of a gristly, horn-like growth, provided by nature as a sort of cushion to take up the shock and the jolt of the steps of this three- or four-ton creature. While the animal is at large, or if it is much exercised, this sole is worn down naturally; but in the menagerie, where the unfortunate beast is compelled to stand year in, year out, the horn grows thicker and thicker, and whatever the feet stand upon is squeezed into the sole and works its way into the quick. Therefore, the feet of captive elephants are trimmed semi-annually.

Now, paring the feet of most elephants is no more difficult than trimming the hoofs of a horse. The keeper simply prods his hook into an ankle. "Up," he says, and up comes the foot — measuring sometimes twenty inches across — as obediently as the dainty paw of a toy fox terrier. However, exactly like human beings, elephants have their weaknesses, and the old-maidish whim of "Jewel" was that she wanted no one to tamper with her feet. She was a gentle, affectionate beast who would not think of hurting a flea, but where other elephants simply raised their feet and rested them on a box or a barrel until the keeper had finished with his knives and rasps and files, "Jewel" would let out a scalp-raising trumpet like the screech of a cracked bugle and would refuse to stand.

"Jewel's" keeper began to work, again and again coaxing up the great foot, and working when he got the chance. Toward the end of the morning the point of his knife struck something hard. With a trumpet, the foot came down, the trunk reached out, grasped the keeper about the arm, lifted him high in the air, and carefully set him down in a corner of the stall. With sweets and caresses the keeper worked his way back to favor and cautiously cut around the obstruction, which he could see was a wire nail. But each time the knife touched the sore spot, down went the foot, out came the screech, and forth reached the trunk, picking up the one hundred and eighty-pound man as if he were a straw, and setting him into a corner as if he were a bad boy. In time, however, the head of the nail was enough cleared to permit a hold with pincers, and the keeper was about to get these, when he was gently pushed aside. The beast turned and reached with her trunk, groped across the sole with the finger-like projections at the end of it, grasped the head of the nail, and with one wrench pulled out a three-inch-long wire nail bent about an inch from the head.

### *Lorenz Treatment for an Elephant*

Up in the animal Paradise, where "Rajah," "Hannibal," and "Friar Tuck" flourished, they have a midget of an elephant no larger than a small heifer. His skull is bony, his temples are sunken in, and his body is gnarled like an old oak, and he stands all day sagely "weaving" from side to side, a vest-pocket edition of a full-sized elephant. Yet, what is most noteworthy about "Oom Paul" is his appetite, which came near costing him his life.

In the stall of "Oom Paul" was a stout trough, the bottom of which was two feet from the ground. Nothing in all New York was kept emptier than this trough, and in his eagerness the little pig once planted both feet in the receptacle, the bottom of which gave way, giving "Oom" a bad fall which strained the tendons in his left hind leg. The leg began to swell and became too painful for him to rest his weight upon it. The foot, instead of being directly under the ankle, sloped to one side, and it looked as if the ankle were out of joint.

Everything possible was tried without success. The leg grew steadily worse, and it looked as if the midget would have to be put out of misery, when Dr. W. Reid Blair, the pathologist in charge, decided to try a modification of the famous Lorenz treatment. He made a device consisting of steel and sole-leather, a brace weighing forty pounds, and into this the pudgy foot was strapped. Within

a few days "Oom" could stand on his leg, within a few weeks he could walk on it, and within six months, it is thought, the leg will be mended sufficiently for more skyrocketing into the trough.

by the case of "Smiles." "Smiles" was a homely, bad-tempered, two-horned bull rhinoceros, long as a half-grown elephant, with agile legs thicker than fence posts, a hide tougher than sole-leather, a pair of tiny

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DRAWING SERUM FROM A CAPE BUFFALO, FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES

### *Curing a "Rhino's" Rheumatism*

With the advent of the modern wild animal physician, the greatest step in advance has been the appreciation that abundant fresh air, light, cleanliness, and opportunity for exercise are as necessary to the wild patient as they are to man.

Probably the most striking example of what proper sanitary quarters can do for an animal was shown in Central Park Menagerie

eyes ever shifting restlessly in their hideously homely sockets. To this day, not a beast in the entire menagerie is more vicious than "Smiles." With ferociousness born of sheer stupidity, he charges his keeper with the speed of lightning and tries to rip him open with an upward root of the wicked eighteen-inch horn fastened to the top of his nose.

Time was, however, when "Smiles" was harmless. Rheumatism, one of the scourges of the pachyderms, had crippled him. His

legs were bent and twisted under him, and he lay helpless like a sick sheep. For weeks he was unable to turn from the side on which he had fallen. Rats had built nests under him and were gnawing through his skin. Medicines were mixed with his food, and liniments were rubbed into him, but these seemed worse than useless, and it looked as if the rare captive must die, when a new director was appointed to the menagerie.

The new man examined the brute's quarters. The floor was of cement, and damp. Light came to the little stall through a single small window. Ventilation there was none. The new director issued an order. Half a hundred men lifted and heaved and tugged and pushed and pulled, until the ugly creature, unable to vent his rage except in grunts, was loaded upon a low wagon and transported to a spacious, dry, light, and well-ventilated stall in the elephant house.

For two weeks the giant pig lay here nibbling at food and showing renewed interest in life. At the end of a month he staggered weakly to his feet, his red eyes beginning to twinkle dangerously. Within another month he was cured and as vicious as ever.

Not long ago a famous animal dealer offered to exchange three grown elephants, two lions or two tigers, a camel, and a pair of ostriches for "Smiles" — a practical illustration of the value of the work the wild animal physician has done.

EXTRACTING SERUM FROM A PYTHON

*Permission of New York Zoological Society*

# THE DEFENSE OF STRIKERVILLE

## BY

## ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

THE squad-room conversation had drifted to the state militia, and everyone had taken a verbal poke at that despised arm of the military resources.

"Onct I belonged to the milish," remarked Private Hanks, curled up luxuriously on his cot and sending long, spiral wreaths of smoke ceiling-ward.

"That's what I thought," said Sergeant Cameron. "I recollect the time you first took on — Plattesburg, '97, wasn't it? I had an idea then that you came from the state gravel wallopers."

"I'm kiddin' on the square," said Hanks. "I was an out-and-out snoljer with the milish two years ago out in Colorado. I helped put down the turrible rebellion in the Coal Creek district."

This statement was received with obvious disbelief.

"Lemme tell you about that," said Private Hanks, sitting up. "Lemme relate the sad circumstances of J. Wallace Hanks' enlistment in the Colorado State milish, and if you all don't weep, you haven't got no hearts.

"They was a bunch of us discharged from the Fifth, in Denver, in 1904. We all has a good gob of finals, and of course none of us were going back. You all know how that is," and Private Hanks looked suggestively at Private William Casey, who had just reënlisted that day for his fifth "hitch," after a fervid declaration of a week before that he was through with the service forever; Private Casey at that moment being seated disconsolately upon his cot, red-eyed and dispirited.

"It takes me about a week to get ready to back up into the railroad building to hold up my right hand and promise Recruitin' Sergeant Wilson and Uncle Sam to love, honor, and obey, or words to that effect. The rest of the gang was no better off. They was scattered up and down Larimer Street, stallin' for biscuits, and doing the reliever act with them nice new citizens they'd bought in the flush of their prosperity.

"We all see another three year trick sticking up as conspicuous as a Chinaman in church, but none of us is dead anxious to go back so soon. We don't want the gang out at the fort to give us the big tee-hee after all them solemn swears and rosy air-castles we'd regaled them with when we departed. We'd like to lay off a while until the novelty of our return wouldn't be so strikin'.

"Most of us is too sick to even think of looking for work. We'd maced about everyone we could think of, from Highlands to the fort, and we're done, that's all. We're about twenty-five strong, take us altogether, and there wasn't forty cents Mex in the layout. Things is certainly looking fierce, and we're all standing around on the corners waiting for the first guy to say the word for a break to the railroad building.

"I happens to pike at one of the signs in front of an employment office to see if someone ain't looking for a private secretary or a good manager, and it reads like this:

"'WANTED!—Able-bodied men for the State militia of Colorado. $2 a day and found.'

"I leaves the rest of these sad-eyed dubs standing around where they are and stalls up into this employment office.

"There's a plug sitting behind the desk looking as chesty as a traveling man, and I nails him.

"'What's this gig about militia?' I asks him.

"'Strike — soldiers wanted — two dollars a day and found,' he says, short like.

"'Well, that's where I live,' I tells him. 'I'm the original soldier; all others are infringements.'

"'You gimme two bucks,' he says, 'and I ships you for a soldier.'

"'Say, Mister,' I asks him, 'if I had two bucks, what d'you reckon I'd want to soldier for?'

"'That's my bit,' he says. 'If you ain't got it, of course I can't get it. The noble State of Colorado, she pays me just the same, but when I can get it out of rummies like you, I ketches 'em coming and going. See?'

"I did, all right, and it looks to me like it was a pretty fair graft. This guy explains the milishy business to me. There's a big strike on in the Coal Creek district. The milishy is out, but there ain't enough men, so they gives this employment guinea orders to pick up all he can. He's just the same as a recruitin' sergeant, only different.

"I tells him about the rest of the bunch, and he agrees to take 'em all. Then I went back and told the gang, and you'd oughta hear the holler they sent up. Milishy! Nix! Not for them! They'd starve first, and a lot more dope like that.

"'Come out o' it!' I tells them. 'Here's a gee hungerin' to slip us two bucks a day and all found, and you hams standing around with wrinkles in your bellies, sidestepping like a bunch of mules in the road. We takes this on while it lasts and gets a stake. The State's good for the money, or ought to be. Come along, childern, before the boogie man sloughs you in the skookum for mopery!'

"'Course they comes! Why, this is duck soup for us all. Think of two cases a shift for snoljering! We're there stronger than father's socks when we lines up in that employment office.

"The gee I talks to sends for an officer from this milish, and he takes charge of us. He ain't a bad feller, only he's a kid and don't sabe the war business much. He asked me if I'd ever seen service, and when I flashes about half a dozen parchments on him, he like to had a fit. At that, he's a nice little feller and don't mean no harm. Some of the guys were trying to kid him, but I made 'em cut it out.

"This officer shoos us down to the depot and loads us up on a train for Coal Creek. He asks us what we wanted to join, and of course we're all out for the cavalry. It seems that was just what he wanted. They had a troop up there that was away shy of men, and a bunch that can ride fits in mighty nice. And so a slice of the first squadron of the Fifth goes into the milishy business.

"I'd hustled the bunch right through the preliminaries, and they don't get much chanst to ponder over it until they was on the train. And then they was sore at themselves and also me. They breaks up into little squads in the smoker and sits looking gloomy-like out the windows. Every onct in a while some guy would sigh and say:

"'S'posin' ole Bluch would see us now!' meaning Cap. Bluch Baker.

"This kid officer was mighty nice on the train, but he finds everyone but me mighty unconversational. We pulls into Coal Creek late that night, and then he suddenly gets all-fired preëmptory.

"'Get out and line up on the platform!' he bawls at us, and, seeing we're there, we do it.

"There's a lot of guys in uniform standing around and looking us over some curious, but we're pretty tired and don't mind. This kid officer gives us right forward, and we climbs hills for the next hour or so until we comes to a bunch of Sibley tents, and a rooky challenges us.

"'Halt!' he says. 'Who is it?'

"What d'you think o' that? 'Who is it!' But that's what he says, all right.

"The kid officer tells him it is Lieutenant Somebody with a detachment, and the rook yells for the officer of the day. We're finally passed, although all hands looked at us some suspicious, and I don't blame them. Another big gang is standing around rubbering at us as we drills into camp, and they makes a lot of fresh remarks. I'm pretty glad my bunch is tired, or there'd been remains to clean up. We're assigned to tents, and a sergeant comes along and gives us a couple of skinny blankets apiece. The tents has floors, so bunking ain't so bad as it might be, although it was colder'n a banker's heart.

"A kid making a stab at reveille on a trumpet gets us out in the morning, and this same sergeant of blanket fame issues us mess-kits. It had snowed a few feet during the night, and we're none too cheerful when we lines up at the mess-shack for breakfast. We didn't have no roll-call, because we hadn't give in our names. The camp is laid out pretty well, as we see it by daylight. The company streets were laid out in rows on a hillside, and there was a big stable for the cavalry horses at the bottom of the hill. We weighs up our comrades in arms as we sees them at the mess-shack, and they're mostly kids. A few gees with very suggestive-

looking shoulders and shamefaced expressions is scattered among them.

"The breakfast ain't so bad, what there is of it, but I could tell by the wise look on the mugs of some of the gang that came with me that there'd likely be a minus in the ranks before long.

"Later in the morning, the captain of the troop lines us up again, swears us in, and takes our pedigrees. I listened mighty intent, but I failed to hear anyone kick in with their right name excepting me, and I had to do it because that kid officer had seen my discharge. Then they issues us clothes.

"Say, you orderly bucking stiffs, I wisht you could see them clothes right now! Most of them was second-hand, and I take it that our predecessors in that troop had put in their time in civil life serving as models for ready-made cigarettes. I never heard such a holler as went up from my gang since the canteen was abolished. They cussed the state milishy, the State of Colorado, the governor, and all his hired hands, and they wound up by cussing me for getting them into it. They was the worst-looking lot of rookies I ever saw in my life, and they was all the madder because I drew a pretty fair outfit myself.

"After clothes, we were sent down to the stables to draw our mounts. I have mentioned that those clothes caused pretty much of a holler, but it was simply a soft guffaw to the muffled roar that the gang let out when they saw them gallant steeds. I think the State of Colorado robbed the hack horse market of Denver when they sent out the milish, and they copped the whole crop of the previous generation of horses at that.

"Skates? Say, they wasn't horses. They were hat-racks! they were shadows of horses — visions — dreams!

"The bunch was sore at first, but the funny side finally struck them, and they commenced picking out the worst mutts they could. There wasn't much choice, but the lay-out my delegation drew was certainly a fright. They had all kinds of fun kidding with them horses and with the rest of the troop. They'd put their saddles on wrong side before, and all such foolishness, to make the troop think they was awful rookies.

"But if the clothes and other things were jokes, that soldiering wasn't. Nix! No play about that. I've monkeyed around in the war business a few days myself, and I never struck anything any harder than playing soldier in Colorado. You worked right straight through from reveille to taps. Post duty around camp; patrol mounted, and guard down in them mines where they'd drop you in a cage so fast you had to hang on to your hat with both hands to keep your hair from flying off. When you got down a mile or two, they'd throw you off with your little gun and tell you to stick there and shoot anyone that batted an eye. Fine business, that!

"It seems that my bunch was about half of this cavalry troop we belonged to. In addition there was a whole regiment of foot-shakers in camp, a battery with one of them old-time Napoleon field-pieces and a Gat, and another big troop of cavalry. They called this last lay-out the Denver Light Horse, and it was a bunch of swells. Most of them looked to me like they might be calico rippers in civil life, but they sure laid it on there. They had good horses, and their uniforms fitted them. We looked like a bunch of volunteers fresh from the states, lined up alongside of them.

"The clothes and horses let 'em out. They weren't there with anything else, and most of them had something to say about running the troop. I give it to the guy that had command of us. He was a captain named Pard, and I finds out afterwards that he was a boss machinist or a boiler-maker in Denver when he wasn't working at this tin snoljer business. He was a silent sort of plug, but he was strong on the tactics. He knew what ought to be done, anyway, and when he told you to do anything, you had a hunch he meant what he said.

"This Light Horse outfit weren't for us a-tall. The second night we were in camp, a large delegation comes yelling down to our streets, and when we looks out to see what the trouble was, we finds they had come to toss us in blankets. Get that? Toss them old heads from the Fifth in blankets!

"They didn't toss. Not any to speak of. We turned over four tents coming from under them, and when the hospital corps arrived, there was ghastly bleeding remains scattered about. Naturally, we didn't get popular with the Light Horse.

"This Captain Pard was wise to us in no time. He got hep that he had a crowd of

the real things under him, and he didn't try any foolishness with us. The rest of the camp had to drill every day. He gave it to us just once. Then he sorter grinned, said something about us appearing to be pretty well instructed already, and that's the last drill we had. He had to take us out every day for a stall, but we put in our time laying around smoking cigarettes in some shaft house.

"Them strikers we were hired to suppress were already pretty much suppressed, as we found it. They was mighty sore at the milishy, and I don't blame 'em, but our fellers got acquainted with a lot of 'em and found 'em pretty decent at that. There's about 'steen little towns in this Coal Creek district, from one to six miles apart, and our troop did patrol duty on the roads between 'em. The strikers were peaceable enough, although they didn't have no use for scabs. They never started anything with us, so we let 'em alone.

"They was especially sore at this Light Horse outfit. Them guys would go tearing through the streets on their horses, paying mighty little attention to life or limb, and they cut up rough with the strikers whenever they got a chanst. They had a big place downtown called a bull-pen, and these Light Horse snoljers were everlastingly throwing someone in the pen, and it made the strikers pretty hot.

"When they finds out we're 'tending strictly to our own business and not minding theirs, the strikers got sorter friendly with us and told us their grievances.

"The mining companies owned the houses where the strikers lived, and when the strike comes on they just naturally throws them strikers out of house and home. So the strikers go to living in tents in regular camps and making out the best way they could. The biggest camp was located about two miles out of town and was on our patrol. We had to stop there every night to see if things was quiet, and it wasn't long before our gang was mighty friendly with them strikers. The women in the camp always had hot coffee for us, and generally a bite, and we got to thinking quite a few of them.

"This camp I'm telling you about is on a hill, and there's only one road to it that's anywhere near decent for traveling. We calls the camp Strikerville.

"We'd been doing this play soldier act for about three weeks and was just waiting for a pay-day to blow, when a striker comes to us one day and tells us that the companies is going to give them the run from where they are camped. He says he has it pretty straight that the deputies will do the job and that this Light Horse outfit is in on the play. The deputies and the milishy are to raid the camp at night and start a big row; then the next day the milishy will run the strikers off altogether, on the ground that they are a menace to public peace.

"It seems, according to what this guy tells us, that if the strikers could be chased clean out of the district, scabs could be gotten without any trouble, and the mines put to work again. He says the milishy's part in the deal ain't to be recognized at headquarters, but the snoljers are to go along with the deputies like they was doing it of their own accord; same as the time a bunch of deputies and soldiers wrecked a union newspaper office over at Cadence. The headquarters hollers afterwards about 'disorganized mob,' and making a rigid investigation to discover the guilty parties, but it was always noticed that the guilty parties was never caught, and the office stayed wrecked.

"Well, this feller tells us that the gang was going to pull down the tents and wreck the whole camp. He was mostly worried about what it might do to the women and children, because there was a lot of 'em in the camp, and it was colder'n blazes, with two or three feet of snow on the ground.

"'A girl baby was born to Mrs. McCafferty just to-day,' he says, 'and it will go kinder rough with her and the kid.'

"'Why don't you put up a fight?' asks 'Dirty Dick' Carson.

"'Fight? What with?' the feller asks. 'They took up every gun in the district when martial law was declared. If we could only put up one scrap, it would put a stop to this thing of sending these disorganized mobs, as they call 'em, around doing the dirty work.'

"'I got a scheme,' says Dick to me, after the feller left, and he outlines it with much joy. It made a big hit with me right off the reel, and at stables that evening C Troop, as represented by the former members of the Fifth Cavalry, has a quiet meeting, and Dick and me talks to 'em long and earnest. When we gets through, we has a hard time keeping them from yelling their heads off just to show how pleased they are.

"'It's all for that McCafferty kid,' I tells 'em. 'Think how you'd like it if you was just born and got throwed out of house and home into the snow. Also think of Mrs. McCafferty's coffee.'

"The bunch got so excited with sympathy, I was afraid they would tip it off to the rest of the camp. To carry out our scheme, we had to have the first sergeant of the troop in. He made up the night patrols and assigned the other sergeants to command. Dick and me went to him and has him down to our tent where half a dozen of the old heads is gathered. It just happens that this top sergeant was a guy that had been with the volunteers in the Philippines, and he thought he was an old soldier. Along with it, he was pretty decent, and when he hears our scheme he kind o' grins and falls for it right away.

"There were two patrols made up of about ten men, each under a sergeant, and they worked from dark until early morning riding the roads. At roll-call that evening the top reads off the names of the men on patrol, and although everyone of my bunch had been on duty the night before, our names is included in the list. In addition to that, he increases each patrol to eleven men, so as to take in all us fellers, and then he says:

"'There's going to be non-commissioned officers' school this evening, and I want all my regular non-coms there. I'll appoint Private Hanks to command Patrol No. 1, and Private Carson to command Patrol No. 2. They'll report to me for instructions.'

"That looked regular enough. The rest of the troop was tickled to death, because they thought the top was throwing it into our gang for double duty. It had commenced to snow again heavy, and no one wanted to ride roads that night.

"'Serves them old stiffs right; they think they know so much,' I heard one of the rooky kids say, as we scattered for our tents.

"In the meantime, I sends one of our fellers through the lines just as soon as we was saddled and ready to start out, with orders to ride to the strikers' camp and put them next. Then Carson and me went to the top for orders.

"I've always had a hunch that when we was talking to him in front of his tent, I saw a pair of eyes gaping through the flap, and that them eyes looked mighty like Captain Pard's, but I couldn't prove it if I had to.

"'Don't let anyone get hurt, now,' was all the top had to say, and we falls in our details and rides out of camp.

"As I'm going past No. 1, the sentry hollers at me:

"'More H Troop?' H Troop being the Light Horse.

"'Nope! Cavalry patrols; C Troop,' I told him.

"'I didn't know; most of H Troop seems to be out on mounted pass to-night,' he says, and a sort o' chuckle runs through our bunch.

"It had started in to snow like the dickens, and you could hardly see your file leader. We were all pretty well bundled up, so we didn't mind. The patrols were supposed to take different roads about a mile from camp, but we all headed straight out toward Strikerville. I sent out a couple of scouts to Handley, where the deputies hung out, and told them to hurry up and bring back a report.

"When we climbs the road to the strikers' camp, and you had to do it pretty slow on account of the rocks and not being able to see very well through the snow, we finds a big stir going on. There's a light in every tent, and camp-fires are burning all around. The women and kids are huddled over the fires, and the men are scattered about in little bunches, all talking at once.

"This guy I sent ahead had scared the life out of them. The president and half a dozen other leaders of the union who lived in camp met us, and I made 'em get busy right away.

"As I tells you, this camp is on a sort of flat plateau on top of a hill, and there is only one road to it. I made them put the women and kids in the tents furtherest away from the head of the road, leaving the lights and fires burning only where they could be seen from the bottom of the road. Then I gets every man jack and every kid of any size in the camp to rolling snowballs. It was a wet, mushy snow and packed fine.

"'Put in a few rocks, if you want to,' I suggests, and I guess they did.

"I posts one of the men at the bottom of the hill, and I puts the rest of them to work throwing up breastworks across the top of the road, to avoid accidents. There was a lot of loose rock laying around, and a fine trench is up in no time.

"Pretty soon my scouts from Handley comes in, their horses dead beat.

"'There's about twenty deputies and twenty-five of them H Troop guys over in Niccoli's saloon,' they tells me. 'They're getting pretty drunk, and someone's liable to get hurt. They won't start until about midnight, and then they're coming a-hellin'.'

"'Any non-coms with the troop?' I asks, and they says, 'No.' None of them had their carbines, either; nothing but six pistols. That was to divert any idea that they was out on anything but mounted pass and a hunt for joy.

"'Them deputies are making a fierce talk about tar and feathering some of you guys,' one of my scouts tells them labor leaders, and it didn't quiet the agitation which was stirring them none.

"I had the snowballs stacked along the front of the trench as fast as they was made, and it wasn't long before there was enough to fill an ore wagon. I kept everyone hard at work just the same, because I didn't want to run shy.

"All we could do was to wait and watch, and it was pretty cold work. The snow stopped along about midnight, but it stayed pretty dark. My fellows loafed around, smoking and talking and visiting the McCafferty kid. None of the women folks went to bed, although they had no notion of what was coming off.

"It must have been about one o'clock when I hears, away off, the pound of horses' feet on the snow and a jumbled lot of talking and laughing. I hustles my men together and lines 'em up back of the breastworks where them strikers are still rolling snowballs like mad — good hard ones, too. I had ten of the fellers load their carbine magazines, and the rest I bunched with all them strikers, carefully instructed.

"Pretty quick, my outpost comes running up the hill.

"'They're stopped down below,' he says. 'They're going to come with a rush to surprise the camp. All of 'em are half stewed.'

"I looked over my arrangements with a critical eye and didn't see anything lacking. My force was lined up back of the breastworks, them with the carbines in the middle, and the strikers and the rest of my bunch on either side with arms full of big snowballs. We could look right down on the roadway, shining like a streak of whitewash across a coal pile. Back of us a few dying camp-fires were sputtering, and lights burned in a few tents. It was as quiet as a graveyard. Then a sudden yell splits the air, and here they comes!

"They was all mounted, and they was trying to run their horses up that steep, slippery road, yelling like crazy people. Some of them starts shooting in the air. They was riding without any kind of formation, and you couldn't tell soldiers from deputies.

"I waits until they are right below us in the road, and then I fires a shot from my carbine and hollers, 'Halt!'

"They stopped right in the middle of a yell for about a minute, but it was long enough. It brings 'em to a stop just below us, and I screeches:

"'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"My carbine gang tears off a volley, and the rest of the gang behind the breastworks launches about a barrel of snowballs on top of the bunch in the road.

"'Fire at will!' I commands, and they does; the fellers with the carbines shooting at the nearest fixed stars, and the others whaling away with the snowballs.

"Say! I've seen crowds suddenly jimmed up in my time; like the old Thirteenth on the Warren the time of the fire, or the gang at Zapote bridge the night the herd of carabao charged us, but that delegation in the road skinned 'em all a Salt Lake City block.

"They was just naturally stood on their heads. They yelled in dead earnest, but they didn't do no shooting; they didn't have time. I hadn't thought about there being any danger until I see that bunch milling around in the road; the horses rearing and snorting and kicking, and everyone trying to go in the same direction at once. I was leary someone was going to get killed. If any one of 'em had gone down in that muddle, it would have been all day with 'em. The language them men used wasn't scarcely fit to eat.

"All the time my crowd was slamming big snowballs down on the heads of the enemy and firing carbines, and some of the yells that rose out of the cloud of snow in the road sounded real painful. The firing squad was working them carbines overtime between laughs.

"The women and kids in the camps came running up to the breastworks to see what was going on, and they gets next to the game right away and commences to fire snowballs too, screaming and laughing.

"At what I judges is the psychological moment, I hollers:

"'Charge!'

"Then all of us sets up an awful yell and loads and fires snowballs faster than ever.

"Them in the roadway that had their horses turned right didn't hesitate. They went down that road with a disregard for their necks that made me nervous. Them that couldn't get their horses turned right slipped off and went on foot. Pretty soon all you could hear was echoes dying away in the distance and the screaming and laughing in the camp.

"We didn't wait for them strikers' thanks. We got our horses and got out of there almost as fast as the enemy. I separated the patrols and sent one out one way and took the other direction with my squad. We rode off a couple of miles and then went racing back. We got back to the foot of the hill considerably blown right after old Major Kelley, Captain Pard, all the headquarters' officers, and some of H Troop came tearing along. Back of them Carson and the other patrol was whooping it up along the road, and away back a company of infantry and a Gatling squad was kicking up the snow as fast as they could.

"They had heard the shooting at headquarters, and a H trooper had busted into camp with an exciting tale about the strikers massacring harmless soldiers and deputies.

"Now, of course, they knew something about this frame-up to attack the strikers' camp at headquarters, but they hadn't figured on it turning out but one way. Only that lone H trooper had returned, and the major seemed to sort o' expect to find many gory bodies scattered around.

"I reported having heard some firing, but no signs of excitement. The whole works climbed to the strikers' camp, me hunching up as close to the major as possible. I saw Captain Pard occasionally glancing at me with a funny look, as he took in that mussed-up roadway; but the major didn't seem to notice anything. The camp was as dark as pitch, but in answer to our yells some of the strikers came out looking mighty cross and sleepy. No, they hadn't heard anything. No fight; hadn't heard any disturbance, and as it was getting colder all the time, and the major was sleepy himself, it ended in him telling Captain Pard to instruct his patrols to make a thorough investigation. Then they all went back to headquarters.

"On the roads, before daylight, our patrols picked up fifteen H troopers, most of them bunged up about the head or face where them rock-loaded snowballs had landed, and we turned everyone over to the guardhouse for overstaying pass limits. Sore! Oh, no! That's a mistake! I think they had commenced to tumble, because our fellers kidded 'em a good deal.

"When I was turning in that morning, an orderly comes to me and said the major wanted to see me at the officers' mess. I was scared stiff for a minute, thinking the old man was wise, but I went over.

"All the officers of the camp were there eating breakfast. Captain Pard was sitting with an H Troop officer on either side of him, and he looks at me like he wanted to laugh.

"'Private Hanks, did you learn anything about the occurrences of last night?' asks the major, looking stern.

"I saw right away that none of them was on, excepting maybe Captain Pard, and they evidently had been turning it over among 'em and trying to get at the right of it.

"'Sir!' says I, saluting, 'as near as I can make out, a gang of H troopers got gay around the strikers' camp, and the women snowballed 'em away!'"

# ROOSEVELT: A FORCE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AUTHOR OF "CROKER," "PLATT," "BRYAN," ETC.

THIRTY years have passed since another president has served the people of these United States so many consecutive years as President Roosevelt has served them. Much water can go under the bridge in thirty years, and during that time our Nation has been growing so big, so strong, and withal so wise, that, though thirty years is no unusual period for a great political light to burn with undimming luster, not a leader in our national politics to-day was a national leader in the days of Grant. A few men live who were leaders in Grant's time, but the people have ceased to follow them, and, if they are in public life at all, they lag superfluous on the stage. These men are not so old as Gladstone was when he did his best service, but times have changed in this Republic, and men have changed with them. Those lingering leaders who were growing into greatness in the post-bellum days, merely have ceased to grow, and the really great were led most kindly off the scene by Death, Fate's prompter in the wings; and because they died with their laurel of service upon them, we keep those laurels green. Fate has been exceedingly kind to our American heroes. The old king lives on, honored by the divinity that doth hedge about a king, but the leader of a democracy must go quickly when his work is done, or the people, seeing him idle, will coax him into mischief, or forget him altogether. So if an American hero would step upon his pedestal and live in "storied urn or animated bust," he must know that Death is his best friend and follow her most cheerfully. Within scarcely more than a dozen years, Blaine, McKinley, Reed, and Hanna have taken their cues like gentlemen and have followed the beckoning of the hand in the wings. And so Fate had cleared her stage of heroes when Theodore Roosevelt got well into his work. Looking backward we can see the wisdom of the plan. For essentially, Theodore Roosevelt is a star; he does not work well in a stock company. He cannot play villain to-day, walking gentleman to-morrow, comedian the day after, and hero betimes to suit the exigencies of the play upon the boards. Hanna could, Blaine could, McKinley did — though never was he cast in comedy, and never did he play the villain,— and Reed took all the parts, though as a villain he was immensely funny. But Theodore Roosevelt is what the profession calls a "spot-lighter." He can get off the stage, and the action may go on without him, but he cannot come on as a flunky, nor with a thinking part, nor with the feline tread of the villain. He must be the hero or not perform at all.

The purpose of this paper will be to consider what kind of a figure he is cutting; whether he speaks the speech Fate has pronounced to him "trippingly on the tongue," or if he mouths it, as many of our players do; and finally it shall be our purpose to consider what the play is all about, and why it is presented to us at all.

### *Thirty Dynamic Years*

From 1870 until 1900, this country was earnestly, if not honestly, engaged in getting rich. Thirty years is accounted a generation, and no other generation in the history of this planet ever saw civilization spread, and grow while it was spreading, as civilization spread over the western half of the temperate zone on this continent, and grew everywhere in the Nation. The invention

of a wheel must have been one of the world's great civilizing events; it must have been a notable stimulus to commerce, by shortening distances; but this invention was thousands of years making itself felt upon the actual crust of the earth. Yet in the thirty years that ended with the close of the last century, millions of prairie acres came under the plow; millions of desert acres came under the irrigation ditch; millions of forest acres became farm land; millions of coal holes sank into the earth; millions of smoke-stacks serrated the prairie horizon, and the smoke of millions of fires smudged the sky. The hot winds that blew up from the New Mexican desert and seared the prairies of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, became cooled by the moisture they took from the overturned sod, and were checked. Literally, the winds were harnessed. If the earth had nerves, it must have known for the first time that a new kind of creature was burrowing in the earth-skin.

In the thirty years that followed 1870, thirty million people had come upon this continent; many of them had preëmpted the western half of the continent and had established there a peaceful, orderly system of government, taking to their new homes such political traditions and institutions as were movable. Among the chief of these institutions was the thing we call liberty — the freedom of the individual to think as he pleases, to speak as he pleases, and with certain limitations to do as he pleases. It happened that many of these limitations upon a man's doing as he pleases could not be moved West, so in the new western communities men did a number of things which they might not have done at home. They got rich with no questions asked. Too many mining-camps and cow-camps and booming towns were organized, so that energy came to count for more than honesty, and whole states, and whole sections of the country, both East and West, came to believe that might makes right. The battle was to the strong. In politics the ideals of business prevailed. The statesmen of the period were engaged upon problems that in the solving would make us rich, rather than make the people honest. Platforms of political parties were built to appeal to the cash-drawer and not to the conscience. Special privileges were wantonly granted by townships, counties, cities, and states, and even the National Government joined the procession of worshipers at the altar of special privileges. Unjust land grants made during the War were protected. War tariffs were sustained, and the whisky ring and the Star Route thieves carried the prevalent idea of the justice of special privilege into their business transactions with the Government. The tide of commerce ebbed and flowed; whether there were wrecks or fleets upon its bosom did not matter, for its waters were as dirty at one time as at another. It ebbed in '73 and flowed in the '80's, and it ebbed in the early '90's and began to flow in '97. But always the political and financial problem was how to float the ship, and not how to clear the waters and see the rocks.

### *The Issue of Prosperity*

The great campaign of '96 was fought and won on the issue of prosperity. Prosperity was the end which both parties sought; it was nowhere regarded as merely a means to the ends of just and equitable living. It was a sordid choice that the voters had, yet no one seemed to care for another. They could vote to give the mine-owners special privileges, or the manufacturers special privileges, and naturally the manufacturers, being in the majority, won. But no moral issue was involved, and a grossly material campaign was fought through by appealing to the stomachs of men rather than to their hearts. Men were told, not that they would get justice, not that they would have an equitable share in the wealth of the country, but that they would have full dinner-pails, and, being hungry, they reached for the most substantial meal in sight. So Hanna and McKinley rose and became national figures.

McKinley took care of the politics of the prosperity propaganda, and Hanna took care of the business end. Hanna represented the Government upon Wall Street, McKinley represented it among the people. McKinley saw to it that the dinner-pails were kept full, and Hanna saw to it that no special privilege was disturbed. The end of government was prosperity; the end of the citizen was prosperity. And any means that would promote prosperity in public or in private life was tolerated. We were as blind to real civic morals as the Spaniards of the Inquisition must have been to the morality of Christ. Life-insurance presidents deemed it entirely proper to appropriate trust funds to promote public prosperity. Our public

men deemed it entirely proper to trade public offices for votes to promote prosperity. Any means seemed to justify the end, and we got prosperity; and, of course, when one thinks over the matter, he sees that prosperity was needful. It is hard to give a man moral perception on an empty stomach. In the nature of things, prosperity had to precede the moral awakening of the people, and it is only our aroused public conscience that makes us realize our transgressions in following the strange god of prosperity. A Hanna and a Herod are needed before every great reform. When things reach their worst, they begin to get better.

### *The Moral Issue*

But the cash-register was not intended to be the conscience of the American people. And the pendulum began to fall away from prosperity as an end justifying any means, and began to swing toward prosperity as merely a means to an end of righteousness on the day when President McKinley declared for tariff revision and reciprocal treaties, in his famous Buffalo address. If he had lived, the same determination which made him brush Hanna away and hunt down the postal thieves in Cuba would have upheld McKinley in his contest for a righteous tariff. He was beginning to see what the whole people soon saw, that as a nation we were overheated in our pursuit of wealth, and that we needed a cooling bath in simple honesty. But the work of cooling off the Nation would have been a harder task for President McKinley than it was for President Roosevelt, for Hanna had given bond to Wall Street that McKinley would keep the peace. McKinley would have been compelled to forfeit his bond. No one doubts that he would have forfeited it; but no one had thought to give bond for Theodore Roosevelt. In fact, when they made him vice-president, the forces of commercial greed thought they had him bound and gagged. No fat had been fried to grease the wheels of the machinery that made his calling and election sure. He was put on the ticket partly to strengthen it in the West, but chiefly to prevent him, as Governor of New York, from becoming a dangerous presidential candidate in 1904. He had made what was regarded by the conservative East as rather a fantastic campaign for election to the vice-presidency, going through the West and the Middle States denouncing Bryanism with all the vigor and candor of his nature.

### *Enter Theodore Roosevelt*

He came to the presidency after nearly twenty years in public life, during which he had been elected to office by the people but three times: when he was elected to the legislature; when he was elected governor; and when he was elected vice-president. In recent times only President Harrison has got so far in American politics as the White House without going before the people more than three times. In Mr. Roosevelt's first election he was a youth, and he slipped into office without any compromises such as many men make who go to the legislature in these days. His second election made him governor, and in that campaign he ran to save his party, which had been led into a blind alley by Governor Black. So there was no compromising campaign back of that election. In his vice-presidential election he was kidnapped and carried into the hustings against his will. So that when he became president no one could come up the backstairs of the White House to collect a bill for services rendered.

Therefore Wall Street was caught short on Roosevelt stock when he came into office, and a panic was threatened. For Wall Street knew Theodore Roosevelt only as a rash young man who had dared to institute a campaign against encroaching corporate wealth while governor of New York; and because with his rashness he had combined political cunning and a sure knowledge of the game of politics, Wall Street feared him. They feared him, not for what he said about them, but for what he had done to them. He had pushed a law through the New York legislature, which Wall Street thought had been bought and paid for, compelling corporations to pay their share of the taxes. His efficiency had made him dangerous in Albany, and those who were uneasy while Roosevelt was governor were appalled at the thought of what he might do in Washington. And coming events cast their shadows before on the tickers in Wall Street the day that Roosevelt took the oath of office. For Wall Street knew then what the world has since learned: how crooked were the walks of high finance. Wall Street knew then what would happen to Depew and Platt and McCall, and to Alexander and to Hyde and to Morgan and to Hill and to Harriman, if the mask of

respectability once were broken. The wonder is that knowing Roosevelt as they knew him and knowing their own brass gods as they were, the makers of the markets did not tremble even more than they did.

### *The First Skirmish*

For Roosevelt had not been president a month before he fell afoul of the combination between business and politics as he found it in what seemed to be the plan of the Beet Sugar Trust to prevent Cuban reciprocity. The fight that followed lasted the better part of the year, and it proved to the country and to his opponents that Theodore Roosevelt was considerable of a man. He had a moral issue — the duty of this Nation to the Cubans, and the promise of President McKinley to fulfil that duty, and never for one minute in the rough and tumble of the political scrimmage did he allow the people to forget that the contest was not for the victory of Theodore Roosevelt, but for a principle.

That first fight was typical of all his contests that have followed, with crooked business and crooked politics. He asked more than he expected to get; got more than his opponents expected to give; and planted his guns on the vanquished works and fought on until he got a substantial victory. In not a single instance has President Roosevelt gone into a contest with Congress that he has not won, and he has started more fights than all the presidents, since Grant, combined. And he has won because he has taken the right side of a simple issue that the people could understand, and always has kept the moral side of that issue before them. Politicians do not understand why President Roosevelt beats them, because politicians cannot see that the people are always with the man who fights on the moral side of an issue and does not cloud it with his too obvious desire for personal triumph. Always the politicians are predicting that next year Roosevelt will crumble. They believe that the people will find him out and see his overmastering ambition for power. But the truth is that what seems to those whom Roosevelt grapples with to be an immense personal ambition, is the man's masterful faith in the right and his passionate belief that the people will see it. And so long as Samson is on the Lord's side, he will smite the Philistines.

For Theodore Roosevelt is no braver than many another man, who has fallen in the struggle against Mammon. But he has moral vision. It is often more difficult to know the right than to do it. A broader education than any man has brought to the White House since Jefferson's day, a life unstained by vice of any kind, a clean mind and a boyish heart, simple, confiding, and just, have combined to keep Theodore Roosevelt's faith in God and his belief in the common honesty of the common man unseared. And when a man has these two convictions welded into his soul, he plays no tricks, lays no ambushes, relies on no strategy, but, seeing his duty, goes to it joyously, bravely, and with wise direction and simplicity. Roosevelt is not leading a double life, as his enemies secretly believe. He will not be found out; because there is nothing to find out. He is merely primitive. He has the gaiety and optimism that belong to youth, and youth is not a mere physical adolescence; it is that state of soul which men keep so long as they have not smudged their ideals and trifled with their consciences. One may be a boy at eighty, or a man at fifteen. But whoever has youth, has faith, and given wisdom with faith, strength and courage are but the other side of the shield. Perhaps that is the meaning of the prophecy: "And a little child shall lead them."

### *"The Square Deal" in Legislation*

After the victory for Cuban reciprocity came the settlement of the coal strike — a victory for sheer righteousness unarmed. Then came the attack upon the Great Northern and Northern Pacific merger, and then came the preliminary contest for the rate bill in the last session of the Congress of 1902 and 1903. In that Congress the groundwork was laid for the great contest that was ended when the recently enacted rate bill became a law. And this groundwork was not legislative but ethical. The passage of the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor made it plain to the people that the Government had rights in the private affairs of men and the semi-private affairs of corporations; a fact which before that time, as a Nation, we had recognized only vaguely. But the clause in the law which gave the Department the right to examine the books of any business concern, virtually made it clear to men who think, that there is no private business in this country; that we are all partners in our civilization; and that we are indeed our brothers' keepers. The Elkins Law, passed by the session of Congress that

enacted the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, revived national hope that the railroads might be brought under federal control. That law was a wedge; just as the suit brought against the Beef Trust was a wedge, and the discussion of the trusts by the President and his Cabinet in a score of public addresses were wedges, in the timber of crass individualism that encroaching capital had been putting across the door of progressive thought and progressive legislation in this country for a generation.

Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt does not recognize it, but as a public man, from the very beginning, he has not concerned himself with theories of government looking to the increase of the production of wealth; he left school a free-trader, and protection and the laws that have amassed our national wealth have appealed to him as something to be let alone for the present. At base his concern has been and is the equitable distribution of our national wealth. The term, "the square deal," translated into simple language, means that this Government shall guarantee to every man every dollar that he honestly earns, and he may be sure of getting it only when no other man shall have a dollar that he does not actually earn. Of course, that is not "socialism," it is merely justice. But a number of gentlemen who are holding property legally, though not morally, seeing the day approach when some small portion of their riches shall justly take unto itself wings, are prone to view the approach of that day with alarm. Moreover, being alarmed, they are prone to call names, and as "socialist" seems for the moment to be the fighting word of the East, those in the East who dislike Mr. Roosevelt snarl "socialist" at him, as they feel their bone slipping away from them.

### *Socialism or Common Honesty?*

But it is neither fantastic, Utopian, nor socialistic to insist, for instance, that the people of this country shall cease paying transportation rates made high enough to pay fixed charges upon stocks and bonds so highly watered that forty per cent of the value is stolen value. It is not the wild dream of an idealist to demand that transportation charges be based, not on the need of the service to the user, thereby capitalizing the user's misfortunes; but to insist that transportation charges be based upon the cost of the service. This is the common-sense basis of Theodore Roosevelt's contention in his fight for the rate law. Stripped of its verbiage, it means that every investor in railroad stocks and bonds is entitled to his interest upon the actual property of the railroad; that every shipper shall pay his part of that interest, plus the cost of transporting the shipper's goods, no more and no less. There is nothing visionary in this, nothing that common honesty does not see plainly, yet the moneyed interests of this country will fight this proposition through all the courts, and only the earnest determination of the people to see justice done will bring about justice in this matter.

The two important measures, in addition to the rate bill, which President Roosevelt pushed through Congress by the force of his righteousness, were the meat inspection law and the pure food law — both of them aiming at the curtailment of special privilege and looking toward honest commerce, unrestrained except by honesty and fair play. Both of these bills crippled someone's capital; both of these bills attacked the sacred rights of someone's private property; both of them affected some innocent purchasers of stocks that were earning what two years ago were regarded as legitimate dividends. But neither of these bills affected a dollar earning dividends that were morally honest; neither of them destroyed a dollar's worth of property that was based on free competition in honest goods. The movement that made the passage of these laws possible was invincible, not because of its rigid organization, for it was largely disorganized, but because it was right. The common sense of the people was back of the President.

And this year, President Roosevelt has planted his guns upon the vantage ground gained in last year's contests and now is asking for a law requiring a federal license for corporations, looking to federal supervision of the affairs of corporations doing an interstate business. He is seeking to give back to the people who are partners in the making of the vast fortunes in the country, the unearned increment which years add to every great fortune; and, through some form of an income tax, he hopes to make the living owners of large fortunes pay, to the country which furnished the opportunities for accumulating those fortunes, an adequate portion of the cost of maintaining

this Nation. In a word, President Roosevelt, in these measures, is looking toward an equitable distribution of the property of this country among the people whose laws insuring peace and prosperity made the accumulation of this property possible.

### *To Each Man His Due*

For in a Nation where universal education prevails, where the common people read and think, where the laws are made by the people and enforced by the righteousness of the people, there is not such a difference in the intellectual capacity of the people as that indicated by the fortunes of the very rich and the means of the well-to-do. And the difference in the value and character of the service rendered by men like E. H. Harriman and J. P. Morgan, and that rendered by men like Governor Folk of Missouri and President Eliot of Harvard, for instance, is not so wide as the difference in their fortunes would indicate. Assuming that Governor Folk and President Eliot are paid for their services, it follows that Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morgan, with their acquisitive faculties, have reached too deeply into the barrel and should be made to put some of it back. After a man, by service to his fellows, whether as a banker, a storekeeper, a politician, a broker, an author, an artist, a captain of industry, or what not of the trades and professions, has earned all the luxury and all the comfort that this civilization can give, society has paid its debt to that man. As a part of his comfort, of course, he should know that his family will be amply provided for after he is gone. But when he takes more for any service, however great, than he and his family can use in their lifetimes, he takes dollars which he cannot use and which of necessity must be put to accumulating other dollars which he cannot use, in turn to accumulate still other useless dollars. These dollars come from people who really earn them, and are taken from these people without giving society value received. For when society has paid him who takes these surplus dollars everything he can use for himself and his family for his service, it follows that the surplus dollars are unearned dollars. He gets them because he can take them. And President Roosevelt has shown in his speeches and messages and writings that he believes these dollars, taken merely for the purpose of accumulating other useless dollars, are dishonest dollars, and the people agree with him. Sooner or later society, in this country, at least, will see to it that the piling up of useless dollars, to grind other dollars from society, is stopped.

### *The Achievement of Five Years*

How far have we come in five years, since the battle opened at an outpost of crooked capital, in the fight against the beet sugar combine for Cuban reciprocity? First came the Department of Commerce and Labor, established to ferret out the crooked ways of crooked business, and the indictments that followed in the Beef Trust cases, and the prosecutions, civil and criminal, that followed against the trusts. Then came the Elkins Law, with its provision against rebating, then the wholesale indictment, prosecution, and conviction of rebaters, which still continues; then came the rate law, with its demand for a uniform system of bookkeeping, and its provision for the establishment of honest rates; the meat inspection law and the pure food law followed, injecting the policemen into the manufacturing plants of capital; and now comes the hope that we may license all corporations doing an interstate business; that we may check the accumulation of unhealthily swollen fortunes with an inheritance tax and make greedy men pay to the society that protects them in their business a reasonable proportion of the expenses of the Government, through an income tax. The American notion of the rights of the individual and of the rights of society has taken a somersault in the past six years. Under these laws that have just been passed, and under those that are surely coming, what becomes of the old theory of the rights of private property, held in the halcyon days of 1896? Then a man's dollar was his own; now his legal title to it is not much stronger than his moral title. And if there is any question about the way a man got his dollar, or the way he is using it, an inspector from the Department of Commerce and Labor has the authority to tap him on the shoulder and ask to go through his books.

### *Roosevelt in World Politics*

It is a pleasant coincidence that the leader in American politics who has preached the doctrine of equality of opportunity, who has been the champion of the equitable distribution of the wealth of the country

among the people who have earned it, working together, should also be the world's great champion of peace. For, until there is a fair division of the wealth of men according to their labor, there can be no goodwill among men, and until justice is established in the dealings of nation with nation, there can be no peace on earth. And the same spirit of fairness which has made Theodore Roosevelt the leader of his own people in adjusting their economic differences, has given him the confidence of the principalities and powers. And even though he had no record at home, he would be renowned as the world's peacemaker. It was he who saved the Hague tribunal from failure, by referring to it the Pius claims. It was he who sent out the invitations to the second Hague Conference; it was he who brought about the settlement of the Japanese-Russian War. The blockade of Venezuela was stopped through President Roosevelt's intervention, and the difference between Venezuela and the European nations was settled at the Hague court. The Alaskan boundary dispute, a contention of long standing, was settled during President Roosevelt's administration, and Turkey was induced by a display of power to keep her promise to this Government. The Santo Dominican custom house was administered by President Roosevelt's order, and a revolution was prevented. The observance of Chinese neutrality in the Japanese-Russian War was secured by a note to the Powers, sent out by President Roosevelt. Russia was reminded of the wrongs done to the Jews at Kishinef, and Rumania was reminded of the oppression of the Jews, by President Roosevelt. That record of diplomatic endeavor, always for peace, always for the weak who were oppressed, and against the strong, was encompassed in four years. No other ruler in the world has ever excelled it in ten times four years. And the mainspring of every one of these diplomatic achievements was courage to do, in the simplest possible way, the obvious commonsense duty of the day.

### *Cleaning House in Washington*

It required no keener acumen to do these great things in world politics than it required to go into the administrative department of the Government at Washington and do there the honest, sensible thing efficiently. The elimination of political influence in the War and Navy Departments has been needed for a hundred years, and everyone knew it. Roosevelt did it. The extension of the classified list of the civil service from 80,000 to 135,000 employees was not the work of genius, but what the average man would like to have the courage to have done. The order taking away from congressmen the power to remove fourth-class postmasters made for good politics, and the order classifying the service rendered by presidential postmasters into excellent, good, and poor, according to their records on file in the Department, and providing for the reappointment of all whose records are excellent, whether congressmen and senators like them or not, was such a sensible order that one is astonished that no other president had the temerity to do it before. The prosecutions that followed the purging of the Post-Office Department and the conviction of two United States senators of felonies were but the consistent sequences of twenty years of public declaration and deed on the part of Theodore Roosevelt. The wonder is that anyone was surprised at these things. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's whole career as President has revealed no new or strange thing about the man. The oddest thing about him is, that he has not been colored by the false atmosphere of politics, but has kept the average views of the average citizen and has done as President, not great heroic work, but the day's work as the average man would like to do it if he could have the courage to meet the opportunities that President Roosevelt has met. Civic righteousness, whether in the White House or at the ward caucus, after all is only the practical, efficient use of common sense, uncommon courage, and common honesty. Add to these virtues great kindness, a desire to please, and a wish to serve others rather than to advance himself, and you have the clay of which Theodore Roosevelt is made. Not only are his feet of clay, but his whole being is of native mud, but it is of the kind which under pressure and heat easily turns to marble and becomes immortal. Washington, Lincoln, and Grant were made of similar stuff.

This, then, is the man Roosevelt:— a middle-aged, middle-sized figure struggling against pudginess, simple, boyish, direct; impulsive for the right and intolerant of wrong; human to the core, with his blind side for his friends and his sleepless eyes for

his enemies — a group of gentlemen for whom he never has to blush; a cultured person without pedantic vanity in his wisdom; a man of homilies, yet who, with all his wisdom, is practical; who has the merry heart that showeth forth in a glad countenance; a happy mixture of the cheerful idiot, the seer of visions, and the captain and crew of the "Nancy Brigg" — a man who does the undisputed thing in such a buoyant way!

### *What is His Place in History?*

It seems to be settled that Theodore Roosevelt is to have a place in history, though, of course, the wise gambler never bets on anything that can talk; and if Roosevelt is to have a place in history along with those immortal names that are not born to die, it is in order to ask, Why? What has he done? To be sure, he has fought the battles of peace, both abroad and at home. He has won from the world a recognition of the dignity and power of simple justice unadorned by the frills of diplomacy; and for the people at home he has won some peaceful victories in the preliminary struggles against the encroaching greed of organized capital. To be sure, he has issued certain orders that have temporarily helped to purify politics, and he has made life uncomfortable for those who would steal from the public treasury or violate their official trusts. But is that enough to lift a man upon a pedestal in the world's hall of fame, to which so far America has contributed but three figures, Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln? Naturally, his friends see a man in one light, and his enemies in the another, so there are two distinct views of Roosevelt. If his friends contend that he is responsible for Cuban reciprocity, for the law establishing the Department of Commerce and Labor, for the Elkins Law, for the rate law, the pure food law, and the meat inspection law, his enemies demand that Congress, and not he, be recognized as the legislative branch of the Government; if Mr. Roosevelt's friends point to his diplomatic successes, his enemies insist that Mr. Hay be given credit for what he did; if his friends rejoice at President Roosevelt's war on corruption in politics, his enemies declare that the Department of Justice should have its share of the credit. But even his enemies blame the President for influencing Congress to take what they consider an unsound position regarding the distribution of wealth; even his enemies admit that Mr. Hay acted under the President's counsel; and when these same enemies seek to place the odium for unsettling conditions by exposing fraud and corruption and punishing it even though in high places, they dump it all on President Roosevelt. "Yes, damn you, and you began it," muttered a senator at the President when the famous muck-rake speech was first delivered at a private dinner. And then the Senate was grilled by the President. So it is fair to take him at the estimate of his enemies and consider him merely as an influence and let his fame shine or fade as his influence grows or wanes, is right or wrong.

For essentially, though he is a most practical man, Roosevelt's power in this land is a spiritual power. His is not a kingdom of this earth. He is not a leader with spoil to offer, but a teacher with a message for men. It is immaterial whether or not the Supreme Court sustains him in his position on the rate bill, the income tax, the license for corporations, or the inheritance tax; not for the establishment of a system of statutes was he born into this world; but rather, like all great teachers, that by his life and his works he should bear witness unto the truth.

### *The Kingdom of the Spirit*

Schools have made men readers; reading has made men thinkers; thinking has made men seekers after truth. Never before in the history of mankind on this planet was the crust of custom and tradition so easily punctured by an idea as now. When the sense of conscience, the power of deliberate choice, the management of things and people external to himself, for preconceived ends, came to man, he ceased, according to so eminent a physicist as Sir Oliver Lodge "to be merely a passenger on this planet, controlled by outside forces. It is as if the reins were then for the first time placed in his hands; as if he were allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate and destiny, and take over some considerable part of the management of the world."

Since man first grasped the reins, he and the moral force that has guided him have hourly been getting more and more control of the gearing of this world. More and more has mind influenced matter. More and more has the spiritual force in government dominated the material force. The thing we

call matter is becoming so impotent. They crucified the body of Christ, and His spirit made Christendom. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is. It may be shown simply enough without spinning the theory of the moral government of this universe very fine, that a habit of mind becomes an attitude of life, and that by his ideals a man makes the circumstances over which he thinks he has no control. Opportunities are mere cross-roads in the lives of men and of nations, the opportunities do not make men and nations, but reveal them. And as a nation thinketh in its heart, so it is. As a nation, for thirty years America was becoming lustful of gross riches; our habit of mind made our Rockefellers, our Ryans, our Goulds, our Platts, our Pennsylvanias, and our Montanas. With our national ideals, we secreted those abominations as the spider secretes poison. The whole infernal system of money-bought government, money-bought churches and schools, was as surely made from the commercial malice in our own hearts as the golden calf set up in the wilderness was the god of the Israelites. For man created in the image of God creates by his own thoughts gods in his own image. The history of the world is merely the current taken by the thoughts of men. This is the kingdom of the spirit. It is into that dominion that Theodore Roosevelt has come.

For nearly six years the American people, the most sensitive people on the globe to spiritual forces, have had before them in the most prominent place in the Nation a man who day in and day out, from the moment of his elevation to political power, has shown his scorn of dishonest wealth; who has shown his hatred of power bought with corruption; who has flaunted his defiance at thieves in high places, no matter how well conventionalized their stealing may have been, no matter how respectable they have been considered. The tremendous effect of his precepts and his consistent example upon the mental habits of this people is incalculable. But the evidences of that power are seen in every human institution, whether it be school or church or store or township or county or state or corporation or society all over the land. The seed has fallen upon good ground. The power for righteousness that this seed has generated among men is felt in the stirring roots of humanity, wherever it can be manifested. Before this dynamic power for justice and equity in politics and in business and in the simpler relations of life, greed, in the form of aggrandizing capital and class feeling, must go down, as caste went down before righteousness under Washington and Franklin in the American Revolution, and human slavery went down before righteousness under Lincoln and Grant.

But of course the millenium is not at hand. It did not follow Washington's victory, nor Lincoln's, and it will not follow Roosevelt's. Waves of democracy rise and fall back, but the tide is flowing in. At the end of every great fight, the heroes dismount and fight their battles over, and while the people are cheering, the looters plunder; so it was after Yorktown, after New Orleans, after Appomattox. Then new heroes come to stop the plundering. And that is why, when the half gods go, the gods arrive. Roosevelt is one of the new gods — that is all; and some day he will be a half god and go when the new gods come. For thus man moves the world.

# SKEEZICKS, SKNKS & CO

BY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "SKEEZICKS," "THE STRIKE-BREAKER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

## I

"AND so the Cross-eyed German Elephant went on and on *and* on until, at last, right in the middle of the road, he met Captain Sknks."

"Captain — Skinks," repeated Skeezicks, experimenting a little doubtfully with the word and drawing his knees up under the covers. He slid his feet slowly down again at a warning look.

"Captain *Sknks*," corrected Uncle Joe. "S-k-n-k-s. Not a vowel in it. You pronounce every letter, and keep your nose shut, and just about half sneeze, and say it as hard as you can, like this — *Sknks!* — or it isn't his name. He was three feet across, anyway you took him, and a foot and a half high, and as round at his waist-line as a hoop. And you couldn't kill him. *You couldn't kill him!*"

The knees of Skeezicks once more bulged slowly up under the bedclothes, but Uncle Joe, lost in the joys of creation, failed to notice the significant sign.

"Well," continued the spinner of dreams, "the Cross-eyed German Elephant stopped short right in all four of his big, round tracks, and then said Captain Sknks, in a little bit of a sharp, squeaky voice like the cr-r-r-rick of a cr-r-r-ricket:——

"'Booby! Why do you cry?'

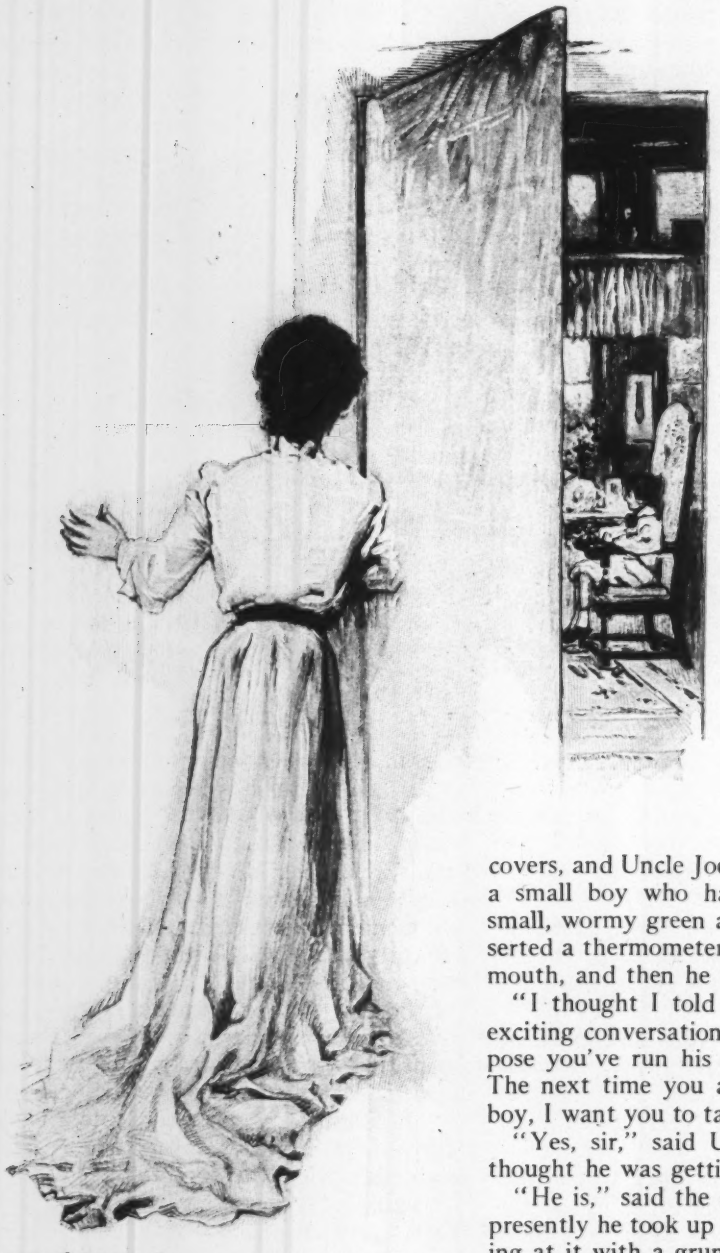
"'Bub-bub-bub-because,' sobbed the elephant, twisting his trunk up like a pretzel, 'I have no place to stay to-night.'

"'Fiddlesticks!' squeaked Captain Sknks. 'Buy one of my tasty, tawny tents. Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight.'"

"Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight. Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight." Skeezicks was silently moving his lips, saying it over and over, and Uncle Joe considerately paused to let him do it.

"While he was squeaking," Uncle Joe presently continued, "the Captain drew from his pocket a little yellow stick about the size of a lead-pencil and held it up in front of the elephant.

"'This is it,' he said. 'When you want to close it up, by and by, you must say, "Kazazum!" To open it I now say, "Kazuzam!"'




"She stole to the door and peeped in"

"The little yellow stick suddenly flew open and made a great, big, beautiful yellow tent, big enough for the Cross-eyed German Elephant, but Captain Sknks was nowhere to be seen. So the elephant went inside. It was a fine, roomy tent with a hammock swung up in it, but there was no Captain Sknks. The elephant looked under the tent, and around and around outside the tent, and through and through the tent, and on top of the tent, but no Captain!"

It was at this point in Uncle Joe's story that the doctor came into the room, and he was cross right away. Skeezicks was sitting up in bed with his arms clasped around his knees, and he was listening so hard that his ears almost wriggled, while his mouth was half open, and his eyes were fairly gleaming with eager interest. With a half-impatient sigh Skeezicks gently slid down under the covers, and Uncle Joe looked very much like a small boy who has been caught eating small, wormy green apples. The doctor inserted a thermometer in Skeezick's obedient mouth, and then he turned to Uncle Joe.

"I thought I told you there must be no exciting conversation," he charged. "I suppose you've run his temperature away up. The next time you are left alone with the boy, I want you to take a sleeping-powder."

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Joe meekly. "I thought he was getting along nicely, Doc."

"He is," said the doctor grudgingly, and presently he took up the thermometer, looking at it with a grunt of satisfaction. The temperature had *not* gone up. "But you must leave out this story-telling and sitting up in bed for a while," he said. "I want this boy to get well in a hurry. He's got no business to be in bed during this nice weather."

"*I* want him to get well in a hurry," said Uncle Joe. "He must be well in time for the wedding next fall, anyhow."

"Whose wedding?" asked the doctor. His voice was apparently as cross as ever, but

there was a twinkle in his eye, and neither nurse nor patient was afraid of him. "Whose wedding? Not Skeezicks'?"

"Hush! you may run his temperature up," cautioned Uncle Joe, with an absurd pretense at a whisper. "Poor fellow! I took his girl away from him. He intended to marry Miss Elzner himself, I believe, and I really owe him another girl By the way, Doctor your daughters are not married, are they?"

"Not yet," said the doctor. "One's seven and the other five years old, but they're not even engaged so far."

"Let Skeezicks have one of them. Just put it in the bill," said Uncle Joe, with princely disregard of expense.

The doctor pondered the matter thoughtfully, and Skeezicks watched him with breathless interest.

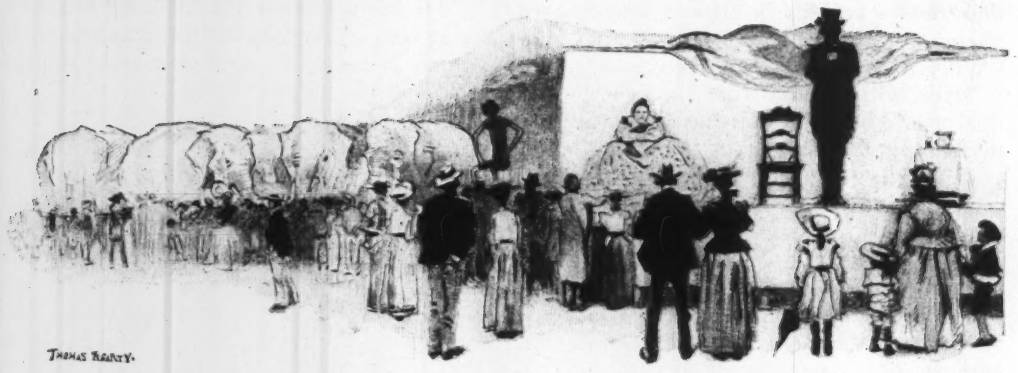
"I'll tell you what I'll do" said the doctor at last. "As soon as Skeezicks gets well, he may come up to my house and take his pick of them. For nothing!"

## II

Skeezicks well, but still interestingly pale and thin, strolled up to the doctor's house. A young man was just leaving the door. He was a nice-looking young man, and his cheeks, at the moment, were very pink. His eyes were very bright, and he held his head very, very high. Also, he walked with a quite unnecessarily firm tread which was almost a stride.

A young lady, the doctor's sister, stood in the doorway. She was a pretty young lady, and her cheeks, at the moment, were very pink. Her eyes were very bright, and she

"It was very annoying not to be able to look when one wanted to know so badly"




held her head very, very high. Also, she turned with a quite unnecessarily vigorous swish of her skirts to go inside. Skeezicks interrupted this purpose by toiling up the steps and removing his straw hat.

"The doctor is not at home," said the young lady kindly.

"I didn't come to see the doctor," calmly replied Skeezicks. "I came to take my pick of his girls. He promised me one of them. One's five, and the other's seven years old. I'm six and a half."

"Oh," said the young lady, too much astonished to smile, and she surveyed him wonderingly, from his brown hair to his brown slippers. Suddenly she seemed to appreciate how very little he was, and patted him lovingly on the back. "Come right in," she invited him. "You — you haven't a card for the young ladies, have you?"

No, he had no card, but his name was Skeezicks, — Skeezicks Freeman, — Charles Edward Freeman, to be more exact,— and he lived over on Avenue A, he and his Uncle Joe, with his father and mother.

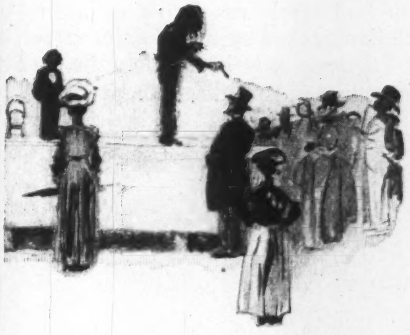
"Oh, yes," said Miss Torrence, with greatly increased cordiality. "That's ever so much better than a card. I know your Uncle Joe quite well, and Miss Elzner, whom he is to marry. She is my very, very dearest chum," which was much better than a card in the estimation of Skeezicks, too, for Miss Elzner was — Oh, well, she was Miss Elzner! Adjectives could do nothing for her.

Miss Torrence left the caller in the parlor and went out to call the girls. On the stairs, however, she sat down and had a good laugh, but it was a silent laugh which could not possibly be overheard by any sensitive little ears, and she was surprised to find the laugh developing a tendency to wind up in tears. Suddenly she discovered that she was thinking about the young man who had just left the door, with his head so high and his tread so decisive, and she jumped up, dabbing her lashes with her kerchief. It was no part of her intention to waste any of her time thinking about *him*. She stole to the door and peeped in. Skeezicks was sitting primly on a chair, with his hands folded, looking out of the window in great peace of mind.

He was still sitting there with nothing but his training and his long, long thoughts for company, when she ushered in Miss Ethel and Miss Dorothy, aged seven and five respectively, and introduced them. Quite like little automatons the three children went properly through the ceremony of introduction, and then, having paid this cruel tribute to a stern but foolish civilization, they relapsed into naturalness.

Skeezicks, however, was constrained by purposes and ideas of his own. Such a galaxy of hair-beribboned beauty in stiff white frocks might have proved confusing to one less calm and clear-eyed than he, but Skeezicks knew no indecision. For one judicial moment, only, he weighed them, and then he made the choice he would continue to make for several years to come.

"I'll take this one," he remarked, indicating the older little girl, and Miss Ethel, overcome by the honor, twisted the corner of her kerchief up into a moist little point, bending her head away down and looking up through her lashes very intently at nothing in particular. The silence became oppressive.



"It's — it's fine weather," Skeezicks tactfully remarked. "My Uncle Joe had a sty on his eye, but it's gone now."

Miss Torrence made a peculiar sound, which she smothered with a cough. Miss Dot, aged five, offered her mite toward entertainment by suddenly and solemnly swinging around on her left heel, dexterously completing three quarters of a circle, and stopping dead still, looking sidewise to see how the accomplishment was received. Feeling encouraged, she swung in the other direction upon the right heel, but stumbled four steps in rounding up the feat, thus giving herself a chance at further dexterity in catching her balance. Miss Torrence saved the lamp without audible comment or impertinent levity. Once more Miss Dot eyed Skeezicks with sober inquiry, then she hopped all around the room, swinging her head vigorously from side to side, finally squatting swiftly down, with her pink finger-tips touching the carpet, and solemnly looking to the visitor for approval.

Skeezicks smiled with amused indulgence. Miss Dot was a mere child of five. All this while Miss Ethel, as motionless as if graven in pink-and-white ice-cream, twisted the corner of her handkerchief into a moist, grimy little point and kept her head bent away down, looking intently up through her lashes at nothing in particular.

With perception quite unusual in a grown-up, it dawned upon Miss Torrence that she was a trifle in the way. Moreover, Mrs. Torrence being out, she wanted to hunt up the cook. She had to tell somebody about Skeezicks' courtship, at a safe enough distance to laugh aloud as much as she liked without hurting the feelings of any tender-souled young persons who might chance to overhear. After that she wanted to go away by herself, where she could sit quietly down with a handkerchief and *not* think about the high-headed and firm-treading young man whom she had so entirely and absolutely forgotten. Forever.

When she came back with a plate of cakes and bonbons, she found Skeezicks and Ethel seated on the lounge, chatting amiably and with startling frankness about the peculiarities of their respective "folks," while Dot sat curled up on the other side of Skeezicks, contentedly hugging him with one arm and leaning her confiding head against his shoulder. She had fallen quite naturally into the rôle of Mere Child and was taking the privilege of that part in the cast. Later on Miss Torrence discovered them all on the lawn at the side of the house, industriously playing street-car. To an adult eye the paraphernalia might have seemed rather meager, but to the three there was nothing lacking. They had found a piece of a trunk-strap, and, with this solid and tangible foundation upon which the fancy might build, it had been very easy for their imaginations to supply the trifling details of streets, main and side tracks, cars, trolleys, seats, windows, gongs, uniforms, money for fares, and even supposititious passengers of all ages, colors, and conditions.

## III

The status of Skeezicks in the Torrence family was clearly understood from that time on. He was Ethel's gravely accepted "beau," and the affair was a most serious one, nurtured, as it was, by people who loved and understood children well enough not to carry "plaguing" to the point of indignity. No swain was ever in more constant attendance upon his lady, and it was a great comfort to Mrs. Freeman. She always knew where to find Skeezicks. Uncle Joe frequently, on his way home, dropped around that way to get him. One morning Uncle Joe came along, a little early for lunch, in an automobile. The owner of the automobile was a nice-looking young man, who plunged at his wheels and levers and things with quite unnecessary vigor as soon as his friend was on the sidewalk, and, looking straight ahead, puffed down the shady avenue at the limit gait.

Miss Torrence, out on the steps, did not even glance at the young man in the automobile, but turned with a swish of her skirts to give Mr. Joseph Freeman a dignified and charitable greeting, the charity being because of the company in which Mr. Freeman had come. Torrence icily. At that moment she gave a little start and leaned far out. The automobile had nearly run into a sprinkling cart which had backed up out of a side street, and Miss Torrence saw it, though she had not been looking in that direction at all.

"'That cage is plumb empty, and we're sending it out to the Zoo, where we've bought a couple of new monkeys'"

"What's the matter between you and Jack?" asked Mr. Freeman bluntly. "I noticed that he was very grumpy about something."

"Nothing whatever," answered Miss

"You mustn't let any silly little quarrel step in between you," said Mr. Freeman, with the fatherly impertinence so often taken upon themselves by young men who are beatifically engaged.

"he found a big club, and sat down upon the edge of the bench, on guard"

"I shall never speak to him again so long as I live," declared the young lady. "We are strangers."

Mr. Freeman merely smiled. In reply to this impudence the young lady picked up the book she had been reading and significantly *closed her finger in it to mark the place.*

Mr. Freeman, ignoring this strong hint, immediately became Uncle Joe.

"And so Captain Sknks — " he remarked in a loud, clear tone, and then he stopped.

Across the lawn there came swinging and lunging an enormous red-and-yellow fire-engine, streaming mental sparks and black smoke from its fuhnel and ringing its make-believe gong furiously. It was drawn by a pair of spirited horses in stiff, white skirts. Without a pause in its headlong flight to the fire, it clattered up in front of Uncle Joe and proved to be Skeezicks with the detached nozzle of a garden hose in his hand. The engine set the horses down beside him on the grass and crossed his legs expectantly.

"Go ahead, Uncle Joe," said the engine. "Begin all over again at the very first."

So Uncle Joe began all over again at the very first, down to where the elephant looked in the tent and under the tent and around outside of the tent and on top of the tent, and couldn't find the Captain. The young lady had slipped her finger from the book by this time.

"Well, the Cross-eyed German Elephant gave it up at last, and said — and said ——"

"'Kazazum!'" prompted Skeezicks.

"'Kazazum,'" repeated Uncle Joe, "and as soon as he said that, the tent was a little yellow stick again, and Captain Sknks stood right before him.

"'How do you like it?' asked the Captain.

"'Fine,' said the elephant. 'How much do you want for it?'

"'A cent and a groat and a yen and a peso and a centime and a pfennig and a copeck and a lira and the tooth of an old dead horse,' said the Captain.

"So the elephant paid him, all but the tooth, — he got trusted for that, — then he said, 'Kazuzam,' and the tent opened up, and he went inside and climbed up in the hammock and slept until morning. And all that time the Captain was gone.

"'Ada, look here,' Mr. Weldon called softly to her after a bit"

"In the morning the elephant woke up feeling as fine as a strawberry shortcake, and said 'Kazazum.' The big tent was a little yellow stick again, and he put it in his vest pocket. But there stood Captain Sknks!

"'Well?' squeaked the Captain, very cross.

"'Well?' said the Cross-eyed German Elephant. 'What do *you* want?'

"'The tooth of an old dead horse,' squeaked the Captain.

"'But you trusted me for it,' said the elephant.

"'Your granny's nightcap!' said the Captain. 'I want it!'

"'All right,' said the elephant, 'we'll go and find one.'

"So they traveled, and they traveled, *and* they traveled, but every time they saw a pile of white, clean bones in a field, the Captain turned himself right up on edge like a hoop, and said, 'Finders is keepers!' and began to roll, and by the time the elephant could get there, the Captain always had all the teeth, so the elephant couldn't get any to pay with. And every morning the Captain stood in the road as soon as the tent was turned into a stick and said:

"'Want that tooth!'

"Well, of course, the elephant got very tired of it at last, and one morning he grabbed the Captain with his trunk and swung him three times around and threw him straight up in the air, with all his elephant might. Up and up *and* up went the Captain, tumbling over and over like a piece of shiny paper until he was just a little black, winking speck in the sky, and then not even the speck could be seen, so the elephant sat down and laughed until the tears ran down off the end of his trunk like rain from a waterspout. When he got all through laughing, he got up and traveled on as fast as ever he could, until he got so tired he thought he would take a nap, so he took the little yellow stick out of his pocket and said, 'Kazuzam!'

"The tent never opened. It just stayed a little yellow stick.

"'Kazuzam, Kazuzam, Kazuzam!' said the elephant, and then he tried 'Kazazum,' but the tent never opened.

"Well, the elephant stuck the little yellow stick up before him in the road and tried and tried *and* tried, and looked and looked *and* looked, until his tongue frazzled out, and he got more cross-eyed than ever, and then he reckoned that the tent wouldn't open unless the Captain were there, just as the Captain wouldn't be there when the tent was open, so, being very tired, he wished the Captain were back. At that very moment the Captain came tumbling down out of the sky and struck kerplump! on the elephant's back so hard he made a dent in it. Then he rolled down on the ground and scrooged up his wicked little face and squeaked:

"'Want that tooth!'

"'Go and find it!' said the elephant, mad all through again, and all at once he swung his trunk and hit Captain Sknks a sidewise swipe that sent him sailing through the air to the east like a cannon-ball. On and on *and* on sailed the Captain until he was just a little black speck in the east, and then even the speck could not be seen, so the elephant sat down and laughed again, but he didn't laugh until the tears came, because he hadn't any more tears left in him. While he was trying to find one or two in his system, Captain Sknks came sailing along from the west and hit the elephant kawallop! right in the side and made a big dent in it. The elephant had knocked him clear around the world!

"'Want that tooth!' squeaked Captain Sknks.

"'Oh, Kazuzam!' said the elephant, and it was very clever in him to think of it, for when he said that, the tent opened right up, and Captain Sknks was gone.

"'I'll just get rid of him now for good and all,' said the elephant, *and picked up the tent and walked off with it!*

"Well, for three days he carried that tent on his back, and in all that time he never saw or heard of Captain Sknks, but at last he came to a place in the road that was too narrow for him to get the tent through sidewise or endwise or topwise or bottomwise or anywise, and so he had to close it down.

"'Kazazum!' said he, and the tent became a little yellow stick. But there stood Captain Sknks, grinning so hard that the elephant was afraid the top of his head would come off.

"'Want that tooth!' squeaked the Captain.

"'I'll give you one of yours!' snapped the elephant, and started for him.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said Captain Sknks, and started to roll, and the elephant after him, lickety split, until at last the Captain headed straight for a big tree. When the Captain got there, he gave a quick jerk and rolled right around it, but the big elephant couldn't stop and ran into the tree, and his tusks sank into it so far and so hard and so tight that he couldn't move a single part of his body except just his tail. Then the Captain rolled back and took the little yellow stick out of the elephant's vest pocket and rolled away again, leaving the elephant in that terrible fix. The elephant started in to wiggling his tail, and he wiggled it and wiggled *and* wiggled it until at last he got loose,

but he had wiggled his tail so hard that it was all full of kinks that have never come out to this day, some of them. And that's all."

Even Miss Torrence sighed a trifle, and the engine and fire-horses drew deep, deep sighs.

"And is it really, really true?" asked Ethel doubtfully.

"Of course not," Skeezicks promptly informed her, "only it's more fun if you b'lieve it. I always do. But Uncle Joe, where did Captain — Captain — the Captain always go when the tent opened up?"

"Can't you guess?" asked Uncle Joe.

"I can't guess," replied Skeezicks.

"Well, *I* can't guess," said Uncle Joe. "It's a mystery. But the elephant, now, that's another matter. I saw the circus parade this morning, and I'm almost sure there was *an elephant with a kinky tail in that parade!*"

"Oh!" exclaimed three small voices, and six big eyes surveyed him with solemn speculation, which, digested, would lead to a present demand. Miss Torrence smiled.

"How soon does Elizabeth return?" she asked, with apparent inconsequence. She was just thinking that Miss Elzner must be rather homesick, and with very fair reason. She knew how to sympathize with her, for she felt unaccountably lonesome herself, here lately.

"In about a month," he replied with a sigh. "Suppose, since we are both bereft" (Miss Torrence tossed her head), "we take these three to the circus this afternoon — if they will go."

"I don't mind, if we can coax them," she laughed. "We'll have to leave one for Grandpa Torrence, though. He's the usual comic paper joke. He doesn't care for the circus himself, but he always wants to take the children. We'll leave Dot for him."

"I hope they will go," said Uncle Joe, looking them over doubtfully. "Will you, children?"

He was relieved, apparently, to find that they would. With one voice they had assured him so.

"You are sure that you have no other engagement?" he asked.

They were quite, quite sure.

"I don't want you to go out of mere courtesy, either of you," he gently urged. "If you really had rather stay at home, Skeezicks, or you, Miss Ethel, why —— "

"Oh, we *want* to go!" they piped up eagerly.

"Very well, then," said Uncle Joe. "We *will* go. I will talk to Miss Torrence about Miss Elzner, and she may talk to me about —— "

"About Miss Elzner," firmly interrupted Miss Torrence.

## IV

It was a delightful circus, and the menagerie part of it was a wonderful place. They went through the great tent, down past the restless, snarly cages, past the great platform of giants and dwarfs and queer men and women, past the long rows of comically solemn camels and cow-like animals, past the chattering birds and on, ever so many wonderful things, and, by the time they reached the elephants, even Skeezicks was ready to believe in the existence of Captain Sknks without any aid from his active imagination. Before the long row of elephants they paused in very serious review. One by one they studied the great beasts, and at last Uncle Joe was able to call attention to one that actually had a couple of kinks in its tail. You could even make it seem cross-eyed if you stood just right. Skeezicks could see it so, easily enough, and once when it curled up its trunk there was a brief second when it *almost* made a pretzel. It was the Cross-eyed German Elephant, sure enough, although it would not talk.

"*Wie gehts mit dir, Hanskaspar?*" said Uncle Joe to it, but the elephant would not say how it went with him. Maybe he didn't like to be called Hanskaspar, Uncle Joe surmised, and he apologized. Then he tried courteous questions, flattering comment, expostulation, and peanuts, but all to no purpose. The big beast simply would not talk. The peanuts alone aroused any enthusiasm, but his remarks about those were confined strictly to the sign language. Reluctantly, they left him. As they turned away, Uncle Joe discovered a small and highly ornamental closed cage near the elephant pen.

"Captain Sknks!" he said, in an awe-inspiring whisper. "Mind, I don't say he *is* there, but he could be. It's about the right size."

Just then the band struck up for the Stupendous and Dazzling Grand March of All the Nations, Presenting, in One Glittering Pageant, All the Fabled Gorgeousness of the Orient and Occident, and they hurried for their seats. Even the gaudy parade, however, could not entirely keep the thoughts of

Skeezicks from the mysterious gilt cage that had been so securely locked, and he was rather preoccupied for a time. Miss Torrence was also rather preoccupied. Right in the next box-section on their left sat a very nice-looking young man who never so much as once turned his eyes to the right. Miss Torrence never so much as once turned her eyes to the left, although she did rather wonder if that girl on the other side was with him or with the party beyond. It was very annoying not to be able to look when one wanted to know so badly. Not that she had any personal interest in the matter, however. Far from it. Far, far from it. The girl had on a red hat and a red silk waist, and was altogether very loud and shoddy, Miss Torrence thought. It was none of her affair, though, not in the least. So she paid strict attention to the circus. That red hat must have cost twenty-five dollars.

There is no use in trying to describe a circus, or how Skeezicks and his best girl enjoyed it. The whole affair was one succession of Oh's and Ah's, coupled with a mortifying attempt to see everything at once, with everything all over before it was half seen, and something else treading on its heels in a hurry, with no time to digest anything or to know that one had been thrilled; and they filed out in the crowd, stunned and silent.

The little gilt cage was not there when they passed out through the menagerie tent, and Skeezicks rather wanted to investigate, but Miss Ethel had gradually accumulated a terror of it and of Captain Sknks into the bargain, and Uncle Joe, with a wince of self-reproach, hastened to interest them in ice-cream taffy, and toy balloons.

There was a tremendous crowd, and worming their way out of the grounds and along the sidewalk was a very difficult task. The undertaking was fully as hard for the traffic in the streets. Out there, a tangled, slow-moving throng of vehicles and street-cars kept about even pace with the pedestrians. Among that tangle was a maroon-red automobile, and in it sat a very nice-looking young man, with bright eyes, head very high, and all the rest of it. He did *not* have that girl with him.

"Jack tells me he's going to leave. Tomorrow," observed Mr. Joseph Freeman.

"Is he, indeed?" replied Miss Torrence indifferently. "Did you ever see anything so thrilling as that high trapeze act? It must take a lifetime to learn to do those things."

"It does," replied Mr. Freeman. "Jack is going out to Tokio, I understand, to look after the interests of his firm over there."

"Is he?" inquired Miss Torrence, rather more than indifferently. "What an army of men it must take to move one of these enormous shows."

"It does," answered Mr. Freeman sternly, repressing a desire to shake her. "Jack says he don't care whether he ever comes back or not. —*Why, where are the children?*"

The children were gone! Only a moment before they had been there, walking just in front of them and wedged so tightly into the crowd that it had seemed impossible to become separated from them. It was a terrible moment. Of course, they dashed ahead for half a block, nudging and elbowing their way through the crowd with desperate haste, and then they realized the futility of that course. Another one immediately presented itself. The young man in the maroon automobile had been keeping Uncle Joe in sight. Uncle Joe seemed to have a powerful attraction for him that afternoon, and it was just as despair was seizing Mr. Freeman that he had an inspiration.

"Oh, Jack!" he cried. "Weldon!"

Mr. Jack Weldon heard without a particle of trouble, and he brought his slow-moving machine to such a sudden stop that the heads of impatient horses went up for safety, back through an entire block.

Uncle Joe dragged Miss Torrence out to the automobile.

"We've lost the children," he hastily explained. "You take Miss Torrence and wheel up and down the streets past the crowds on the sidewalks and see if you can't find them. I 'm going to telephone to the police," and before Miss Torrence could think of some better plan, which would at the same time be free from certain personal objections, she was bundled into the front seat beside Mr. Weldon, and they were forcing their way through the streets in a vain search for the children.

Even in the confusion and through the anxiety, however, Miss Torrence retained her presence of mind, and, without having said a word or rested her glance upon him, allowed the young man distinctly to understand that he was merely the steering part of an automobile which, in dire emergency, had been placed at her disposal by Mr. Joseph Freeman.

## V

The little gilt cage had done it all. Across the vacant lot, back of the lemonade and peanut stands that lined the sidewalk, Skeezicks saw them carrying it, and he recognized it at once.

"Wait a minute, Uncle Joe," he had piped, but there had been so much noise, and the two young people had been so much abstracted, that they had not heard. Confident, however, that the elders would wait, Skeezicks firmly grasped the hand of Miss Ethel and dragged her after him in between two of the stands, out to the vacant lot. The men were loading the cage on a wagon, and Skeezicks hurried up just as the wagon drove away. The two men were turning back when Skeezicks, consumed by a desire to know that must be gratified at any cost, asked about it. The men were both very dirty and tattered, but their eyes were perfectly frank and kind, and one of them had eyes that twinkled a whole lot like Uncle Joe's.

"That cage?" said the man of the twinkle, scratching his head. "That cage holds the Bul-loodthirsty Hogwallicus. He eats nothing but little girls and boys, and we're sending him out to the orphan asylum to get his supper."

"Th — thank you," gasped Skeezicks, but the other man, after a grinning survey of the horror-stricken faces before him, became alarmed and contrite and hastened to make a correction.

"He's just joking, kids," he said kindly. "That cage is plumb empty, and we're sending it out to the Zoo, where we've bought a couple of new monkeys. You was just joking, wasn't you, Frank?"

"That's all," said Frank, with equally kind voice. He, too, had been moved to contrition by their faces. "Just empty. There never was a Hogwallicus, and if there was, it wouldn't be bloodthirsty," and then the men, having work to do, hurried away.

"I want to go home," suddenly announced Miss Ethel, with a suspicious quiver in her voice.

Skeezicks had begun to feel that way himself, but he instantly stiffened. With much concentration he had been trying to picture to himself what a Bul-loodthirsty Hogwallicus would look like if such an animal had ever been created, and the resulting imaginary beast was not at all a reassuring object, especially in its native wilds, where he had been picturing it. Brought, just in time, by the suspicious quiver to a realizing sense of his own responsibility, he remembered that he was a man, from whom bravery was to be expected. He took Miss Ethel firmly by the hand once more and marched back across the vacant lot to the two stands between which they had squeezed. Out on the sidewalk the throng was still passing, but Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence were not there.

"I want to go home," said Miss Ethel, half whimpering.

Skeezicks looked at the stream of people and sagely reasoned that there was a better way than to attempt the finding of two individuals in all that mass of humanity.

"Come on, I'll take you home," he said confidently. "I've got two dimes and a nickel in my pocket, and we'll just get on a street-car and have a ride all by ourselves, and go home."

The prospect was novel, and Miss Ethel consented to be cheered. But the street-cars were all hanging full, and it was necessary to go on until they came to a street where the cars were not so crowded. Into less and less thronged highways they walked until they came to a pretty park, and just ahead of them, turning among the trees, they saw Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence!

They were out of breath when they caught almost up with them, down one of the shady drives, and found out that it was not Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence at all. They stopped, and the couple went on, not knowing that they had been followed. Skeezicks, undaunted, was considering the matter over and over. Miss Ethel suddenly announced that she was tired, and sat down on a bench. Skeezicks tried to urge her on. No, her legs were tired, and *she* was tired, and she was going to rest. She always rested when she got to the park. She huddled up on the bench, and Skeezicks was doubly alarmed. He knew the symptoms. Miss Ethel was likely to go to sleep at any time and place, and just now it must be prevented.

"There wasn't anything in the cage, was there?" he asked, standing up in front of her, where she lay comfortably curled on the bench.

"Just empty," she replied sleepily. "Going to be monkeys in it."

"Maybe Captain Sknks got out of it first," he suggested, half breathless himself at the possibility. "Maybe he's here in the park!"

The suggestion was kindly meant, intended as a spur to make Miss Ethel come back with him to the street, but it worked the other way. She suddenly buried her face in her arms and began to cry, and there was no stopping her by any known power until she should cry herself to sleep. And then no known power could awaken her until she had had her sleep out. Skeezicks had seen it tried. He hunted about until he found a big club, and sat down upon the edge of the bench, on guard. He would have liked to allow himself the luxury of being scared, too, but he really couldn't afford it just now.

## VI

The red automobile had a weary, weary search, up one street and down another, stopping wherever there was a knot of people temporarily interested in what might prove to be a pair of lost babes, and putting in a distracting time generally. It was nearing dusk when the steering apparatus suggested that the strays might have wandered into Ballard's Woods, and accordingly they started for a search through that pleasant and wholly familiar domain. Miss Torrence, her eyes sharpened by her constantly increasing anxiety, was the first to see them. Up a side drive she discovered a little white patch, which, on closer view, proved to be the white shirt-waist of Skeezicks.

He was sitting bolt upright, alert, and with wide staring eyes. In his right hand he still firmly grasped his club, and behind him, on the bench, huddled Miss Ethel, fast asleep, her cheeks stained with a grimy flood of recent tears.

Miss Torrence waited for no help, but was out of the automobile in an instant, half laughing and half crying over both of them and straining Ethel fiercely to her bosom with one arm while she tried to gather Skeezicks to her with the other.

"I'm kind o' tired myself," said Skeezicks when he had told them all about it. "Circuses make you awful tired, and the walking and being scared. I wasn't scared, not very much, though. I found the tooth of an old dead horse for Captain Sknks," and he exhibited that glistening white treasure in his left hand. "He wouldn't hurt us much, I guess, if I gave him that."

Miss Torrence again tried earnestly to smother both children at once, and then the steering apparatus took Skeezicks from her and put him in the high, leather-cushioned nest of the back seat.

"I *am* tired," observed Skeezicks with a sigh of content.

Mr. Weldon went back, quite cheerfully, to get Miss Ethel, but that young lady's aunt did not want to give her up. She said she would just get right in with Skeezicks and hold the child on her lap. The tot was sleeping so soundly. Miss Ethel settled the controversy, even though sound asleep. At the feel of the strong masculine arms she clung instantly around the young man's neck, and he surreptitiously kissed the little one as he gently placed her upon the soft cushions, where she snuggled up to Skeezicks and slumbered on without a break.

Miss Torrence stood ready to slip into the back seat with them, but Mr. Jack Weldon closed the door very firmly.

"Just wait a moment," he said with polite insistence — nothing familiar or presumptuous in his tone at all. "I noticed that the sparker wanted to balk a while ago, and I think I'd better look at it before we start home."

He crept under the machine, and the young lady walked away a few steps. She was rather glad of the chance to think by herself for a moment. Her head was still held very erectly, but she was trembling and fluttering in a quite unaccountable manner, and she wanted to stop these distressing symptoms. They were perfectly silly.

"Ada, look here," Mr. Weldon called softly to her after a bit.

Ada! How presumptuous of him! Nevertheless, she went back. There was something or other in his tone, something strangely thrilling, that made certain mental attitudes seem rather trivial and childish just then, and she joined him where he stood looking raptly in at the back seat.

It was a pretty picture. Both the lost children were fast asleep, Ethel with her head confidingly upon the shoulder of Skeezicks, who held her protectingly in his arms. The boy looked so manly and so gentle, too, that Miss Torrence found the long kept-back tears welling up into her eyes by especial invitation, and when the young man quietly gathered her in his big arms with the air of merely taking his own, she just laid her head down on his automobile coat and cried it all out, every bit of it, the young man, meanwhile, singing joyous inward paeans in praise of Skeezicks, Sknks & Company.

Then they went home.

# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

## BY

## CARL SCHURZ

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

NO sooner were the elections of 1859 over than I had to start out on an extensive lecture tour to make up by its earnings for money spent and private affairs neglected during the political season of the year, and to accumulate something in advance for the coming great campaign of 1860. While visiting Boston on this tour, I had occasion to attend one of those "Conservative Union Meetings" which were held to warn the people against anything like an active anti-slavery movement and to lead them back to the paths of ancient whiggery. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing were the principal speakers. I had never heard either of these two distinguished men before, and was prepared for a powerful onset of argument and appeal. But my expectations were disappointed.

### *Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing*

In the first place, Mr. Everett's introduction to the audience produced an almost comical effect. It was a raw, winter day, and Mr. Everett had evidently, before venturing out, been carefully armed against the inclemencies of the weather. While the chairman made a eulogistic little speech presenting to those assembled their illustrious fellow-citizen, Mr. Everett stood behind him being peeled out of an endless variety of wraps — an operation performed by an attendant, which caused him to turn himself around several times. This spectacle of the unwinding of Mr. Everett started a pretty general titter among the audience, which was stopped at last by the applause following the close of the chairman's introductory speech. Mr. Everett's argument was the well-worn plea of patriotic apprehension. It was very finely expressed, every sentence of faultless finish, every gesture well pointed and appropriate. But there was a coldness of academic perfection about it all which lacked the robustness of true, deep, aggressive feeling. The audience applauded many times, but, so far as I could judge, without any real impulse of enthusiasm. When Mr. Everett sat down, the general verdict seemed to be that, as usual, he had made a very fine speech, and that he was a most honorable and patriotic gentleman.

The impression produced by Mr. Caleb Cushing was very different. While speaking, he turned his left shoulder to the audience, looking at his hearers askance, and with a squint, too, it seemed to me, but I may have been mistaken. There was something like a cynical sneer in his manner of bringing out his sentences, which made him look like Mephistopheles, and I do not remember ever to have heard a public speaker who stirred in me so decided a disinclination to believe what he said. In later years I met him repeatedly at dinner tables, which he enlivened with his large information, his wit, and his fund of anecdote. But I could never quite overcome the impression he had made upon me at that meeting. I could always listen to him with interest, but never with spontaneous confidence.

### *Warlike Toilet of a Congressman*

My lecturing engagements left me time for a short visit at Washington. Congress was then in a state of excitement, the like of which we can now hardly imagine. The morning after my arrival I took breakfast with my friend, Mr. John F. Potter, the repre-



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sentative of the first congressional district of Wisconsin. He asked me to accompany him to the Capitol, where he promised to take me on the floor of the House of Representatives, if he could. Before we started, I saw him buckle on a belt with a pistol and a bowie-knife, to be worn under his clothes. "You seem surprised," he said. "This is my regular morning toilet when I go to the House. You know I am not a ruffian, but a peaceable citizen. But we do not know what may happen." Then he explained to me that the Northern anti-slavery men might expect an attack at any time, not so much from the Southern representatives themselves as from a gang of Southern desperadoes gathered in the galleries. "They may open on us at any time," said Mr. Potter. "But when they begin to shoot, we mean to be prepared to shoot back. A number of our friends go armed just as I do."

I had already been told that Senator Wade from Ohio, having been threatened by Southern men, one day appeared in the Senate with a brace of large horse-pistols, which he quietly put on the lid of his desk within sight of everybody; and that when he was sure they had been noticed, he calmly shut them up in his drawer, ready to hand, and leaned back in his chair, looking around with a grim smile. Whether the story is true, I am not quite certain. But it was widely believed, for it sounded very much like "old Ben Wade," and no doubt it fitted the situation.

### *Angry Feeling in the House*

Mr. Potter did, in some way, get me on the floor of the House, and I had the satisfaction of listening to a debate which soon arrayed the representatives of the anti-slavery North and of the pro-slavery South against one another in angry altercation — the Northern men comparatively calm and argumentative, the Southern hotspurs defiant, overbearing, grandiloquent, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and all sorts of meanness, and with the utmost recklessness flinging the dissolution of the Union into the debate as a thing they rather desired than dreaded. I heard Mr. Keith of South Carolina, a rather handsome and oratorically flamboyant young man, rend the Union "from turret to foundation stone." There was in the bearing of the Southerners, especially of the young men among them, an assertion of aristocratic superiority, apparently quite sincere, which strained the patience and self-control of their opponents to the utmost. The very atmosphere was quivering with challenge, and many a time an outbreak of violence seemed inevitable. I had to leave Washington the next day, and I took with me the conviction that the day of compromise was indeed past, and that, not as a matter of spirit, but as a matter of policy, the North should meet Southern defiance with a demonstration of courage and determination.

Not long after I had left Washington, several scuffles actually occurred on the floor of the House, and of one of the collisions, my friend, Mr. Potter himself, was the hero. There was a hot wrangle on the floor between him and Mr. Roger C. Pryor of Virginia, who had irritated him with some very provoking remarks, and a challenge to a duel followed. In view of the state of public feeling at that time Mr. Potter thought himself obliged to accept the challenge; and having the choice of weapons according to the code of honor, and thinking it best to make serious work of it, he chose bowie-knives. Mr. Pryor promptly declined, if I remember rightly, on the plea that the bowie-knife was not a civilized weapon. But as his declination, which was perhaps reasonable enough, was made to appear as a back-down on the part of a Southern "fire-eater," it started a guffaw all over the North, and Mr. Potter woke up to find himself the hero of the hour. A flood of congratulations poured upon him, and at the Chicago Convention a few months later some enthusiastic admirers presented to him a finely ornamented bowie-knife of gigantic size as a token of public approbation.

### *Salmon P. Chase and His Daughter*

On my return trip westward I had to fill a lecturing appointment at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Salmon P. Chase, who was then governor of that State, had written me a very kind letter offering me the hospitality of his house, and I had accepted, highly appreciating the honor. I arrived early in the morning, and, to my great surprise, was received at the uncomfortable hour by the Governor himself and taken to the breakfast room. His daughter Kate, who presided over his household, would, he said, be down presently. Soon she came, saluted

me very kindly, and then let herself down upon her chair with the graceful lightness of a bird that, folding its wings, perches upon the branch of a tree. She was then about eighteen years old, tall and slender and exceedingly well-formed. Her features were not at all regularly beautiful according to the classic rule. Her little nose, somewhat audaciously tipped up, would perhaps not have passed muster with a severe critic, but it harmonized with her face, with its large, languid, but at the same time vivacious, hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, and arched over by proud eyebrows. The fine forehead was framed in waving, gold-brown hair. She had something imperial in the pose of the head, and all her movements possessed an exquisite natural charm. No wonder that she came to be admired as a great beauty and broke many hearts.

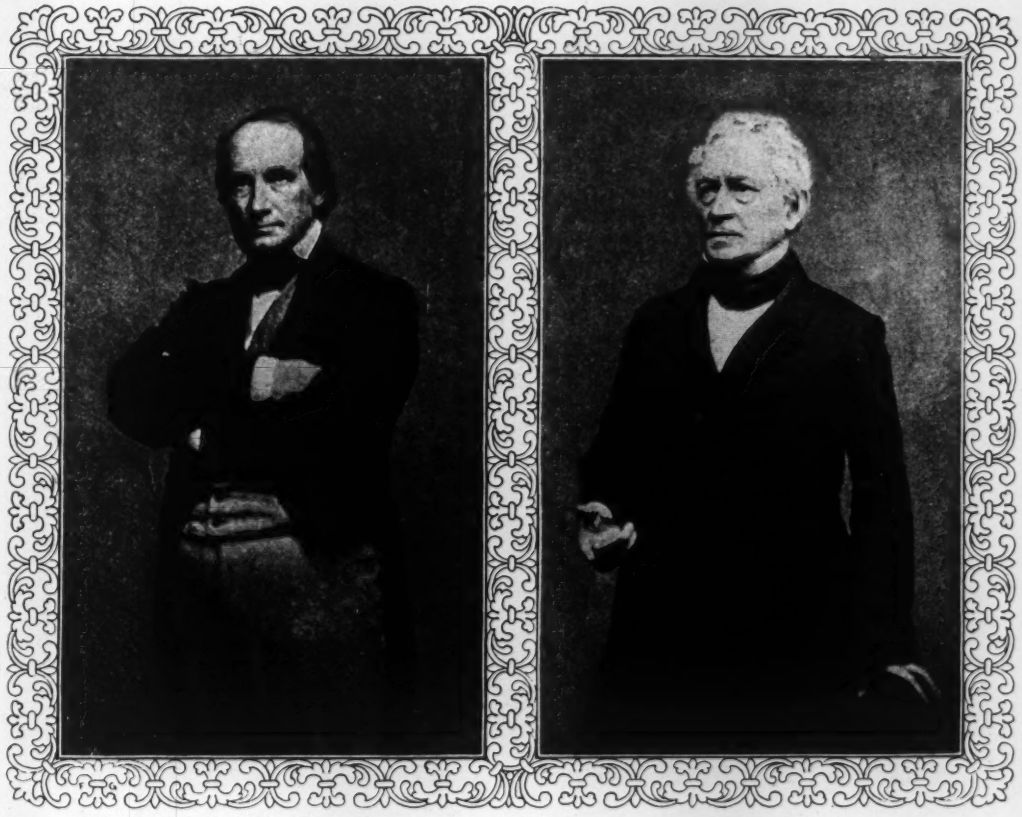
After the usual polite commonplaces, the conversation at the breakfast table, in which Miss Kate took a lively and remarkably intelligent part, soon turned upon politics, and that conversation was continued during a large part of the forenoon in the Governor's library. I had conceived a very profound respect for Mr. Chase's ability as well as his character. All his speeches on the slavery question were well known to me, and I greatly admired their argumentative lucidity and strength, and no less the noble elevation of sentiment pervading them. His personality, too, when I had seen him on the floor of the Senate from the gallery a few years before, had impressed me powerfully. More than anyone else, he looked the great man. And now, when I sat with him in the confidential atmosphere of his "den," and he asked me to give him my view of the political situation, I felt as if a great distinction had been conferred upon me, and at the same time a responsibility which I was not altogether eager to take.

His bearing in public gave Chase the appearance of a somewhat cold, haughty, and distant man. Without the least affectation or desire to pose, he was apt to be superbly statuesque. But when he opened out in friendly intercourse, the real warmth of his nature broke through the icy crust, and one received the impression that his usual reticence arose rather from something like shyness than from a haughty sense of superiority. His dignity of deportment never left him even in his unbending moods, for it was perfectly natural and unconscious. It really belonged to him, like the majestic figure that nature had given him. There was something very captivating in the grand simplicity of his character as it revealed itself in his confidences, when he imparted them with that almost childlike little lisp in his deep voice, and I can well understand how intimate friends could conceive a sentimental affection for him and preserve it through the changes of time, even when occasionally they ceased to approve his course.

### *Chase's Frank Desire for the Presidency*

With this remarkable man, then, I sat alone in his cozy work-room, and he avowed to me, with a frankness which astonished, but at the same time greatly fascinated me, his ardent desire to be president of the United States and to be nominated for that office by the coming Republican National Convention. He said that I would undoubtedly be sent by the Republicans of Wisconsin as a delegate to that convention, and that he wished very much to know what I thought of his candidacy.

It would have given me a moment of sincerest happiness, could I have answered that question with a note of encouragement, for nothing could have appeared to me more legitimate than the high ambition of that man, and I felt myself very strongly drawn to him personally. But I could not, and I esteemed him too highly to flatter him or to treat him to ambiguous phrases. I candidly told him that I was too inexperienced in American politics to estimate the number of votes he might command in the convention, but that I had formed a general judgment of the situation, which I expressed in this wise: "If the Republican Convention at Chicago has courage enough to nominate an advanced anti-slavery man, it will nominate Seward; if not, it will not nominate you." The Governor was silent for a moment, as if he had heard something unexpected. Then he thanked me for having so straightforwardly given him my opinion, which, possibly, might be correct. But, without casting the slightest reflection upon Seward's character and services, he gave me to understand that he could not see why anti-slavery men should place him second in the order of leadership instead of first — a point which I could not undertake to argue.



*From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve*

CALEB CUSHING EDWARD EVERETT

The principal speakers at "one of those 'Conservative Union Meetings' which were held to warn the people against anything like an active anti-slavery movement"

## *The Wigwam Convention of 1860*

The Republicans of Wisconsin were very kind to me. Through their majority in the Legislature they had made me a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, which was established at Madison; and now, in the spring of 1860, their State Convention appointed me as one of their delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago in May. That famous Chicago Convention, with its great wooden "Wigwam" that held many thousands of people, its noisy street-parades, its shoutings and jostlings and wire-pullings, has so often and elaborately been described, that I need not go into detail. The Wisconsin delegation elected me its chairman.

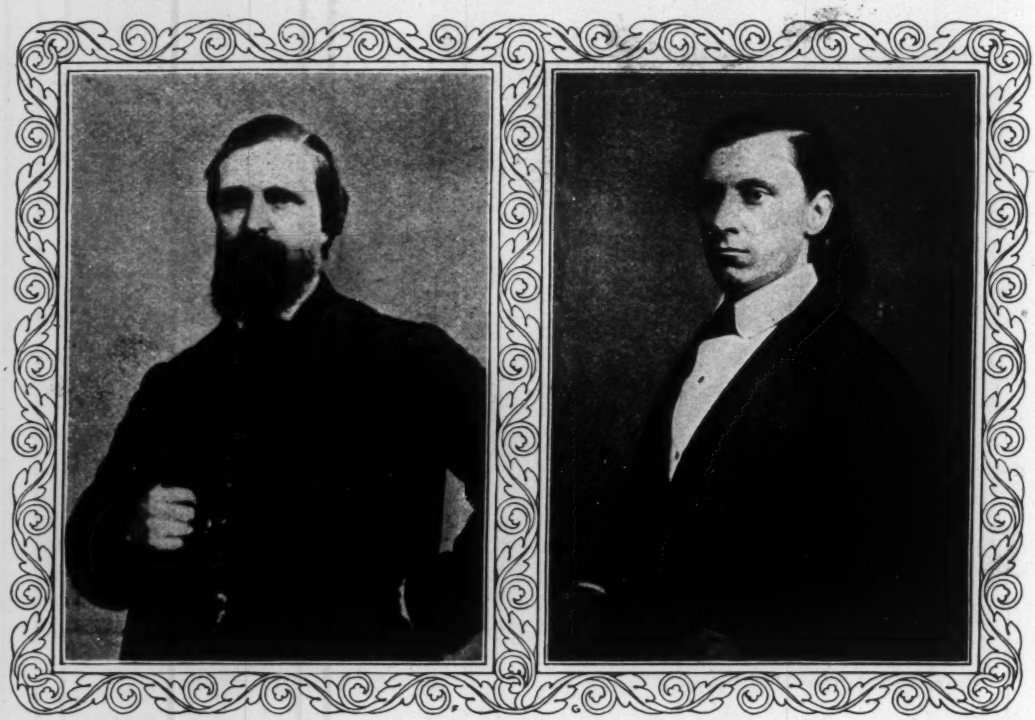
We Wisconsin delegates were all of one mind in strongly favoring Seward as the Republican candidate for the presidency. By some of the Republicans in Wisconsin, who were originally from New York, Seward may have been preferred because he was a "New York man," but the large majority of the party in the State, among them the younger and more ardent element, went to Seward for reasons of a higher order. As I expressed it, in somewhat high-flown language, perhaps, in a speech delivered at a "ratification meeting" after the Convention, "it was certainly not for reasons of superior availability that Mr. Seward's name was brought forward; but we were accustomed to look up to him as the intellectual leader of the political anti-slavery movement."

## *Seward and the Opposing Candidates*

The opposition to Seward found its main strength in the belief of many Republicans that on account of his supposed radicalism his nomination would frighten timid souls

and imperil our success in the so-called "doubtful states," such as Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania — which, of course, would rule out Chase too, as I had candidly told him in our interview at Columbus. What we young Republicans feared much more than the tremor among the weak-kneed that might possibly be created by the nomination of Seward, was a lowering of the standard of Republicanism by a half-hearted platform and the nomination of a candidate whose name might mean a concession to those outsiders and to convince the timorous throughout the country that the Republican party in power would carefully avoid any disturbance. His principal champion was Horace Greeley, who was bent upon defeating Seward.

On the list of candidates we also found Mr. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, perhaps the first aspirant to the presidency in the history of the Republic who thought he might attain to the first office within the gift of the people because he was rich, and



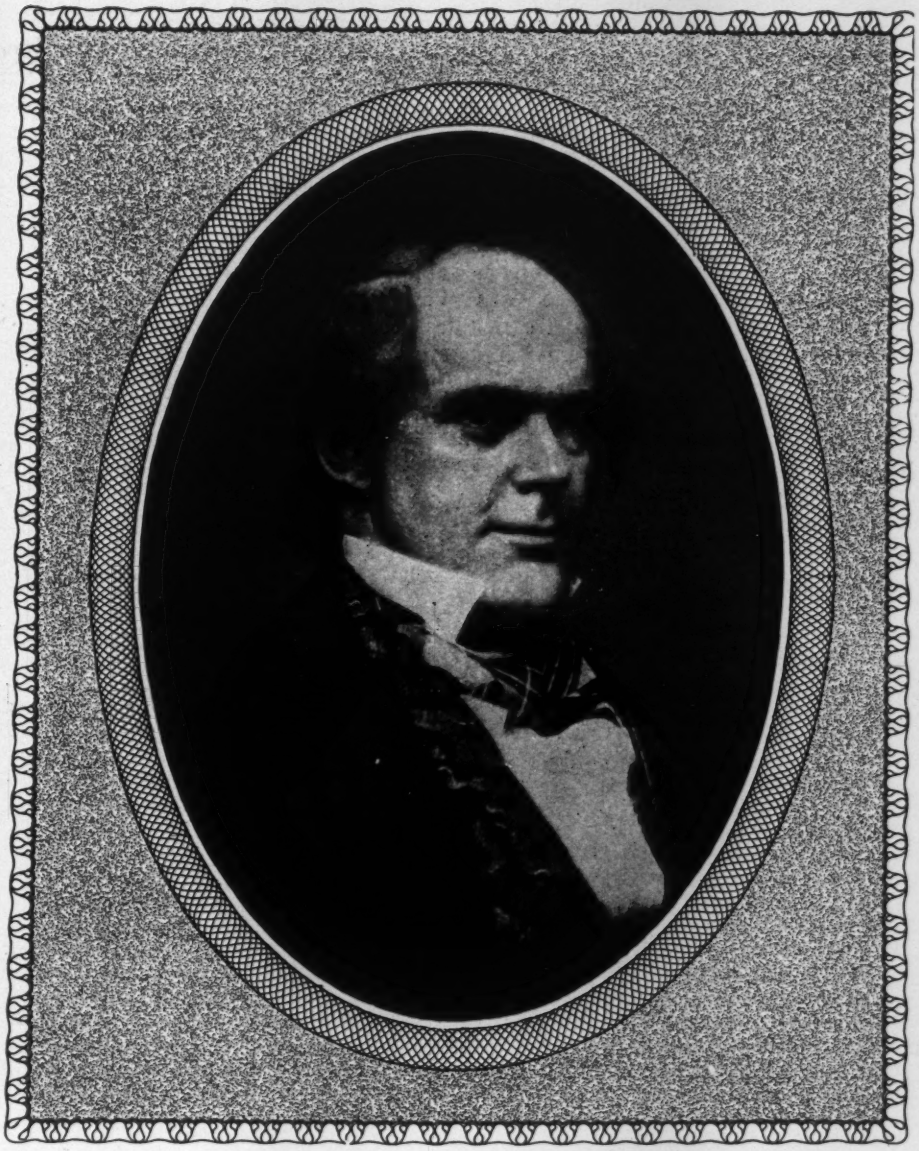
*From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve*

JOHN F. POTTER ROGER C. PRYOR

After a hot wrangle on the floor of the House, Mr. Pryor challenged Mr. Potter to a duel. Mr. Potter accepted and chose bowie-knives. Mr. Pryor promptly declined on the plea that the bowie-knife was not a civilized weapon

who were only opponents of the Democratic party, but not determined anti-slavery men — and thus the possibility of another compromise. To such a concession we were sternly opposed. Such a candidate was presented in the person of Mr. Edward Bates of Missouri, a lawyer of high standing and a very worthy gentleman, but an old Whig who was supposed to be against slavery in a mild, unaggressive way. He was confessedly — at least, so his advocates said — to be nominated to "conciliate" a master of shrewd and not over-scrupulous spoils management. (He might be called the prototype of the modern state boss.) Of course, we disliked him much, but his candidacy was not taken seriously.

There was no real antagonism among us to Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. He was universally recognized as a true anti-slavery leader who had done our cause very great service. We esteemed him most highly, but we did not favor his nomination, because we were for Seward, as the current



*From a daguerreotype made in 1854*

SENATOR SALMON P. CHASE

"he avowed to me . . . his ardent desire to be president of the United States"

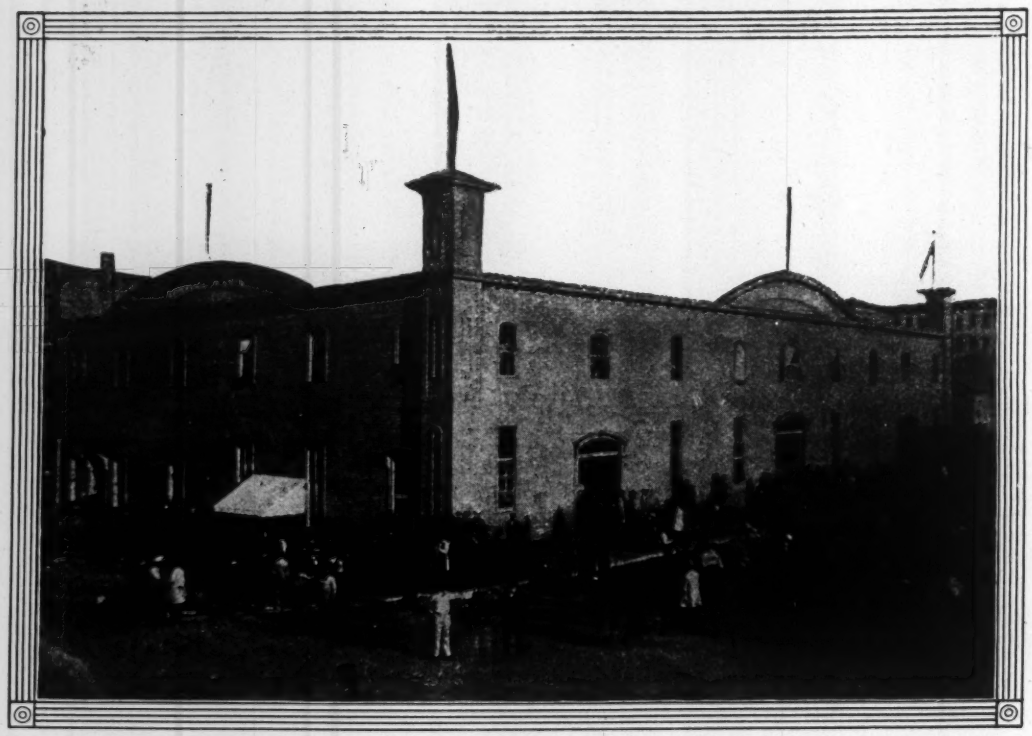
phrase then was, "first, last, and all the time."

### *The New Yorkers; Champagne and Cigars*

But I must confess that my enthusiasm for Seward received a little chill, even before the Convention met. Immediately after our arrival at Chicago, we from Wisconsin thought it our duty to report ourselves at the headquarters of the New York delegation to ask for suggestions as to what we might do to further the interests of our candidate. But we did not find there any of the distinguished members of that delegation whom we most wished to see — William M. Evarts, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, Governor Morgan, and others. We found only the actual chief manager of the Seward interest, Mr. Thurlow Weed, and around him a crowd of men, some of whom did not strike me as desirable companions. They were New York politicians, apparently of the lower sort, whom

Thurlow Weed had brought with him to aid him in doing his work.

What that work consisted in I could guess from the conversations I was permitted to hear, for they talked very freely about the great services they had rendered or were going to render. They had marched in street parades with brass bands and Seward banners to produce the impression that the whole country was ablaze with enthusiasm for Seward. They had treated members of other delegations with no end of champagne and cigars, to win them for Seward, if not as their first, then at least as their second choice. They had hinted to this man and that man supposed to wield some influence, that if he could throw that influence for Seward, he might, in case of success, count upon proper "recognition." They had spent money freely and let everybody understand that there was a great lot more to spend. And so on.



*From a photograph by Hessler in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society*

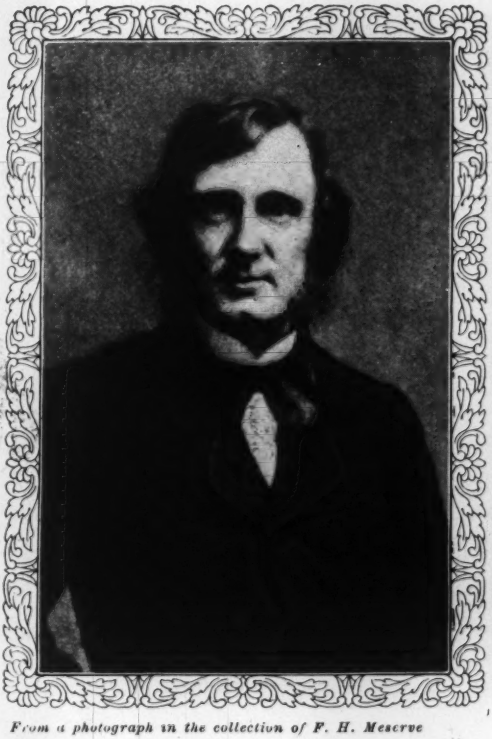
THE WIGWAM

The great wooden structure in which was held the famous Chicago Convention that nominated Lincoln

### *Thurlow Weed, Political Wizard*

Among these men Thurlow Weed moved as the great captain, with ceaseless activity and noiseless step, receiving their reports or giving new instructions in his peculiar whisper; now and then taking one into a corner of the room for secret talk, or disappearing with another through a side door for transactions still more secret. I had heard much of Thurlow Weed as a man of mysterious powers; as a political wizard, able to devise and accomplish combinations beyond the conception of ordinary mortals; as the past-master of political intrigue and stratagem; as the profoundest judge of men's abilities, virtues, and failings; as the surest calculator of political chances and results; and as the guide, superintendent, and protecting genius of William H. Seward's political career.

My own impression was that Mr. Weed might indeed not be without appreciation of the higher aims of political activity, but that his enjoyment of a political contest as well as his extraordinary skill in the manipulation of persons and interests had made him cherish a party victory itself more than the fruits of that victory; that he had come to consider everything fair



*From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

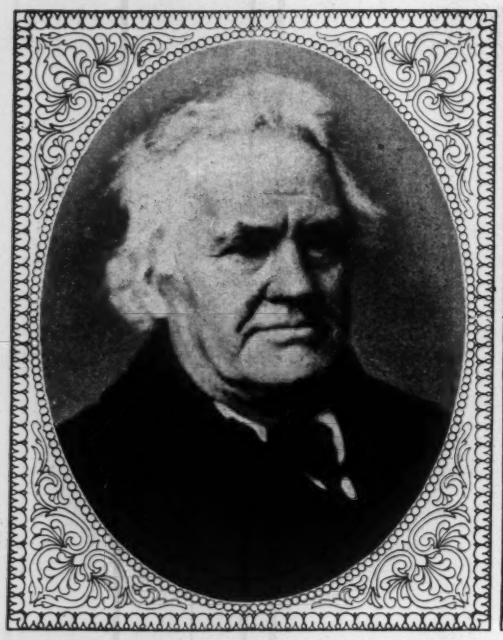
At the time of the Chicago Convention

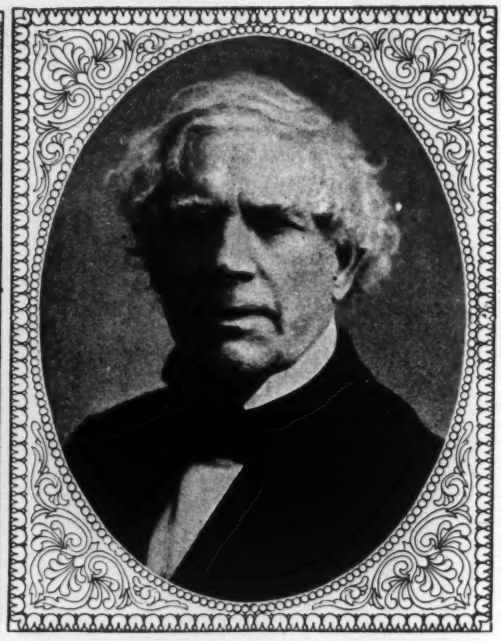
WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

Who was considered the strongest possibility for the Republican presidential nomination

in politics; that thus his conscience had lost its sensitiveness in the choice of means; and that he would be capable of sacrificing the best aspirations of his party for its success and for the elevation of his favorite. I may not have been quite just to him in this opinion, but it was strengthened by the spectacle I saw before me at the moment I speak of, — the tall man with his cold, impassive face and with the mysterious whisper of his high voice, giving directions to a lot of henchmen, the looks and the talk and the demeanor of many of whom made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. I began to fear that if Mr. Seward, after such a campaign for his nomination, were elected president of the United States, he might find himself burdened with a mass of obligations incurred in his behalf which he would not be permitted to shake off, and which he would not be able to meet without dishonor to himself and without injury to the public interest. I disliked to think of Mr. Seward sitting in the presidential chair with just this mentor behind him.

My conversation with Mr. Weed on that occasion was short. He asked me what I thought of the situation, and I told him the reasons why we young Republicans of the Northwest were supporting Mr. Seward. He replied that people who thought as I did would of course favor Mr. Seward; but the problem was to make people who did not think so vote for his nomination. Still, he was quite confident of Mr. Seward's success, and he thought it good policy to exhibit that confidence in every possible way. To that end he admonished me to visit as many delegations as I could and to let them know that no candidate could possibly receive as many "German votes" as Mr. Seward. I replied that I could not well say that, for I hoped it would not prove true in case Mr. Seward should unfortunately fail to be nominated. Little more was said, and I did not see Mr. Weed again. When, a few days later, Mr. Seward was defeated in the Convention, Mr. Weed is said to have been distressed beyond measure. During the Civil War he rendered very patriotic service to the Republic in various ways, which proved that he could be something more than a mere adroit party manager.





*From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve*

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS

"everybody knew him as one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause"

THURLOW WEED

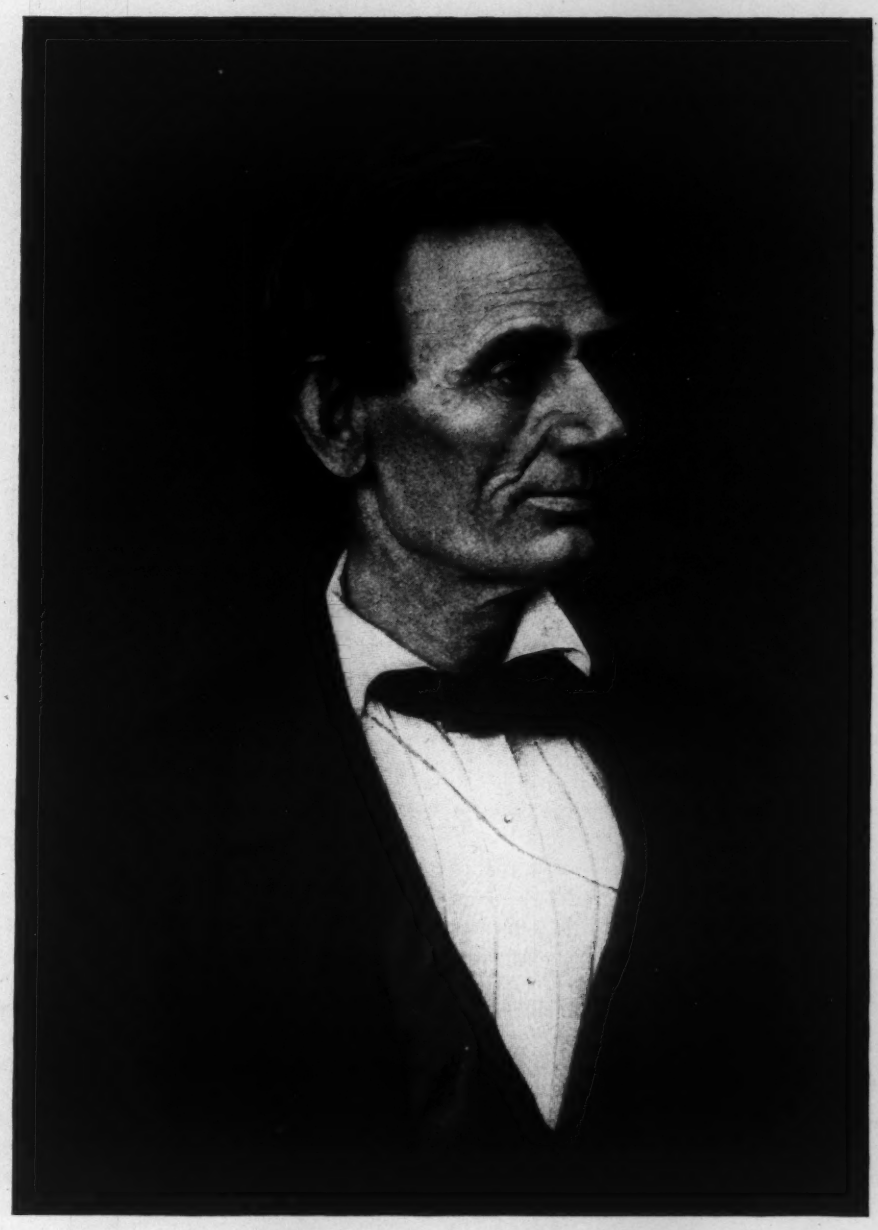
"the actual chief manager of the Seward interest"

## *A Free People in Council*

The members of the Convention and the thousands of spectators assembled in the great Wigwam presented a grand and inspiring sight. It was a free people met to consult upon their policy and to choose their chief. To me it was like the fulfilment of all the dreams of my youth. As Hay and Nicolay, the historians of Abraham Lincoln report: "Blair, Giddings, Greeley, Evarts, Kelley, Wilmot, Schurz, and others were greeted with spontaneous applause, which, rising at some one point, grew and rolled from side to side and corner to corner of the immense building, brightening the eyes and quickening the breath of every inmate." This, as well as other distinctions with which I was honored, I owed, no doubt, to the fact that I was looked upon as a representative and spokesman of the large number of voters of German origin whose support of the Republican cause was naturally regarded as very important. One of those distinctions came near producing a comical effect.

When Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts had been elected permanent president of the Convention, the temporary chairman appointed United States Senator Preston King of New York and myself a "committee of two" to conduct Mr. Ashmun to the chair. Senator King was a man of rather low stature and conspicuously rotund form, while I was over six feet tall and very slender. When the Senator and I met in the aisle of the Convention floor to walk together to Mr. Ashmun's seat and thus perform a function intended to be somewhat solemn, and the Senator looked up at me, and I looked down at him, a broad smile overspread his jocund face, to which I could not help responding. The suggestion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza was too striking for the assembled multitude to resist, and a titter ran over the Convention which might have broken out in a general guffaw, had the induction of Mr. Ashmun into the chair not been over so quickly.

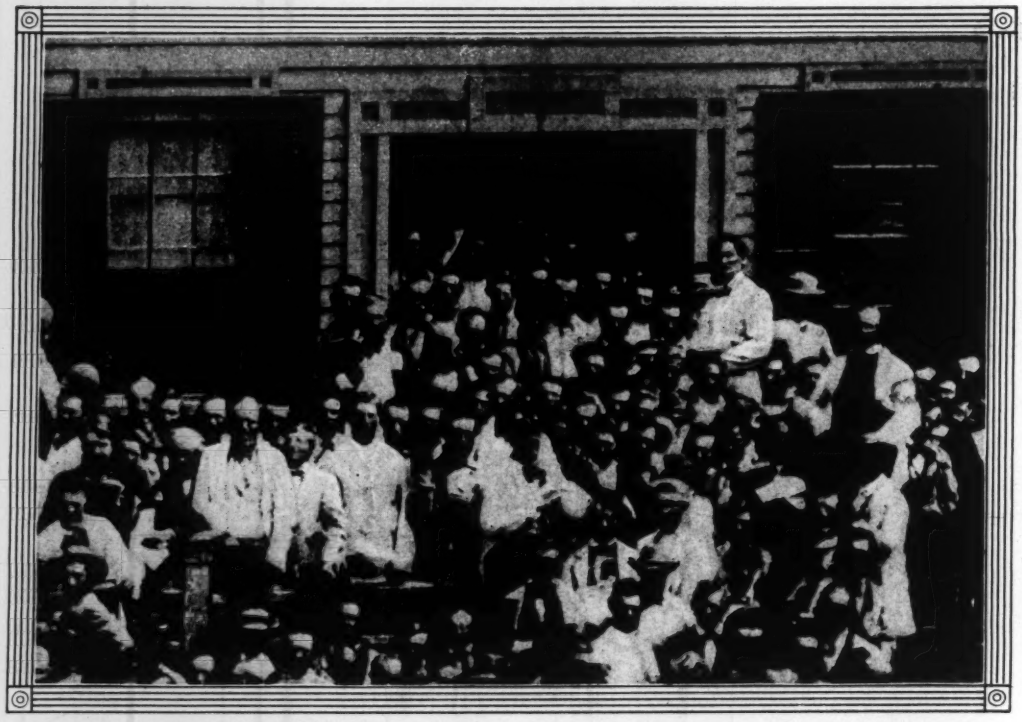
I was appointed a member of the Committee on Resolutions that had to draw up the Republican platform, and in that Committee was permitted to write the paragraph concerning the naturalization laws so that the Republican party be washed clean of the taint of Know-Nothingism. This was done in moderate but unequivocal terms which produced an excellent effect in the



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the photograph made by Hessler, immediately after Lincoln's nomination

campaign. I also took part in formulating the anti-slavery declarations of the platform, but an unintentional omission occurred which led to a dramatic scene in the Convention. The platform severely denounced the policy of the Administration with regard to Kansas; repudiated all theories supporting the right of the slave-holder to carry his slave property into the territories, as well as Douglas' spurious "popular-sovereignty" doctrine; denied the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any territories of the United States; and branded the reopening of the slave trade as "a crime against humanity, and a burning



*From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster*

LINCOLN AT HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

This reproduction is a detail from a large photograph. Lincoln is the tall figure at the right of the doorway

shame to our country and age," — thus covering all points in actual issue. But it failed specifically to mention the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our free institutions.

### *The Venerable Joshua Giddings' Protest*

When the draft of the platform was read to the Convention, enthusiastic applause greeted almost every sentence of it, and an impatient call for a vote followed from all parts of the vast assembly. But amid this noise there arose above the heads of the multitude the venerable form of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio. Everybody knew him as one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause. He had pleaded for that cause with undaunted courage and fidelity when even in many parts of the North no one could do so without danger. It was the religion of his life. No sooner had the clamor for a vote sufficiently calmed down to let him be heard, than he expressed himself as painfully surprised that the Republican platform did not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence. He therefore moved to repair this omission.

There are always in such conventions, even those that are not controlled by machine power, many persons impatient of anything that threatens to interfere with the despatch of business as proposed by the committees; and so it was at Chicago. No sooner had Mr. Giddings stopped speaking than the tumult of voices burst forth again with a stormy clamor for an immediate vote, and, carried away by the whirlwind, the Convention, heedlessly, it may well be supposed, rejected the amendment. Then Mr. Giddings, a look of distress upon his face, his white head towering above the crowd, slowly made his way toward the door of the hall.

### *George William Curtis' Ringing Speech*

Suddenly, from among the New York delegation, a young man of strikingly beautiful features leaped upon a chair and

demanded to be heard. The same noisy demonstration of impatience greeted him, but he would not yield. "Gentlemen!" he said, in a tone of calm determination, "this is a convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have but a few words to say to you, but I shall say them, if I stand here until to-morrow morning!" Another tumultuous protest of impatience, but he firmly held his ground. At last the clamor yielded to his courage, and silence fell upon the great assembly. Then his musical voice rang out like a trumpet call. Was this, he said, the party of freedom met on the border of the free prairies to advance the cause of liberty and human rights? And would the representatives of that party dare to reject the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence affirming the equality of men's rights? After a few such sentences of almost defiant appeal he renewed, in a parliamentary form, the amendment moved by Mr. Giddings, and with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm the Convention adopted it.

When the young orator sat down, his name passed from mouth to mouth. It was George William Curtis. I had never seen him before. After the adjournment of that session I went to him to thank him for what he had done. He was then in the flower of youthful manhood. As he stood there in that Convention, towering over the vast multitude, his beautiful face radiant with resolute fervor, his singularly melodious voice thrilling with impassioned anxiety of purpose, one might have seen in him an ideal, poetic embodiment of the best of that moral impulse and that lofty enthusiasm which aroused the people of the North to the decisive struggle against slavery. We became friends then and there, and we remained friends to the day of his death.

### *The Swing to Lincoln*

As the Convention progressed, it became more and more evident every hour that Seward, whose support came mainly from New York, New England, and the Northwest, not only was not gaining, but was losing strength. This was owing to two causes. The argument that his supposed ultra-radicalism — which really consisted more in phrase than in purpose — would greatly imperil the success of the Republican party in the "doubtful" States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and New Jersey, had its effect. In the second place, not a few of those who had been among Seward's warmest supporters were somewhat disenchanted — mortified might not be too strong a word — by the conspicuous appearance of the promiscuous crowd of New York politicians of the lower sort, who did too much of the shouting for Seward and thus forced themselves in a somewhat repulsive manner upon people's attention.

When, on the third day of the Convention, the balloting began, the contest was already decided. After the first ballot, which gave the several delegations the required opportunity for casting the complimentary votes for the "favorite sons" of their states, the opposition to Seward, obeying a common impulse, concentrated upon Abraham Lincoln, and the third ballot gave him the majority. Much has been said about the superior volume and fierceness of the shouting for Lincoln in the packed galleries and its effect upon the minds of the delegates. But that is mere reporters' talk. The historic fact is that as the Convention would not take the risks involved in the nomination of Seward, it had no other alternative than to select Lincoln as the man who satisfied the demands of the earnest anti-slavery men without subjecting the party to the risks thought to be inseparable from the nomination of Seward. That the popular demonstrations for Lincoln in and around the Convention were indeed well planned and organized, is true. But they were by no means the decisive factor. Without them the result would have been the same.

When on the third ballot Lincoln came so near a majority that his nomination appeared certain, delegates, before the result was declared, tumbled over one another to change their votes in his favor. The Wisconsin delegation did not change its vote. Together with New York, Michigan, Minnesota, and parts of other delegations, we stood solidly for Seward until Mr. Evarts, the chairman of the New York delegation, with a speech of genuine pathos and admirable temper, moved to make Mr. Lincoln's nomination unanimous. To this we heartily assented.

### *The Tragedy of Chase's Ambition*

While the victory of Mr. Lincoln was being announced to the outside world by the boom of a cannon which had been placed on the roof of the Wigwam, and not only

the great convention hall but, as it appeared, the whole city of Chicago shook with triumphant cheers for Lincoln, my thoughts involuntarily turned to Chase, who, I imagined, sat in a quiet office room at Columbus with a telegraph near by clicking the news from Chicago. Not only had my prediction made to him a few months before become true, but it had become more terribly true than I myself had anticipated. Of about six hundred and seventy votes cast in the Convention, he had never received more than forty-nine, and even that beggarly number had dwindled down to twenty-four and one half on the last ballot. Not even his own State had given him its full strength. No doubt he had hoped and hoped and hoped against hope, — no American afflicted with the presidential fever ever ceases to hope, — and now came this disastrous, crushing, humiliating defeat.

I saw that magnificent man before me, writhing with the agony of his disappointment, and I sympathized with him most profoundly. I should have pitied him, had I dared to pity such a man. But would not this distressing experience teach him the wisdom of not staking the happiness of his life upon the winning of that one prize? Alas, it did not. He continued to nurse that one ambition so that it became the curse of his life to his last day. It sometimes painfully distorted his judgment of things and men. It made him depreciate all the honors and powers bestowed upon him. When he was Secretary of the Treasury and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he indeed achieved an enviable distinction; but he restlessly looked beyond for the will-o'-the-wisp which deceitfully danced before his gaze.

Many years later, when he had been touched by a slight paralytic stroke which somewhat impaired his speech and the freedom of his limbs, I saw him at an evening reception in his house, when his futile efforts to appear youthfully vigorous and agile were pathetically evident. Gossip had it that the reception was given for the very purpose of convincing the political society of Washington that he was physically as fit to be president as ever. He was indeed a great man; but, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, how much greater and how much more useful would he have been had he been content with his real greatness!

### *Lincoln's Notification at Springfield*

I had the honor of being appointed a member of the Committee that was sent to Springfield to carry to Mr. Lincoln the official announcement of his nomination. At every railway station we passed in daylight, we were received with demonstrations of joy. Mr. Lincoln received us in the parlor of his modest frame house — a rather bare-looking room; in the center the customary little table with a white marble top, and on it the silver-plated ice-water pitcher and the family Bible or the photograph-album; and some chairs and a sofa ranged along the walls.

There the Republican candidate for the presidency stood, tall and ungainly in his black suit of apparently new but ill-fitting clothes, his long, tawny neck emerging gauntly from his "turn-down" collar, his melancholy eyes sunk deep in his haggard face. Most of the members of the Committee had never seen him before, and gazed at him with surprised curiosity. He certainly did not present the appearance of a statesman, as people usually picture it in their imagination. Standing up with folded hands, he quietly, without visible embarrassment or emotion, listened to the dignified little speech addressed to him by Mr. Ashmun, the president of the Convention, and then responded with a few appropriate, earnest, and well-shaped sentences, expressing his gratitude for the confidence reposed in him, his doubts of his own abilities, and his trust in a helping Providence. Then followed some informal talk, partly of a jovial kind, in which the hearty simplicity of Lincoln's nature shone out, and after the usual hand-shaking the Committee took its leave. One of its members, Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, remarked to me as we passed out of the house: "Well, we might have done a more brilliant thing, but we could hardly have done a better thing." I heard similar utterances from other members, in which, however, an undertone of resignation and of suppressed doubt was perceptible.

### *A Campaign of Religious Fervor*

I have been active in many political campaigns, but in none in which the best impulses of human nature were so forceful and effective and aroused the masses to so high a pitch of almost religious fervor as

in that of 1860. Only a few weeks after the Convention the campaign was in full blast. I had a large number of calls to meetings in June, and spoke day after day, often more than once, until the day of the election in November, excepting two short weeks in September, which I absolutely needed for rest and recuperation. The country swarmed with orators, everyone of whom on our side seemed bound to do his best, regardless of exertion and fatigue.

The campaign was hardly opened when the whole North seemed to get into commotion. It looked as if people, especially in the smaller cities and towns and the country districts, had little else to do than attend meetings, listen to speeches, march in processions, and carry torches after nightfall. "Wide-Awake" companies with their glazed capes and caps, the prototypes of the modern marching clubs of party organizations, sprang up all over the land as by magic. Brass bands, some of them very trying to musical ears, seemed to grow out of the earth. The simplest notice sufficed to draw a crowd. Not seldom, large gatherings were altogether extemporized. Of this I had, myself, some striking experiences.

One afternoon, I think it was in July, I addressed a large open-air meeting of country people at a village not far from one of the larger cities in Indiana. This done, I thought it might be more comfortable for me to sleep in the hotel in town instead of the village tavern, and then take the train from there in the morning for my next appointment. I hoped to slip into the hotel unobserved and to have a quiet night. But I had reckoned without my host. At supper I was waited upon by the local committee, who informed me that the theater was full of people who wanted me to speak to them. How was this? Had the meeting been regularly appointed? No; but I had been seen coming into the town, and some folks thought this was a good time to have a talk from me, and the brass band was set going, and now the people, men and women, had been rushing into the theater. The Wide-Awakes were lined up in front of the hotel to escort me. What could I do but surrender? The Wide-Awakes, with a tremendous hurrah, took me like a captive to the theater, brass band ahead. The theater was crowded to suffocation, and the heat terrible. The thermometer must have been high up in the nineties. There was hardly a man in the hall who had not taken off his coat, and many of them had removed their vests and neckties and collars. The women fanned themselves desperately.

I had not spoken many minutes, before I was fairly dripping with perspiration. The audience must have noticed my distress. An old man rose and begged me to stop a moment. "Mr. Schurz," said he, pronouncing my name in an indescribable way, "it's very hot, and you show it. Now, I am sure the ladies here won't mind if you take off your coat and whatever else you like, to make yourself as comfortable as you can." This little speech was greeted with thunders of applause. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs as a sign of approval. I did as I was bidden. My coat went off first, then, after a while, my vest, my necktie, and my collar. The enthusiasm of the people was immense. After I had spoken about an hour I made an attempt to close, saying that they would certainly all wish to get from this terrible temperature into the open air. A burst of protest came from all parts of the house: "No, no, go on! go on!" I had to go on, and spoke an hour longer, and even then the people did not seem to have had enough.

Not long after this I happened to travel down the Ohio on a steamboat from one river town to another, and at one of the landing-places which we touched at about seven o'clock in the morning, a crowd of several hundred people, having heard that I was passing by, had gathered on the wharf. They prevailed upon the captain to stop for half an hour, and I had to speak to them from the deck of the boat. This was the earliest morning mass-meeting I ever attended.

### *Lincoln a Candidate for the Presidency*

While "stumping" in Illinois, I had an appointment to address an afternoon open-air meeting in the capitol grounds in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's place of residence. He asked me to take dinner with him at his house. At table we conversed about the course and the incidents of the campaign, and his genial and simple-hearted way of expressing himself would hardly permit me to remember that he was a great man and a candidate for the presidency of the United States. He was in the best of humor, and we laughed much. The inevitable

brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived. "I will go with you to the meeting," said Mr. Lincoln, "and hear what you have to say."

The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He made himself comfortable indeed, in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for the march to the capitol grounds, I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on as an upper garment a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered "stove-pipe" hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band, and after us came the local campaign committee and the Wide-Awakes. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance. Nothing could have been farther from his mind than the thought that the world-conspicuous distinction bestowed upon him by his nomination for the presidency should have obliged him to "put on dignity" among his neighbors. Those neighbors, who from the windows and the sidewalks on that hot afternoon watched and cheered him as he walked by in the procession behind the brass band, may have regarded him, the future president, with a new feeling of reverential admiration or awe, but he appeared before and among them entirely unconcerned, as if nothing had happened, and he nodded to his acquaintances, as he recognized them in the crowd, with a "How are you, Dan?" or "Glad to see you, Ned!" or "How d'ye do, Bill?" and so on — just as he had been accustomed to do.

Arrived at the place of meeting, he declined to sit on the platform, but took a seat in the front row of the audience. He did not join in the applause which from time to time rewarded me, but occasionally he gave me a nod and a broad smile. When I had finished, a few voices called upon Mr. Lincoln for a speech, but he simply shook his head, and the crowd instantly respected the proprieties of the situation, some even shouting: "No, no!" to which he gratefully signified his assent. Then the brass band and the committee and the Wide-Awakes, in the same order in which we had come, escorted us back to his house, the multitude cheering tumultuously for "Lincoln and Hamlin," or more affectionately for "Old Abe."

### *Campaigning Through the Country*

A large part of my work, my "specialty," consisted in addressing meetings of German-born voters in their and my native language. This took me into the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York — not only into the large cities, but into small country towns and villages, and sometimes into remote agricultural districts where I found my audiences in school-houses and even in roomy barns or in the open air, and these were the meetings that I enjoyed most of all.

In the campaign of 1860, I made two speeches which, to judge from their publication in newspapers and from the number of pamphlet copies circulated, attracted much attention. One was delivered at St. Louis, Missouri. Although Missouri was a slave state, the anti-slavery element in the city of St. Louis, composed in great part of the German-born population, with some energetic native Americans among its leaders, had acquired such strength that it was hoped it would serve as the nucleus for an effective emancipation movement in the State. I was invited to address a mass-meeting in support of this movement, and I accepted the invitation all the more eagerly inasmuch as I hoped to have among my hearers some representatives of the slave-holding interest and to speak to them face to face. This hope was gratified. The meeting was very large, and, as my friends informed me, not a few of the principal slave-holders and other pro-slavery men came to listen. The speech I made to them was, I think, the best of my anti-slavery speeches. I undertook to show to the Southern people the utter incompatibility of the needs and the aspirations of slavery with the essential attributes of democratic institutions of government, as well as with the natural requirements and aspirations of free-labor society, and thus to demonstrate to them the absolute certainty of the downfall of slavery in the near future, whatever the Southern people might do to save it — in fact that any effort to save it by secession

would inevitably result in terrible disaster to the Southern people themselves.

My speech, while gaining some votes for Lincoln, did not produce any visible effect upon the slave-holders of America; but one of them told me at a later period that he had listened to that speech; that he had become unwillingly convinced, then and there, that on the whole I was right; that he had not dared to say so openly, because it would have cost him the friendship and confidence of his class, but that what I had said had haunted his mind all through the Civil War.

### *Mr. Schurz's Cooper Institute Speech*

The other one of my speeches which attracted attention in the campaign of 1860 was wholly devoted to a dissection of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the presidential candidate of the Northern wing of the Democratic party. In preparing this argument I debated with myself how far it was permissible to attack a political opponent personally in the discussion of public interests. I came to the conclusion that it was entirely permissible and fair if the personality of that opponent were brought forward to give strength to his cause, and especially if that personality exercised an influence through false pretense. This, it seemed to me, was in the highest degree the case with Senator Douglas. He was in my eyes the most formidable and most dangerous demagogue in America. I thought it would be a meritorious work to prick this imposing bubble, especially as his prestige was the only thing that threatened to take from Mr. Lincoln the votes of some of the Northern states and thus defeat his election. I went at my task with zest, summoning all I could command of power of statement, of sarcasm fancy, and humor, and the result was an analysis of Douglas' theories and career which I could not have made more scorching, merciless, and amusing.

The speech was to be delivered in the large hall of the Cooper Institute in New York. On the evening of the meeting I dined with Governor Morgan, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee, and some prominent Republicans of New York, at the Astor House. On the way from the Astor House to the Cooper Institute, Governor Morgan, with whom I sat in his carriage, asked me how long I expected to speak. I answered: "About two hours and a half." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Governor. "No New York audience will stand a speech as long as that!" He seemed to be seriously alarmed. I explained to him that the speech I was prepared to make was a connected argument which I had to present to the public in its entirety or not at all, and that, therefore, if I could not be permitted to deliver the whole of it, some excuse must be found for my not speaking at all that evening. The Governor seemed much distressed. At last he submitted, but with the air of one who was resolved to meet an inevitable disaster with fortitude.

The great hall of the Cooper Institute was crowded to suffocation. The atmosphere of the assemblage proved thoroughly sympathetic, and I not only held my audience, but achieved that night, as a "stump-speaker," the greatest success of my career.

The bursts of applause and laughter were such that now and then I had to stop for minutes at a time. The face of Governor Morgan, who sat near me, lost its anxious gloom and grew brighter and brighter as I went on to my second and even to my third hour. On one of the seats of the front row, I noticed an old gentleman with flowing white hair and large spectacles, who held an umbrella in his hand. At first he looked rather drowsy, but gradually he seemed to wake up, and his face beamed with pleasure. He joined in the general applause by pounding with his umbrella on the floor, at first gently, but then with constantly increasing violence. I was not half through with my speech when the ferrule of the old gentleman's umbrella broke. But that did not disturb him in the least. In his enthusiasm he continued to pound the floor with all his strength. At last the stick of the umbrella went to pieces, so that he could no longer make any noise with it. But then, when I brought out a point which particularly stirred him, or a cheer went up, the contagion of which he could not resist, the old gentleman would fling up the wrecked umbrella and wave it over his head like a victorious banner, much to the amusement of the multitude. Owing to the many interruptions, my speech occupied more than three hours, but Governor Morgan no longer found fault with its length. An immense number of pamphlet copies of this speech were circulated, and I was told that it cost Mr. Douglas many votes.

# THE FREEZE-OUT

BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE SCHEME OF SUTCLIFFE, SWINDLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. R. LEIGH

HAGGERTY sat and waited. He was the fifth in line. He had become used to waiting, so he didn't mind it. He set his bundle on the floor, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stretched out his legs. He was not quite sure whether the four men ahead of him would take four minutes or four hours to finish up their business with the manager, and he prepared himself, therefore, for a long siege.

He was half asleep when somebody nudged him and asked him what his business was. He stated it. At the end of the room there was a door, with a sign upon it, in gilt letters. "General Manager" was what it said. This door opened. Haggerty picked up his bundle and strode through into the next room.

McDonald, the general manager, superintendent, and man of all work of the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company was, naturally, a busy man. The corporation kept him busy, its employees kept him busy, the public kept him busy. He attended to everything — he never delegated duties. He kept tab on everybody, from the president down to the cleaners-up. More than that, he kept his eyes upon the horizon, as well as upon the interior of things. He was on the outlook for good things, old or new. He kept pace with the times. The Empire Hoist concern owed much — perhaps all — of its marvelous prosperity to the energy and sagacity of this one man — McDonald.

McDonald was polishing off the fourth man as the fifth one entered.

"Well, sir," said he to the fifth, before the fourth had left the room.

Haggerty, keenly alive to the briskness of the man he had to deal with, stepped forward and sat down. As he did so, he pulled off his hat and tossed it on the floor. Haggerty was sorry in his heart that he couldn't present a better appearance before this brusque, well-dressed man of business. Haggerty's hair was a bit long, and he was a bit too shabby in spots to pass inspection. But McDonald didn't care for that. He looked at the bundle.

"What have you got?" he demanded.

Haggerty untied his bundle.

"This is a safety-check device," he announced gravely, "for use in case of accident — it is automatic, of course."

McDonald glanced at the model in his unmoved way. "What does it do?" he asked indifferently. "What's it for?"

Haggerty stared at the other man. "Good Lord!" he burst out, "why, it stops the car. If the ropes break, it stops the car. If anything happens, it stops the car. That's what it's for — in case of accident," he repeated. "It's a safety-check device."

McDonald shook his head. "There isn't any such thing," he remarked, "as a safety-check device — I never saw a real one yet; never saw one yet that's safe."

Haggerty smiled hopefully and scratched his head. "This one is," he answered.

McDonald had been looking at the man. Now he was looking at the machine. "Show me how it works," he requested. Haggerty fitted a few small cords into place and operated his model once, twice, thrice. The other man glanced at it listlessly.

"'This is a safety-check device, . . . . for use in case of accident — it is automatic, of course'"

Finally, he tossed a small pad over to the inventor. "Write your name and address," he said. Haggerty, obeyed. "Now, Mr. Haggerty," continued McDonald, "we'll look at this thing at our entire convenience. We have about a dozen of these safety, or so-called safety, devices, come in here in a year, besides hundreds of other appliances and improvements. Our engineer has got to test 'em all an' report on 'em. You leave your model and your papers and whatever else you got, and we'll take care of them, and

you'll get a report just as soon as we're ready for it. Now, don't come around here and bother us. If we want you, we'll send for you — and we don't want you till we do. Understand? Well, that's all right, then. . . . Now, Stevenson," this to the sixth man, "I haven't got time to bother with you to-day. Come to-morrow. What does the next man want?" And so it went.

A few weeks later, Sherrerd, the company's engineer — a young, short, thick-set fellow, with a flower stuck in the lapel of his working clothes — sat in the manager's office, waiting for an opportunity to get a word in edgewise.

"Now, Sherrerd," finally said the general manager, with a nod toward the engineer, "what's your little game? Eh?"

Sherrerd rose to his feet. "Got something to show you," he responded.

"What is it?" demanded the manager, as though he half doubted the fact.

"Andy McDonald," returned the engineer impressively, "I'll tell you what it is. It's a safety-check device — that's safe. Absolutely safe," he repeated.

The manager laughed out loud. "Don't believe it," he replied. "Why, say, look here." He opened the pages of a large scrapbook and pointed to a number of clippings. "Here's the American Company's latest — their very latest device, understand, that half the experts in the country swore by. Read that — that's a passenger elevator in Milwaukee — dropped ten stories — ten stories, understand? 'And then,' it says, 'the safety device got in its work and saved the lives of the passengers.' And it stopped the car just fifteen feet above rock bottom — that's all, and then almost jolted the lives out of the gang. Say, what would have happened, old man, if the fifteen feet of space hadn't been there, eh? And here's another, fitted up by Huyler, out in Chicago. Good Lord, dropped and smashed every bit of freight in sight and wrecked the machine. And the kind we use ain't a bit better, either, though Lord knows we've had blame good luck with them. But they're just like all the rest — they're all rotten to the core."

"This one that I'm telling you about," imperturbably went on Sherrerd, "is different — that's all."

"Whose is it?" asked McDonald, beginning to take some slight interest, as he rose from his desk.

"It's Haggerty's patent — whoever he is," returned the engineer.

"Haggerty — Haggerty," slowly mused the manager; "oh, yes, I recollect the fellow — lanky sort of chap he was — hard up, too, I guess — looked like Henry Clay. I remember him."

"Come on, then," returned the engineer. They passed out by a private door and through a show wareroom, and thence to the testing shafts in the rear.

They were using for the test a large passenger elevator weighted with pig-iron to the limit. Sherrerd briefly pointed out to the manager the method of applying the device and then gave the word to start her up. A man pressed a button, and the elevator slowly ascended high above their heads. When it reached the top of the shaft, he rang the bell again. The engines were reversed, and, as the car descended, the manager and the men backed precipitately out of the way. The car fell almost like a shot — they were using the extremest test. When it reached a point opposite the manager, there was a sudden snap. The wire rope had been sawed through to make it break.

With this rope broken there was nothing to keep the car from rushing clear down to the bottom of the shaft, where it would have been smashed to pieces.

But the instant that the rope broke and the speed of the car became accelerated in the least degree by the action of gravity, untrammeled as it was — at that instant there was a sudden sound of crunching, grinding, and splintering of wood; and the car, with a mighty and tremendous shiver, came to a full stop before their very eyes. It had fallen a comparatively imperceptible distance. And yet, so gently had its stoppage come to pass, that a fragile pipe of glass inside the car had not been broken. The glass was a human life — a spinal column, if you please,— and it remained uninjured and intact.

The manager looked at the engineer. "Tell me," he commanded, "just how much weight she carried, and just what speed she was running under, will you? Tell me all there is about it."

Sherrerd told him everything down to the smallest detail. Until he finished, not a muscle of McDonald's face was seen to twitch.

"How many tests have you made?" he inquired finally. Sherrerd smiled. "This is number forty-three now," he answered.

"Phew!" exclaimed McDonald, in a delighted whistle of astonishment. "Good

Lord, man! that looks to be the thing, for sure. What do you think of it? Eh?"

"That's about the size of it," replied the engineer. McDonald laid his hand on Sherrerd's shoulder. "I want the old man to see this," he remarked. "How long will it take you to rig her up again? All day?"

"'Bout half," responded Sherrerd.

"All right, then," said McDonald, "I'll send in to the president and have him here at four sharp. I've got to go back, I'm late. When everything is ready, send for me again. And by George, that seems to be the thing, all right."

In the presence of the president, that afternoon, the test was repeated — a test which, if anything, was this time somewhat more severe. It was successful, even more so than the former one. At its close the president spoke to the general manager.

"McDonald," he exclaimed, "we want that thing — we've got to have it." He paused for a moment and looked the manager full in the face. "You must get it for us," he concluded.

He passed on slowly down the room. Half way down he stopped, retraced his steps, and once more stood before McDonald.

"Come into my room," he suggested to the manager, "right now — and we'll talk it over." McDonald went, and — they talked it over.

McDonald sent for Haggerty. Haggerty came — hot foot. But he cooled down when he read unsatisfactory news in the countenance of the man whom he had seen before.

"Now, I'll tell you, Mr. Haggerty," said McDonald, "the company don't want your appliance — they won't have it, that's all. I'm not responsible for it, nor can I be. I don't run this concern, and they tell me just what I tell you — that they don't want it. There's your model and your papers all shipshape, just as we got them. See? But here," he added, leaning over and touching the other man upon the arm, "that isn't why I called you in. I've got a proposition to make, myself. I've seen your thing work, and I've got some faith in it, myself, even though the corporation hasn't. I'm willing to make you an offer and a liberal one — and in making it, I'm going in just as strong and hard as my little pile can stand. I'll give you five thousand dollars for an assignment of your patent free and clear — and I can't say fairer than that."

Haggerty vigorously shook h head. "I'm not selling," he said; "the thing's worth hundreds of thousands to me as it is. I won't sell for any such sum as that."

McDonald looked him in the eye. "I don't care so much about it," he returned, "and I've got other uses for my five thousand, but I'm interested in safety devices in general and in yours in particular — see here, Haggerty, how much do you reckon it'll take to put this thing on its feet — to start up manufacturing, to get it on the market?"

Haggerty took a piece of paper and started in to figure. "About three thousand dollars I calculate," he answered.

"Haggerty," said McDonald, "I'll do this with you. I'll put my five thousand in the thing, and you work her up in your own may and we'll make some reasonable division of the profits. What do you say to that? That's fair?"

Haggerty regarded the manager suspiciously. "Yes," he said, "and assign my patent to you for security — not much."

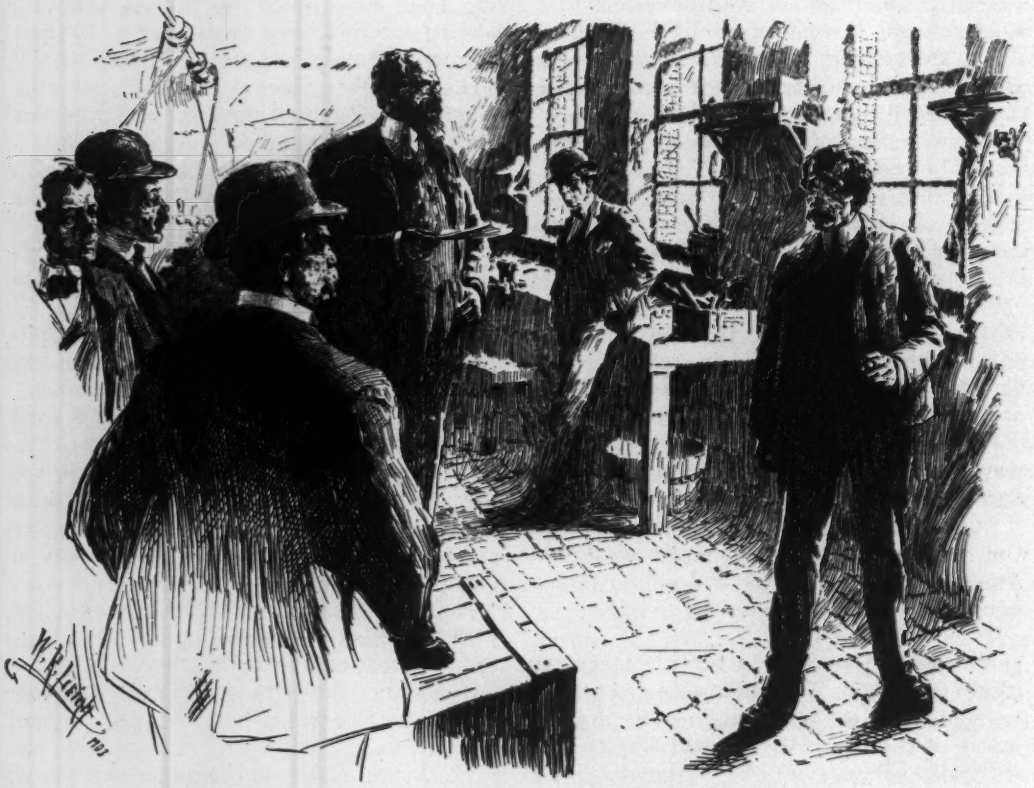
"No," returned McDonald, "we'll form a corporation; you put your patent in, I put my little pile in — and there you are. You attend to the factory, and I'll work up the business end as much as I can, considering my duties here. What do you say to that?"

Haggerty snorted. "Yes," he replied, with gathering suspicion, "and your idea is to have you control the majority of stock — I've heard of these things before. And when you've got control, what'll become of me? Eh?"

McDonald rose from his chair in assumed wrath. "Haggerty," he exclaimed, "you're a confounded fool — that's what you are. Here you've been hawking this patent of yours around for five years, waiting for just such a chance as you're getting, and now you won't take it. You think you're so blamed smart, and you don't know who you're talking to, or what you're talking about. I tell you, now, that I don't want to control the corporation — I don't care anything about that. I want a fair proportion of the stock — say thirty-three per cent; and you and some friend of yours can hold the other sixty-seven. All I want to do is to make some fair, reasonable profit out of the thing, and I'm willing to put you on your feet to try and do it, that's all. By George, I don't know for sure whether I'm justified in trusting to your honesty and fairness, but I'm going to do it,

just the same. You go on and control the corporation all you want to — it won't need much control, I warrant — all you've got to do is to treat me fair and give me my one-third share of the profits, if there are any, and you bag the rest. That's all there is to it. Understand?"

was the president and superintendent; McDonald was the secretary and treasurer. The concern hired a small factory down a side street and started in to work. Haggerty, being an inventor, had the usual instincts of one. He went his own gait. The secretary and treasurer did not interfere. His



"'Well, then, . . I'm afraid I've got to sell 'em out, that's all'"

Haggerty, in turn, rose to his feet. "Mr. McDonald," he said contritely, holding out his hand, "I apologize most humbly. I thank you, and — I'll go you," he concluded.

After Haggerty had gone, McDonald sauntered into the president's office.

"Haggerty was just here," he said. "He's gone."

The president looked at him anxiously over the top of his spectacles.

"Well?" he inquired.

"I've got him nailed," said the manager sententiously.

The Haggerty Elevator Safety-Check concern started up in short order. Haggerty business was to draw checks and keep mum. He understood his business. He let Haggerty control the corporation.

When the concern started in on its manufacturing enterprise, there was five thousand dollars in the treasury — McDonald's five thousand. At the end of six months that was gone, and the safety appliance was not yet upon the market. There were no debts — save one. That was a large one, and the creditor insisted on having his money.

He called upon Haggerty for the money. Haggerty naturally referred him to the secretary and treasurer, McDonald.

He found McDonald in his office in the Empire Company's factory.

"I want this bill paid," he said to McDonald. McDonald smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"The Haggerty concern is without funds at present," he replied. "I don't see how it can pay your bill. I don't propose to pay it out of my pocket. You'll have to wait — that's all."

The creditor, a choleric man (F. J. Burns, it was, the wholesale hardware merchant), didn't relish the complacent tone of the secretary and treasurer.

"By thunder, then," he returned, "I'll sue. You got some stock down there. I'll sue and levy on it, understand?"

McDonald smiled. "My dear Mr. Burns," he remarked suavely, "why under Heaven do you take up my time about an insignificant little matter like this? Sue, if you want to, and the sooner the better, for all I care. Good-day, sir." He held out his hand. Burns brushed it aside, and strode, storming, from the office. McDonald laughed to himself and moved to the window to see Burns walk muttering down the street.

Burns, determined to strike while the iron and he were hot, instituted suit that afternoon. There was no defense. The debt was an honest one. The concern had no funds with which to meet it. Burns obtained judgment and issued execution.

The sheriff made a levy and found Haggerty in charge. "You'll have to let my men shut up the place, I guess," he explained to Haggerty.

"What for?" demanded Haggerty. The sheriff told him. "Oh, if that's all," returned Haggerty, "I guess we can fix that up in a day or two. McDonald, the manager of the Empire Works, is standing back of me, and I'll go down and see him."

"That's the best way," said the sheriff. Haggerty went down and saw McDonald. McDonald was sorry, but he could do nothing further. He was already out five thousand dollars — good, hard-earned dollars — had been money thrown into the gutter, for the matter of that. He reminded Haggerty that Haggerty couldn't well complain — he had had exceptionally fair treatment from McDonald. Haggerty had to admit as much himself.

"Oh, well," he assured McDonald, "I'll hustle 'round and see what I can do."

Up to the day and hour set for the sale under the sheriff's levy, he had been able to do nothing. The sale went on.

There were perhaps half a dozen persons present. One of them was Haggerty. One was Burns who was there to bid the property up to the amount of his judgment and protect himself. McDonald was absent — he was too busy to attend.

The stock went for a song, as it always does. Burns bought it in. Haggerty was helpless, for he had no money.

But the stock did not fetch enough to pay up Burns, the hardware man. "And now, gentlemen," announced the deputy, "I offer here for sale letters patent of the United States of America, for elevator safety-check attachments ——"

"Hold on, hold on there," exclaimed Haggerty, "you mustn't sell that patent — that belongs to me — that's my property."

The sheriff looked at Haggerty and then at the papers in his hand. "Your name is Haggerty?" he asked. Haggerty nodded.

"You assigned these letters all right to the Haggerty concern, didn't you?" He held up in the air the assignment, with Haggerty's signature attached.

"Yes," admitted Haggerty, "yes, I—I did."

"And," continued the sheriff, "they constitute part of the assets of the company, do they not?"

"Yes, that's right," admitted Haggerty, "they — they do."

"Well, then," said the sheriff, "I'm afraid I've got to sell 'em out, that's all."

And he did. Burns bid up to the amount of his claims. As already indicated, Haggerty was powerless to compete. But they were not knocked down to Burns. A young man in the corner, who up to this point had remained unnoticed, now came forth and topped Burns' bid by the offer of one hundred dollars more. The letters patent were knocked down to him.

He paid his bid in cash. The sheriff asked his name, and he gave it, in a loud, clear voice. It was Floyd W. Thompson — a name that Haggerty had never heard.

The president of the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company had a private secretary of the name of Floyd W. Thompson. That private secretary was a man whom Haggerty had never seen.

Floyd W. Thompson, thereupon, became the owner and holder of the Haggerty letters patent. The sale was over.

A few days later, without any fuss and furor, the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company

began the manufacture of the Haggerty safety-check device.

A few weeks later, by a judicious distribution of capital, of which only the president of that concern and McDonald and a few officials of the city government were cogizant, the Common Council passed an ordinance providing that every elevator in the metropolis must be equipped with the Haggerty device — the only safety appliance, as the special committee said in its report, that was entirely safe.

A few months later, every building in the city hastened to comply with that very healthful ordinance. The Empire Hoist & Elevator Company began the extensive sale of the Haggerty appliance — at its own price. There was no competition.

One day about this time, a shabby-looking individual stepped into the Anglo-American Building, one of the tallest of sky-scrapers, and tried to interview an elevator man about the new device.

The starter on the ground floor told him to clear out and go away. He took him for a tramp.

He was a tramp, and more besides. He was P. T. Haggerty — the inventor of the elevator safety-check appliance.

He had been frozen out — that's all.

# TWO MEN AND THE DESERT

## BY

## FREDERIC L. WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WHEN the half-dozen vaqueros who honored his saloon with their noisy patronage had drunk the edge off their thirst, the proprietor strolled to the door and, leaning idly against the casing, rolled with deft fingers a cigarette.

The saloon, a sun-bleached shack of rough boards, clung like a hawk's nest to the cliff at the top of the three-mile grade, and the owner, from his aery, looked down upon the tortuous ascent to spy his quarry laboring up the steep.

The ragged cañon below him, filled to the brim with floating dust and haze, glowed like a cauldron in the reddening sunset, and the last hot glare of day flared up between two gaunt, fantastic cliffs whose silhouettes stood bold and black against a crimson sky.

Up out of the glow of this devil's gorge a man came riding, and drew rein at the saloon door. He climbed stiffly from the back of his sweating broncho and with a careless nod to the saloon-keeper strode past him into the bar-room.

The drinkers hailed the newcomer noisily. He was a large, powerful man, big of foot and hand, slow of speech, good-natured until the tenth drink, but after that a man to be avoided by the quarrelsome. His broad shoulders and bull neck seemed too massive for the small head whose blue eyes and quick, expansive smile were like those of a child.

He replied to their salutations by a general invitation to drink, and for a time the bar did a brisk business. But the saloon-keeper had other means, quicker and surer, of securing his guests' coin. He watched their condition warily, he awaited the propitious moment, and he knew, to a drink, when that moment had arrived. It was then that he drew a pack of cards from beneath the bar and flicked them carelessly as he chatted.

A full-blooded Cherokee Indian, darkly handsome, with the features of a Caucasian, but with the black eyes and straight black hair of his race, and a gleam of the whitest teeth beneath his waxed mustache, he was a born gamester, a past master of the green table, with all the gambling instinct of his race, and all the suavity of the most polished Anglo-Saxon crook. He felt himself wasted in this squalid shack, his talents thrown away, but for reasons of his own he deemed it wise to isolate himself from the world until certain indiscretions were forgotten.

The evil, smiling eyes looked carelessly over the bar, the thin, lithe hands shuffled and cut the cards with automatic precision. His methods were those of the spider, which awaits composedly the inevitable fly, rather than of the hawk, which ranges wide. He encouraged the victim to accomplish his own discomfiture.

The vaqueros accepted the unspoken challenge of the sharper. They strode to the card table with a clatter of spurs. They played noisily, with great oaths and mighty laughter and the smiting of fists upon the table. But the Cherokee neither swore nor laughed. His black eyes were keen, roving, alert; his smile, thin-lipped, sneering, canine. He played a cool and watchful game without hurry, without hesitation, — the game of a master.

The huge vaquero was jubilant. He roared out jests and snatches of song. He lost or won with equal joyousness. He plied his comrades with drink and was himself a marvel of immunity from intoxication. He appeared like an overgrown boy, rollicking and unsophisticated. His appearance

of careless stupidity deceived the Cherokee, who, bent upon robbing him, soon began to put into practice those devices of the professional gambler by which he fleeces the unwary.

The vaquero began to lose steadily, but his good-humor remained unimpaired. It is characteristic of men following strenuous, open-air vocations, to meet misfortune with indifference. The weakling and the whiner have no place among them. But while the vaquero laughed and jested, he also watched. His suspicions were aroused. He was himself no novice at the game, and believed he had detected the Cherokee in the act of cheating. But he wished to assure himself. He even feigned a deeper intoxication. He sought to confirm his own suspicions without arousing those of his adversary. When the moment came, he would act.

And it was not long before his vigilance was rewarded. Believing himself unobserved, the gambler attempted a trick of transparent simplicity. In the instant of its apparent success, he knew that he had failed. An angry gleam flashed up in the vaquero's eyes. But this warning came too late. No word was spoken. There was no accusation, no denial. The two men drew their revolvers on the instant. Both fired. The vaquero, who had the advantage of the initiative, escaped unhurt. The Cherokee plunged face downward on the table, his arms out-thrust, scattering the cards, a small, black hole between his eyes.

The other players, more drunk than the murderer, gazed stupidly at the body. They made no attempt to restrain the vaquero. It was but the happening of the long expected. Nor did the vaquero seem in haste to escape. He took the dead man's Winchester from behind the bar and searched until he found a box of cartridges, which he slipped into his pocket. He made his preparations leisurely, and when they were completed, he filled the glasses round.

"Boys," he said, "I've got to light out. Here's luck."

They drank in silence, and, swaggering a little, he strode to the door, through which he passed into the darkness and, mounting his pinto, fled.

Keeping the main road toward Julian, he spurred his horse into the void of night. He knew it would not be long before the hue and cry would be after him, and the sheriff dogging his track. Moreover, he knew the sheriff, with his record of ten men killed in the discharge of his duty. Should he be overtaken by this officer of the law, one or the other must die, or he return a prisoner. Therefore he pushed on with as much speed as was prudent in view of the long journey he purposed.

As he ascended the mountains, the trees grew larger, manzanita giving place to madroños and oaks, and they in turn to pines. He was entering a cattle country, and at intervals gates were closed across the road. These he opened without dismounting and closed behind him. As he passed an occasional house, the dogs came out and barked at him. Once a lantern gleamed in a corral, and he would have liked to call to the rancher, whom he knew, as, indeed, he knew all men in that locality. But he realized that he was a fugitive and pressed on.

He passed through the single street of Julian in the gray of early dawn and, unobserved, commenced the ascent of the Volcan. He had determined to cross the desert to Yuma, but he wished to delude his pursuers into the belief that he was seeking concealment in some mountain fastness. He therefore rode boldly up to the little cabin of a miner and asked for breakfast. While he ate, he made minute inquiries about the road to San Bernardino, seeking to leave the impression that his destination lay in that direction. From his manner, the miner suspected him to be a fugitive; but he asked no questions. The hospitality of the frontier demands no certificate of character. It is enough that a man is hungry or requires shelter. When the simple meal was over, the vaquero purchased enough food to last for several days and departed.

In the late afternoon he reached the top of the Volcan and from its eastern crest looked out upon the desert. Naked and wrinkled it lay there, gaunt and withered, like some ancient, mummied corpse, forbidding, desolate. Toward the north, flung out from the mass of mountains, the seams and gashes in its dull, red sides stained purple by the shadow of the Volcan, a bare and rocky ridge was thrust like a gigantic spear-head into the shriveled, yellow flank of the desert. Far to the eastward, strung on the thin, white ribbon of the trail, an oasis, like a great, rough emerald, flashed and sparkled on the lifeless bosom of the waste. At the mountain's base, a thousand feet below, the talus of scattered boulders

showed like pebbles rolled down upon a bed of sand.

Despite the approach of night and the hazard of the trail, the fugitive began the descent, over bare and splintered rock which cut his feet, through thorny chaparral which seized upon his clothing. When darkness fell, he made his fireless camp on a naked level, where a landslide had banked up against the ragged pinnacle of granite which had split the mass in twain. At dawn he shared with his horse a little food, drank sparingly from his canteen, and, soaking his bandanna, swabbed out his horse's mouth. Then down again, with infinite labor, dragging the unwilling broncho where the man himself with difficulty made his way.

By the time the floor of the desert was reached, the sun seemed like a mighty burning-glass, its rays focused on this horse and rider. Their black shadows clung about their feet, sharp-cut as with a die. The fugitive avoided the Yuma trail. He skirted the base of the rugged buttresses which the San Jacinto mountains throw out into the desert.

In that awful solitude he felt himself safe from pursuit. Once in mid-desert, he would swing toward the southwest and, striking the Colorado above Yuma, make the town by way of the river bank.

By noon of the second day he came, as he had hoped, to a trickling spring which crept out from under the shadow of a shelving rock, rose to the brim of a shallow granite basin, and, overflowing grudgingly, was seized upon by the thirsty desert and swallowed up before it reached the sunshine.

He threw himself prone upon the sand and drank greedily, cheek to cheek with the crowding broncho, whose deep-thrust nose sent the mud swirling to the surface. Between them they drained the little basin dry, and the man thrust himself back into the scanty shade and crouched with his back against the rock, waiting for the feeble trickle to give forth enough to fill his canteen.

As he rested there, his eyes, roving the horizon which danced and shimmered in the heat, were aware of a moving shape which formed itself, as it were, out of the wavering glare. Now the desert, vast, mysterious, inscrutable, begets, perhaps, abnormal prescience in the human mind. Be that as it may, the man who had sought the protection of this cruel desolation knew, while yet this remote form was but as a gnat floating in the mists of distance, that the desert sands had rendered him into the hands of his enemy. Indian runners sometimes passed that way, prospectors staking their lives for gold, infrequent vaqueros seeking lost stock, or Mexicans of doubtful purpose. He knew it was none of these, and knew not how he knew, but the knowledge hurled him to his feet, clear-eyed, clear-brained, alert, vigorous, dangerous.

His plans for the meeting were quickly made, but executed with the natural caution of the frontier-born. No sudden, ill-considered movement should betray him. Even as he approached the spring, his keen eye noted a natural but almost impassable trail of splintered rock, which swung upward between jagged pinnacles and threatening boulders until, reaching a sheer and fissured cliff, it crooked around a deep barranca and was lost behind a parapet of granite.

He threw his coat across the white patch on the pinto's flank, that no sun-ray might flash from it a tell-tale message to the foe, and with the bridle in his hand went slowly up over the rattling stones until he made the shelter of the cliff, then on more quickly to the parapet, which rose breast-high and might have been a fortress of some ancient Indian tribe. Behind this barrier he forced his horse to lie flat upon its side and crouched beside it, waiting. His preparations were complete. Should the sheriff continue eastward after drinking at the spring, which might well be, for at this point the hard floor of the desert left no trail, why, well and good. But if he sought among the rocks, the disadvantage would not lie with the pursued.

Through a loophole in the rock he watched the man approach; saw him alight and drink. From his vantage-point a single shot would have rid him of pursuit. He smiled at the thought. It was not even a temptation that required consideration. He felt no animosity toward this man who was hunting him as remorselessly as one would stalk a deer. If needs must, he would kill him rather than surrender. But they knew each other with more than a casual acquaintance. They had ridden together, drunk together, gamed together. They now played a game whose stake was death. But they would play it fairly, to the end.

From the motions of the pursuer, the quarry could read his very thoughts. He knew with certainty that the trickling water in the slowly-filling basin had betrayed

a recent drain upon its store. He followed the reasoning by which the sheriff determined who had been there: the fact that desert animals seek the higher lands by day; that mere wayfarers, white or red, would have waited for the night, or, if hard-pressed for time, would not yet have passed from view; that hence, who drank had sought concealment in the rocks. But where?

These broken barriers of rock, these masses of volcanic upheaval, cañons gashing the surface with erratic wounds, gaunt crags flung shattered into the void, might shelter a host. Delay and night would provide escape.

The sheriff stooped and picked up some object from the ground. The desert air is clear, and the vaquero saw that it was his own tobacco-pouch, which must have been shaken from his pocket when he threw his coat across the pinto's flank. He cocked his rifle noiselessly.

The sheriff slipped the little bag into his pocket and threw his holster to the front. Then, with rifle ready, he scanned the rocks. He was a small man, boyishly slight, with light, thin hair, and a gray eye behind which no man had ever looked; his face, hard, square, and immobile as the rocks he looked on; clean-shaven, and dressed like a country clerk in ill-fitting light gray clothes and narrow-brimmed felt hat. But no man had ever seen him quail, and the man who peered at him from behind the rocks had no illusions as to his fitness for his work.

The most obvious ascent was by the way the fugitive had passed, and on its rocks the sheriff set his feet.

Absolute silence, save for the grind and rattle of the displaced stones; the fierce heat of a furnace, quivering upward from the rocks, stabbing downward from the sky; a buzzard wheeling high, his mighty shadow sweeping in ever-narrowing circles, as if he knew that here was to be work for him to do; the silent watcher, stern, unmoved, implacable; the stalker, cautious, keen, and able; life uncertain, trivial; death and the desert brooding over all.

The distance between these man-hunters lessens, step by step. Life hangs on the blurring of an eye, the crook of a trigger-finger. Fifty yards more, and the man in ambush must shoot or stand revealed. Yet he waits, on the chance that the other may turn back. His muscles are tense. His hard hands smart as they grasp the rifle barrel, blistering hot in the fierce sunshine. He sees his man over the rifle-sight and coolly selects his mark — the end of a red bandanna hanging from the breast-pocket of the sheriff's coat.

And the sheriff, too, is ready. His keen eyes take note of every nook wherein a man might hide. The barricade awakens his suspicion. Was there a movement behind that rock? He brings his rifle to his shoulder. He is "quick on the trigger," and it were folly to let him get "the drop."

But what slight things decide the cast of fate for life or death! As the vaquero's finger tightened on the trigger, a Gila monster, that giant among lizards, startled by the sheriff's tread, scuttled across the gravel of a little arroyo. He who is at once hunter and quarry takes nervous heed of trivial things. The sheriff swung on his heel to meet a possible attack. Before he could recover, the game was in the hands of his opponent.

"Hands up!" called the vaquero from behind his rock. "I've got ye covered, Jim!"

The sheriff did not stir. Neither did he raise his hands. He played for time and a chance opening.

"You better come out, Bill Saunders," he drawled. "I'm goin' to take ye in."

"Sorry to disappoint ye, Jim, but I reckon not. Jest lay down that rifle, or ye won't serve out yer time. Quick now!"

The sheriff obeyed.

"Put up yer hands! Now come on 'till I tell ye to stop!"

As the sheriff approached the barrier, the vaquero rose and bade him halt. Then, drawing his revolver, he set his Winchester against the rock. Shoving the six-shooter against the sheriff's breast, he relieved him of his pistol and deftly extracted from his pocket a pair of hand-cuffs.

"Slip 'em on, Jim," he said. "I ain't takin' no chances. Now, my buck, you jest hit the trail, slow an' stiddy, down to the spring. An' don't ye make no break to git away, neither. Now I've got ye with me, I can't bear to think o' partin'. I ben lonesome as h — l out here."

So, the hand-cuffed sheriff in the lead, they started back along the trail, the pinto following in answer to his master's whistle. The vaquero had appropriated the sheriff's revolver, but the rifle he broke across a rock. Once at the spring, the sheriff faced his

captor. His words held no suggestion of any unusual emotion.

"Bill," he said, "it's come to a show-down. I call. What cards you got?"

"A pair o' sixes, Jim," laughed the vaquero, indicating his revolvers and chuckling over the ancient jest.

"Talk business!" said the sheriff. "You've got the deadwood on me all right. What you goin' to do about it? If you're on the shoot, get busy."

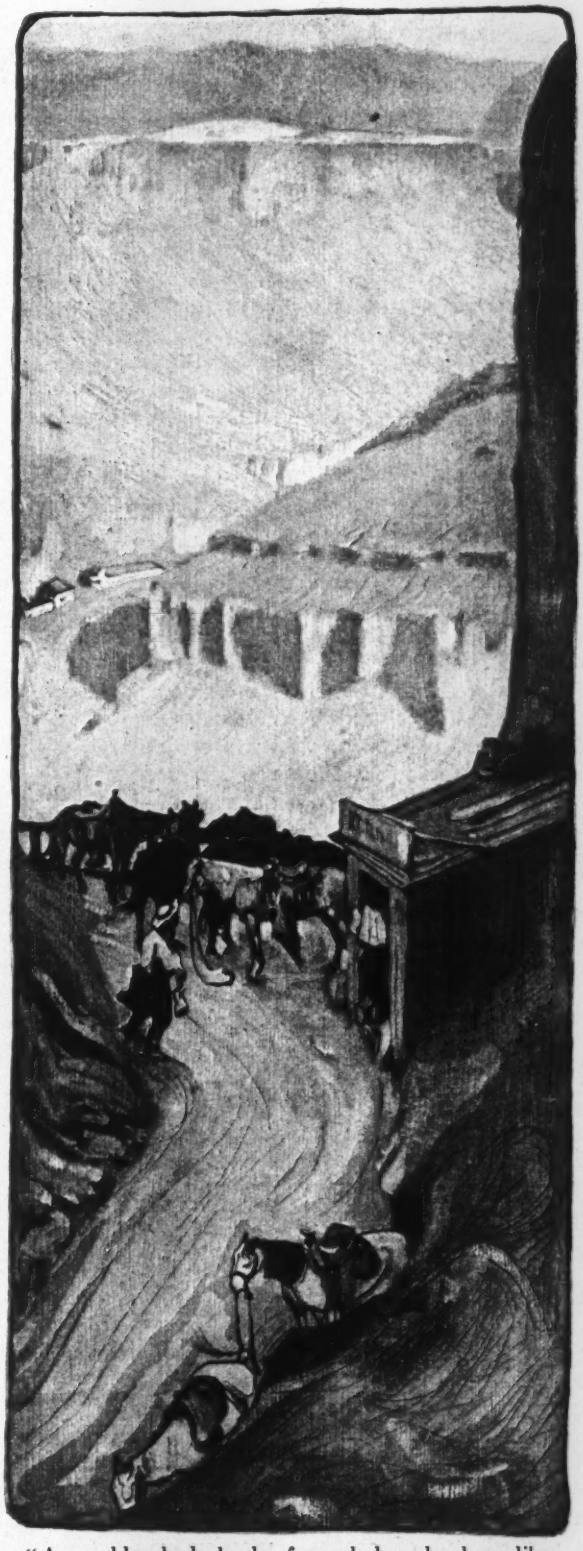
"Shucks! I ain't killin' none. I could 'a' dropped ye in yer tracks as ye come up the trail if that was my game."

"What is your game, then?"

"Nothin', only take you along as chappyrone. I'm that timid when I'm alone, I can't sleep nights. I want comp'ny, Jim. So you just straddle your bronk, an' you an' me 'll light out."

"Bueno!" said the sheriff curtly. "You've rounded me up like I was a d—d maverick. But I always *have* made good, an' I reckon we'll break even yet."

All that afternoon they rode, under the brazen sky, and on through the purple night out into the gorgeous gold and crimson dawn of another day, two grim and silent shapes, two sentient atoms in that mighty solitude. They were following, now, a trail which should bring them, by another night, to water. Their canteens were nearly empty, and the heat struck downward until their temples throbbed beneath its blows. The atmosphere grew stifling, sulphurous, dead.



"A sun-bleached shack of rough boards clung like a hawk's nest to the cliff"

But soon this ominous hush was broken by the rush of furious, parching blasts of fiery wind. It was as if the gates of hell had swung abroad. Clouds of hot sand lashed the travelers as with whips. It swirled about them like the blizzard snows, cutting their flesh until they could not face its force. Through the greasewood and the cacti the wind rushed, screaming, and sought to tear them from their roots or pile them deep in sand. The air was filled with

gleaming particles until it shone like gold, and out of the lurid sky the sun looked down, blood-red.

No living thing could face the storm. The bronchos refused to advance, but turned tail to the blast and stood with humped-up backs and heads low-hanging between their knees. In the lee of a cactus clump the two men cowered, side by side. The darkness came down with a rush, hurled upon their heads by the growing storm, obliterating them, together with all forms and substances, until nothing remained but the black void through which the whips of the furies seemed to lash them unceasingly.

Thus they remained until dawn, huddled close to the earth, gasping, choking; and when, with the coming of the light, the wind abated, and they were able to peer about through red-rimmed lids, they found the trail obliterated, and the horses gone, stampeded by the fury of the storm. On all sides the white sands lay in mounds and furrows like drifted snow.

The men got stiffly to their feet, stretching their cramped limbs and shaking the sand out of their hair and clothing. The vaquero stepped up to the sheriff and unlocked the handcuffs.

"You can hit the back trail," he said, and added, with grim humor, "if ye can find it."

The sheriff stretched his cramped arms, opening and shutting his hands and chafing his wrists.

"You an' me 'll keep together," he said. "I come out to get ye, an' I'm goin' to make good. You ain't got the nerve to shoot me in cold blood, Bill Saunders."

"No," said the vaquero, "I ain't."

"An' I take notice," said the sheriff, "that there's only one half-empty canteen. Mine was on the saddle when the broncho stampeded. You ain't got the nerve, either, to turn me adrift without water in this hell's delight of a desert."

"No," said the vaquero. "I reckon you're right. I ain't."

"Then," said the sheriff, "I stay with the expedition. Bueno! How do we stand? Horses gone, trail gone, water pretty nigh gone. We've got to hike. You got us into this; get us out. We're up against the real thing. It's water inside of twenty-four hours, or a couple of sun-dried mummies with their mouths stuffed full of cactus. Where's the nearest spring?"

"Ten miles due east, I think, if the storm ain't dried it up or filled it in."

"Light out, then. It's a chance."

They stripped themselves of all unnecessary weight, the vaquero even throwing away his rifle, cartridge belt, and one revolver. Then they set their faces toward the east and strode forward over the trackless waste.

The fierce heat of yesterday had now become almost intolerable. The necessity for husbanding their scanty supply of water seemed to intensify their thirst. Their skin dried and cracked in the blistering radiation of the naked sands. Their parched tongues and nostrils burned as with a fever. By noon their last drop of water was gone. The foothills which they had hoped to reach still loomed on the horizon, vague and misty. The desert atmosphere was practising its old illusion of annihilating space. As they toiled on, the hills seemed to keep pace with their advance and hold themselves aloof.

The sheriff began to mutter to himself, and the vaquero blasphemed incessantly. Delirium breathed hot upon their brains, and it was with an effort that they recalled their wandering thoughts. Yet they knew the desert and its evils, and when the mirage lay like a fair and shining lake a mile or less to southward, they cursed it for what it was and were not lured away from their chosen route.

It was the sheriff who first gave up the fight and sank exhausted to the ground.

"It's no go, Bill," he said. "I cave. Just hand over yer gun a minute. You can spare one ca'tridge, I reckon."

The vaquero stared down at him stupidly.

"I'm goin' to find water," he said, speaking thickly and with difficulty. "Water, d — n you, water. We'll drink yet. Drink, drink, drink. We'll beat the desert yet. Git up an' hike, or I'll lick h — l out o' ye!"

And grasping the sheriff's collar, he dragged him to his feet and forced him on again.

As the swift night descended upon Yuma, the Indians, whose wickiups fringe its borders, heard a faint cry from out the desert and the crack of pistol shots. The elders, stolid and incurious, paid little heed, but a young squaw, whose rival lovers were that night filled with jealousy and bad whisky, stole out into the waste and found a man of massive frame, who bore upon his shoulders one of lesser mold. He staggered and fell,

rose again and struggled on, his parched lips and swollen tongue uttering inarticulate cries, fierce, unhuman, appalling.

When the alarm was given, and they were brought into town, the vaquero fell upon his rescuers and fought madly for unlimited water, but the sheriff lay inert. The rough crowd which had gathered at the saloon to see these men who had escaped out of the jaws of death, doled out water, a swallow at a time, with strict impartiality, to the vaquero, who was held down upon the floor by three brawny teamsters, and to the sheriff, who lay on the billiard-table as quietly as a patient on a hospital cot.

In the gray of morning, when the crowd had dwindled to a few "old rounders" who still hung about the place, hoping to earn a free drink or two by rehearsing the exciting tale to the early morning patrons of the house, the vaquero, who was now lying blanketed on a bench, opened his eyes and looked up into those of the sheriff, who smiled down upon him from his billiard-table.

The vaquero struggled to his feet.

"Mornin', Jim," he said. "Time for an eye-opener, ain't it?"

"Mine's water, then," replied the sheriff. "I don't never want to drink nothin' better'n water. Call the bar-keep, Bill."

The man, stupid with liquor and the lack of sleep, slouched over to the table.

"Pardner," said the sheriff, "I want to git a wire through to San Diego. Bring a telegraph blank, will ye?"

Instinctively the vaquero dropped his hand to the butt of his empty revolver. The sheriff saw the movement and smiled.

"It's no go, Bill," he said. "You couldn't git out o' town afore they'd nab ye. It's my play now. Here, you sit down an' write out this here telegram. Don't be a fool."

Something in the sheriff's look and manner impelled the vaquero to comply.

"Chief of Police Wallace, San Diego," dictated the sheriff. "Arrived Yuma today. No trace Saunders. Probably gone Ensenada. Signed, Henderson, Sheriff."

The vaquero dropped the pencil and grasped the sheriff's hand.

"Say!" he gasped. "You're white!"

"Thank ye," replied the sheriff, with a grin. "I ain't made good, exactly, but I reckon we've broke even."

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# ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

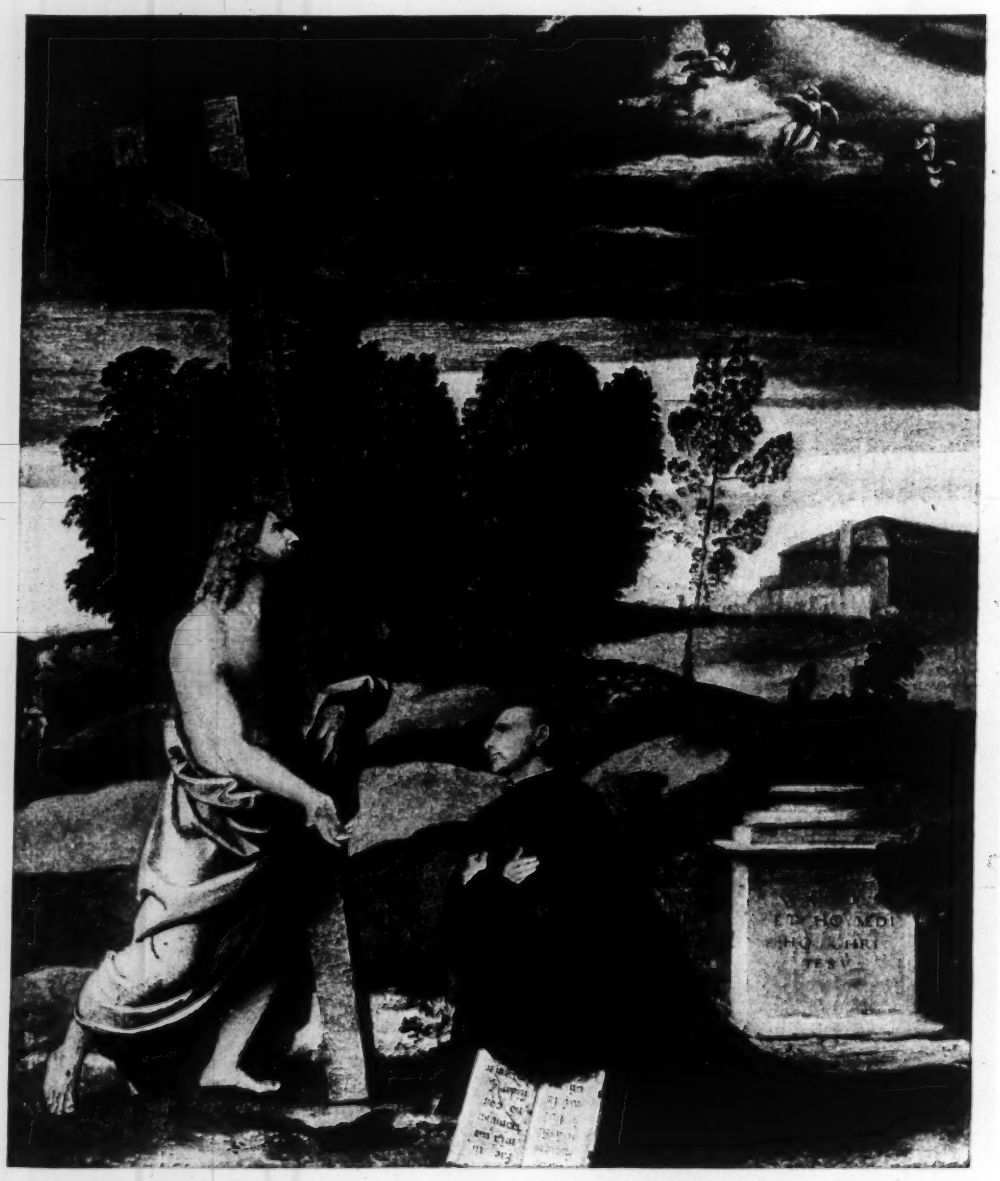
BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

## SACRED CONVERSATIONS—PART ONE

WE must never forget, when we look at a work of art of the past, especially a picture, or rather, when we think about it, that it is not a free expression in space, but that it is the result of many origins, many minds, many circumstances — that religion, race, climate, still more, the personality of the artist, have gone to make it; and yet more again, the fact that rarely — except in the most modern times — is it otherwise than a thing made to order; a thing to suit some special demand of some other personality or personalities. Sometimes this has helped; sometimes it has detracted from the result. A well-known artist, whom I knew intimately, was asked by a friendly patron if his last work (work carefully made to suit the donor's wishes) were not as fine as any other of the artist's creations. "No," said the artist, an honest man, "such and such are better." "What? Notwithstanding that you had time, and pay, and appreciation?" "No," again said the artist. "In your work, you know, I was obliged to yield in part to you; that part is yours, and not so good as mine; while the others, I know, are better, because

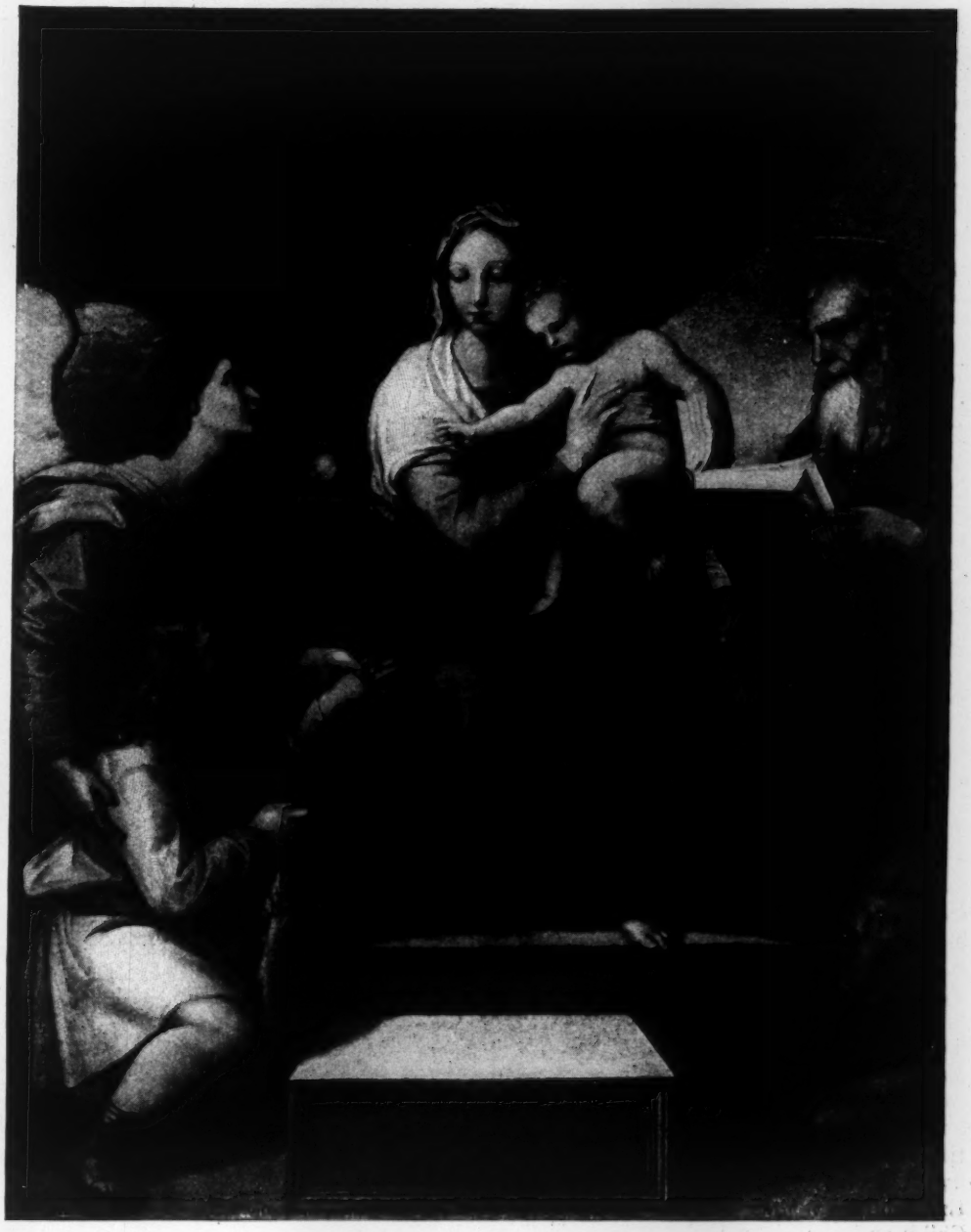


JESUS CHRIST AND A DEVOTEE

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORETTO OF BRESCIA

in them I had all my own way, and they are all my own."

With the development of modern appliances of civilization, academies have been instituted, salons and exhibitions established, in which the modern artist has risked paintings of his own choice and invention, unhampered except by the desire of success or gain. Whether these modern results of art are greater than those of the past, on the whole, it is not my purpose to inquire now. But this also must be thought of or felt, when we look at other works — other objects of art : — that what we see was made to suit a definite request, constructed as a house is built by an architect, or, if not too homely a comparison, as a shoe is made by a shoemaker. Great things have been thus done : the Sistine Chapel, Raphael's Stanze of the Vatican, innumerable decorative works, and



THE MADONNA OF THE FISH

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL

many pictures which, torn from the places where their being was reasonable, justifiable, and amply explained, now hang in museums and galleries as best they may — next to other contradictory ones — in lights never meant for them ; as if — and this the painter feels acutely — several orchestras played at once Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and innumerable other compositions of sound. One of the curious examples of this misplacement are the paintings which once were called, for convenience of classification, "Sacred Conversations." Especially in Italian art do they occur. They are not unlike

the imaginary conversations invented long ago by literary men or poets, in which people who could not have met at the same time are brought together for purposes of offering some thought, or insisting on some impression. It is usually a late development. Plutarch's example marks a type, and in Plato's records of the conversations of Socrates we have the idea glorified, with a subtle thread of probability. Some few of these painted "conversations" are famous, — many of them masterpieces of the art of painting. We may select two or three at random — there are so many which have each some charm, so that the less important ones rival the very great examples. And this is natural. The very fact of a more artificial plan allows the lesser man to show great qualities without drawing upon the one most rare gift, which no industry, no effort can supply, that of imaginative invention.

Many of these pictures center about the Madonna — as the Blessed Virgin Mary is called in art — because of the fact that these pictures are all religious; and as the devotion to the Blessed Mother persists in the Church, in a manner involving her Son, the representation of our Lord as a child with his mother takes away from the idea of a historical meaning. Were He represented alone in conversation, it might look like a something added to the story of the Gospel, or a misapprehended rendering of some of its scenes. Indeed, I can remember but one representation of Him and His Apostles conversing. But the Virgin is human. The Infant Child, tended and cared for by her, makes the meaning still more human, more like that of every day. Thus, the Madonna, apart from her personality, and from the wish to honor her, to pray to her Son perpetually for future centuries, through a picture of Him, placed on the wall by the skilful hand of the master painter — the Madonna with the Child typifies the Child and the history of the Child and its perpetuity. Thus, the special devotion to any saintly character — prophet of the Old Testament — apostle of the New — martyrs, doctors, saints of all kinds and degrees, — has had a representation, in their being painted. It is a manner of assuming the reality of the Communion of Saints. The fact of their being, as we call it, "dead" or "alive," or their having been, on earth, contemporaneous or not, is of little consequence, in their relation to the existence of the Child Glorious. It is not always mere devotion on the part of the donor of the picture. It may be a record of the personal name, so often taken from Christian tradition: "James," "Francis," "Benjamin," "John," "Clara," "Catherine," ——

These pictures, then, hang as records on the wall; there may be some story, known or guessed at, which this choice thus memorializes; some story intentionally hidden therein; some grief — some love — some memory, merely human, perhaps — nay, even some variety of profane pride or desire, which will not, at least, offend the good taste of the looker-on, who is not in the secret.

I remember a painting which must contain the personal record of a spiritual life, where the donor kneels meeting the Christ carrying his cross and, as in the garden of the Scripture story, takes himself the place of the forgiven sinner, Mary Magdalen. Thus, as it hung upon the wall, he could live over in his mind the facts and the meaning of his own hidden story.

The painting may not merit the name of masterpiece, is little known, and will never attract the homage of the many, but it is alone of its kind in its subject, in the manner of the representation, and in the subtle meaning concealed within it. All the more does it seem fitting that it should have been painted by that charming and personal artist, Moretto of Brescia, whose realism so often covers a manner of feeling which leaves upon the mind of the spectator the impression of a secret not fully told.

Here, the more the secret is told, the less we know, unless some good fortune of research within the life of the donor explain the reasons for the subject.

He was a functionary, an ecclesiastic of some kind, and he kneels, as we see in the picture, portrait-wise, his hands clasped upon his breast in devout abstraction; with a slight frown of physical tension and special thought within an attitude which is evidently familiar to his profession. Right by him, a book with open pages tells part of his thought, and the characters, which are turned upward, are much abbreviated, making the text still more difficult to understand. It breathes a prayer for a pardon, an absolution, a wish not to be confounded.*

* It is part of the thirty-first Psalm, the thirtieth in the Latin Vulgate, which must have been the Bible known to him; for our date is 1518: "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake. Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee."

A SACRED ALLEGORY

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN BELLINI

Standing in the garden near him is a broken base, for a column or a statue; thereupon an inscription, part of which is broken off, whose abbreviation may run in this way: "To the one Mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ." It may be the simple expression of personal belief, or the usual statement of the Church's doctrine, or it may be a concealed protest against any other mediation; a question that then troubled the entire Christian world. But there, and at that time, such a statement boldly expressed would have been against the prevalent current of thought. Still it is forced upon one that the broken base once held the image of what our Devotee once cared for and now gave up.

The subject of the picture is, however, far removed from these personalities. It is the Christ, resurrected, as indicated by His being partly naked and draped in His winding-sheet, and He walks bearing the great cross, which one feels to be a heavy burden, this time all by Himself, with His own sorrow and suffering, and gazes up into the circle of the Heavens of His Father, around which a few adoring angels indicate the Presence.

This representation is one of the few cases in which the smaller man, carried by an idea, is the equal of the greater. The expression of loneliness, and the weariness of passage through this world, is given in the simplest form of realism. Far back, in the Italian landscape of ancient simplicity, is seen the Good Shepherd bringing back His straying sheep; evidently again a part of the story of the donor.

A decipherable example we have here, in the "Imaginary Conversation" called the "Virgin of the Fish," by Raphael. The Madonna is enthroned in a large, antique chair upon a platform. An old man, St. Jerome, known by his attendant lion, holds a book in which he has been reading — his fingers mark the page — and watches earnestly the little Child Christ, who extends His hand and looks intently at a tall, bending angel leading to the Child a suppliant, a long-haired youth. The boy, for he is hardly more, carries hanging from his other hand, a fish — whence the name of the picture. The boy, eminently characteristic of Raphael's choice and taste, is the Tobit of the Apocrypha. The fish is the fish in his legendary story, whose gall cured the blinded Tobias. The angel is the Archangel Raphael, the "Medicine of God," who had guided the boy Tobit to this healing of his father. The entrance of this book of the Apocrypha into the Canon of the Scripture was in dispute when Raphael painted the picture. The Council of Trent, thirty years later, was to settle the question for the Catholic Church. All doubts were then floating about, and of these doubts, this was one. It may not have been exactly in the mind of the donor of the picture, but yet it would be but natural. Let us see the record: St. Jerome adopted the authenticity, or rather, the canonical rights of the Book of Tobit. This is, perhaps, before the year 400, the fourth century. Before that there is doubt, or mere acceptance as a morality; though Polycarp in the second and Cyprian in the third century looked upon the record as inspired. After Jerome, the Councils of Hippo and Carthage, in the fourth and fifth centuries, consecrated the Book of Tobit — although the Church adjourned its solemn decision for nearly a thousand years. The West, however, had consented to it long before. Thus, in our picture, St. Jerome watches steadily, with comprehensive eye, the hand of Christ accepting the homage of the angel, with his kneeling client. And the gaze of the Child Christ meets the adoring supplication of the archangel. The Virgin sits, holding up the Child with familiar care, and her eyes rest kindly on the hopeful face of the youthful Tobit. There is here, therefore, a real "conversation," if one may say so: such a one as situations bring by mere actions without the use of words. In too many of such paintings there is no such unity.

It may be that this unexplained meaning has upheld the fame of the picture, besides the grace of the figures, the solemnity of the arrangement of what one might call the "function," and that balance of line and mass which is to painting what orchestration is to music.

And now, who were the donors? And why did they choose this meaning, and suggest these personages for this picture, now stored far away in the gallery of the Prado, at Madrid? They were the Dominican monks of the Church of San Domenico Maggiore, at Naples, whose chapel held a crucifix which was said to have once looked down on the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas. A tradition of help had been formed, according to which prayers for recovery of sight, or similar help, were still offered up by sufferers.

As in the Bible story God's power had restored sight to old Tobias, why might not their prayers help obtain favor? Thus, naturally, the picture would hang, a perpetual record of Divine Help to the unhappy; an inspirer of hope and faith and consolation,— for with hope and faith goes submission to the Divine will.

There is a little picture in one of the galleries of Florence, painted by one of the best of painters, John Bellini, the elderly leader, respected by all about him: from Albert Dürer, who earned his good-will, to his great successors who, under the names of Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoret, have somewhat drowned his light in their accompanying lustre. He painted to a great age, and his last painting is as steady and complete as if the hand were not that of a man of eighty and more. John Bellini has left a little picture of a "Sacred Conversation," now in the Uffizi of Florence. There it is known as a "Sacred Allegory," a title which will do as well for it as the one I have chosen, because it is full of allusions and meanings not clear, but suggested. But whatever the mystic meanings may be, it is eminently a conversation. Replace the personages derived from sacred story by some set of courtiers and fine ladies, people of distinction — some princes, some cardinals or bishops, or ladies and gentlemen living the higher, æsthetic and intellectual life, and you would have a fair company, in a most lovely garden retreat, far from the vulgar world, enjoying the beauty of Nature and the pleasures of high-bred social intercourse.

Is the little painting a masterpiece? Perhaps not such a one as Bellini's more triumphant and more ample work. It is small, some of its details are a little dry, and it may naturally have been ascribed for a long time to a smaller man, a lovely painter also, — Basáiti, a Greek, who lived and died in Venice. I am tempted to bring it up before us. It is unique and alone. It is an imaginary, rather than a "sacred" conversation, except for its actors. But it is treated as no one before or after has rendered such an imaginary subject: as if it had really occurred; in a place as clearly defined as if looked at for portraiture, and as if its heroes were in the perpetual habit of such meetings. It is a scene in the Isle of the Blest, in a Paradise continued from the past; a souvenir of the Elysian Fields, a country where the heroes live with the Promised Child, in a reminiscence of accustomed earthly memories; "*ipse videbitur illis.*" Rocks and mountains, such as Bellini and the other Venetian painters liked, close the sight enough to tell us that we are shut out from an every-day world. But far away castles and buildings imply an ordinary life, even if blessed and chosen and full of meaning. A lake edges all this distance, and where it is not overhung with steep cliffs, distant figures in Oriental dress walk along the quiet shore telling some story, nearer, perhaps, to the Nile than to the Italian lakes. As these cliffs come around towards us, we see a hermit in a cave, clad in the ordinary peasant dress, who meditates, leaning on his stone table. Outside, near him, on the narrowest shore, rest or feed his sheep and his goats. Around the wall of rock, in the shadow, the strange creature, little known to us, but familiar to the monks of Egypt, a Centaur, waits in the shade for some one, perhaps St. Anthony of the Desert, who comes carefully down a set of steps guarded by a wooden rail. This, then, is an allegory, an image of the Thebais, the residence of the hermit monks of Egypt; it could not be more different, and it could not be better typified in this language of another geography. Rest, seclusion, and the habit of extraordinary visions are told of in this dream of landscape. On our own Island just before us, separated by a narrow space of water from this record of the hermit life, is an enclosed space, framed by a balustrade of marble; its pavement is of colored and precious stones. This marks a place of special rest, an enclosed garden — *hortus inclusus* — sacred to the purpose. At one end and corner of it, in a great seat of honor crowned by an allegorical canopy, a cornucopia partly filled with leafage and fruit, upon high steps sits a figure which we know to be the Madonna, though she has no halo, any more than the other saintly or divine characters. She watches with folded hands the little Child, whom also we know must be the infant Christ, who has left her, and at the bottom of the steps talks in play with another child, half-draped, like a little acolyte or choir-boy — perhaps the little St. John, his companion in so many pictures. One other child has climbed the great basin, where is planted a little tree. He shakes it so that the golden fruit has fallen for the other children to gather. A lovely saint, with long golden locks and crown, half

kneels in the corner of the enclosure by the Madonna. Her eyes are dropped, her mouth is half open in prayer, and she joins also in prayer the tips of her fingers. She is dressed in a flowing mantle. Contrariwise, in narrow, folded mantle and strict gown, some other female saint stands timidly against the balcony; she, too, folds her hands in prayer; so does another saint, at the further right hand. He must be one; he would not otherwise be there. He is almost naked, bearded and browned by the suns of the desert where he has lived. And his companion would also pray with joined hands, but he is St. Sebastian, and his hands are folded and bound behind his back according to his pictures on earth. He is white as to his skin, and one sees that his clothes have been taken away from him, and, as in pictures of his martyrdom, the mortal arrow stands fixed in his chest also. Both the saints are praying, whatever their action; prayer does not consist of folded hands. Outside the balustrade, leaning against it, in the more open garden of the Island, stands St. Peter looking down on the Child Christ and praying. He is not very far from the open gate, and perhaps he guards it. Near him St. Paul, one hand tightened on his writings, as it slides along the edge of the railing, turns away and holds up his emblematic sword. He, too, is a guardian, and his face in profile is fixed, looking at a doubtful personage who moves out of the picture, and is turbaned and clad like Jew or infidel.

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# AFTER ALL

BY

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

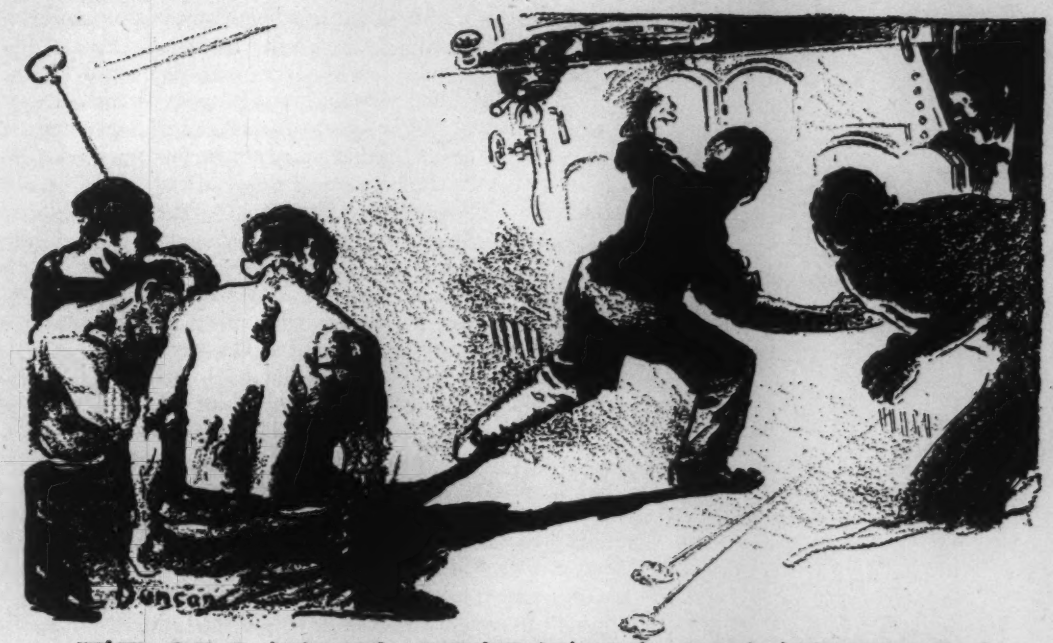
YES, what's the use of striving on?
And what's to show when all is done?
The bells will toll as now they toll;
Here's an old lilt will summarize the whole:

*"This fell about in summertide,*
*About the midmost of the year:*
*Our master did to covert ride*
*To drive the fallow deer.*
*Chanced we upon the Douglas' men ere ever one of us was ware.*

*"Then sped a shaft from covert side*
*And piercèd in behind his ear;*
*This fell about in summertide*
*At midmost of the year."*

So down he fell and rested there
Among the sedge hard by the brook;
About the midmost of the year
His last and lasting rest he took.

And so, *"This fell in winter late,*
*Or ever Candlemas drew near:*
*His bride had found another mate*
*Before the ending of the year.*
*His goshawks decked another's wrists, his hounds another's voice did fear."*



# FROM THE DEPTHS OF THINGS

BY

LAWRENCE PERRY

WE were all proud of MacAllister the day he came out from the Board room after three days of examination, with a broad grin of triumph on his face and his hard-won certificate as chief engineer in his hand. Only ten years before he had been a vagrant in Brooklyn's great marine hospital, the Erie Basin, where the sick ships come in from the Seven Seas to be made strong and well again. Thence it had been a steady climb for the ambitious youngster; first the "Gourock," a rusty British tramp, with a set of Scotchmen aboard who never let pass opportunity for a kick or a cuff directed at the little Yankee "monkey," as greasers are called; then five years' shop-apprenticeship in Liverpool for his engineer's certificate; and then the joy of his first berth when he went to the "Climax" in the place of McGill, the third engineer, who had missed his footing on the companion-ladder in the rush for the engine-room when the main feed-valve broke.

Now he was fresh from twelve months' sea-service on the "Castle Hill," and his owners, Bolton and Perkins, had promised him the command of the "Climax's" engine-room when he should have passed the Board.

"She's not such a great thing," said the head of the firm; "but ye'll be glad of her to begin on."

Glad indeed was MacAllister, and proud, hurrying to the dingy offices on Water Street, though Bolton had spoken something less than the truth. For even in the days when MacAllister was a greaser, the "Climax" was nothing to brag about, but by the time she was offered to him, a rustier old hooker, or more sluggish, or with more rickety engines, never wheezed down the Mersey. Yet it was the best Bolton and Perkins could offer at that time. As the young chief entered the office waving his certificate, several portly, placid, and bald old clerks looked up and smiled mildly. "There's wark for ye, Mac," whispered one of them, nodding toward the private office. "They

want to see ye." The partners were peering over the London *Times* and occasionally glancing from its pages to a long trade report, or perhaps more frequently to a calendar.

"Hello, Mac, it's all right, is it?" said Perkins, glancing at the certificate in young MacAllister's hand. "Ye heard the 'Castle Hill's' out of commission for two months' repairs, have ye not?" he added anxiously. "Well, the 'Climax' finishes loading to-night, and what with new tubes in that boiler — what d'ye think of her, Mac? what'll she do?"

"Five knots, I should think. It depends."

"She'll do more than that. She's got to. Ye must get six or seven knots out of her, MacAllister," interjected Bolton. "Here it is September 9th, and the McKinley Bill goes into effect in America at midnight, on October 4th. We have Sumatra tobacco on board, the duty on which will be advanced a dollar and twenty-five cents a pund, and cutlery from Sheffield with an increase almost as high, and thousands of punds of other dutiable stuff in the bargain, that is going to be increased beyond all reason. Space on all the big liners due to reach New York before the act goes into effect has been filled at seven times the usual rates, and there's the devil to pay. Now they've come down on us. We've got the 'Climax' filled full, aye, and a deck-load amidships. An' ye can get her over in time, we are rich — MacAllister, what say ye?"

"Six knots, eh?" mused MacAllister. "Six knots out of the 'Climax.'"

"She has some new boiler tubes, MacAllister."

"Well, we can try," said MacAllister; "if it's in her, I'll get it out of her, certain."

"Ye start at sunrise to-morrow, then," said Bolton. "Spare nothing. Remember, October 4th, at midnight. We have had Captain McWilliams here. At sunrise to-morrow; and, Mac, one thing more: the 'Gourock,' of Jones and Fry, leaves to-morrow at the same hour, with the same class of cargo and on the same mission as the 'Climax.' Ye may as not beat her, but she mustn't beat ye, MacAllister."

MacAllister closed his mouth tight. He remembered the "Gourock," and he remembered the Scotch captain and Scotch chief engineer and the crew, all of whom had made it so hard for him years ago when he was a greaser on her — who made it so hard for him because he was a Yankee. No; the "Gourock" would not beat him! — not while his engines held together. But what a race — the old "Gourock" and the old "Climax"; a great race between two iron pots with clockworks. This figure so pleased MacAllister that he uttered it aloud to the partners, who snorted and waved him out of the office.

"Remember, October 4th, at midnight," they said.

"Aye," said MacAllister. "Good-by."

So it was that next day's sun, risen scarce five hours, found the rusty, bluff-bowed "Climax" approaching Daunts Rock with the greasy, blood-red flag of Britain dimly showing through the pall of black smoke driving straight aft from the funnel. About a mile ahead wallowed the "Gourock," with the water line hiding her Plimsoll mark.

When MacAllister was not in the engine-room, he was on the bridge with Captain McWilliams. He was in the engine-room most of the time, and he slept about four hours out of the twenty-four. At her best, the "Climax" had never done the trip in less than sixteen days, and that was twenty years ago. This time she had twenty-four days, little enough leeway, considering the possibility of delay by storm or through breakage in the ancient machinery. Yet MacAllister had faith in these old engines; he was something of a dreamer, and he played with strange fancies that the spirit of all machinery was something tangible, and that to it his spirit had spoken of the need of more power, of more speed, and of what it all would mean. There is nothing like the dark engine-room of a snoring old tramp to make you feel things. It was in the "Climax's" tunnel that he felt these things most strongly, — that long, dark passageway in the bowels of the vessel where the shaft, turning on its bearings, runs out from the engines through the stuffing-box to the screw outside. Hourly trips must be taken through this tunnel to see that the bearings have not become red-hot, and MacAllister had found a greaser asleep here the night of the second day out. This coming as a climax to his overwrought mind, he thenceforth allowed no one to tour the tunnel but the second and third engineers. But most of the time he did the tour himself, because somehow he loved to be there groping along the dark, damp, oily passageway, with his lantern swaying in front of him, — feeling the bearings and listening to the noises which, among the multitude of the

"Climax's" sounds, he loved the most. The spirit of his engines he heard in there — in the dark, and alone. There were noises, too, in that tunnel-shaft that he did not understand. Music it sometimes seemed to be, at other times the monotone of a sighing spirit. Again, there was joy expressed, and sadness and wailing grief. Then there were sounds that no human being ever will understand, whisperings, murmurings, low cries — undefinable, mysterious, and vague. Sometimes he would hear something that would cause him to stand transfixed in the sloughing half light of his lantern, wondering, fearing, half tempted to raise his voice in answer — but in what language, in what way? Very often, through all the sounds, a voice would ring out loud and clear — only the screw racing; who knows? — but to MacAllister it was a paean of triumph voicing the realization of all his hopes and dreams.

Thus MacAllister lived with his engines, his spirits fluctuating with their every mood and temper. Hour by hour he would work among them, thanking God for the great steady, powerful pushing of the connecting-rods and pistons, and the irresistible whirl of the cranks and throws. Sometimes they would hobble slowly, but on the whole they were doing their work well. They were averaging at the best six knots hourly, and each night when MacAllister had finished his log for the day's work of his engines, he would spend long, wakeful hours wondering — wondering whether it was because of good luck, American coal, and the new tubes, or whether things he had heard down in that narrow tunnel — heard or dreamed — might not have something to do with it. For there was received down there an impression of force and of understanding that had taken captive his imagination. When these thoughts came very strongly, he would go up on the bridge and talk sense with Captain McWilliams.

The night of the twelfth day, and everything was going, looking forward. Far astern could be seen the dim, plunging lights of the "Gourock," and despite a northwest September gale, the hearts of the skipper and the chief engineer were light.

"I think that we'll make it, boy," said McWilliams, holding to the bridge rail with one hand and using the other as a trumpet to carry his voice into MacAllister's ear. "She drops a little time once in a while, but I think we'll make it."

"Aye, maybe," replied the chief; "it's a racketing they're getting this night, though, those engines. It's a mighty stiff racketing they're getting. Damn! Hear that screw race."

It was a racketing those engines were getting, truly, for the "Climax" was in a jumping seaway that would racket anything. The two men, with their sou'westers drawn tight down and their yellow slickers glistening in the rain, peered anxiously into the darkness. How black it was! The great waves rolling toward the "Climax" were indefinite — fantastic, rocking shadows, they seemed, let loose from the enshrouding veil to do their harm. Occasionally the vessel's few lights would quiver along the water on the uproll, lighting a foam-crested wave for an instant; then a sidelong plunge, and all was blank again.

"Umph," said McWilliams, "a nasty night, MacAllister. If the engines ——"

He stopped and gripped the engineer's arm. MacAllister's face had gone a sickly yellow.

A sound was roaring up from the very soul of the ship, like the sound of a great oak riven by lightning and falling. The next instant came the frightful whirr of the engines, released from their strain of pushing the steamship and racing free.

"The shaft has gone," shouted MacAllister, jumping for the ladder as the "Climax" fell off into the trough of the sea. In ten seconds he was in the engine-room shouting to his assistants, who had stopped the engines an instant after the break. As MacAllister had said, the tunnel-shaft had snapped; snapped clean, right in the middle of the tunnel, and the two ends were battering the floor, as the vessel fell off and rolled in the sea hollows. It would be death to venture in there before the ship's head had been brought up into the seas. For two hours she wallowed, while MacAllister cursed and mourned, by turns. Then, slowly, she swung up, under the control of a sea-anchor which McWilliams and his crew had succeeded in streaming. The Captain came down into the engine-room.

"Well, it's over, I should say, Mac," he groaned. "We're a log in the sea, until we get a tow."

"I don't know," said MacAllister; "we're going to try to fix it." Try! He was going to fix it; they were racing the "Gourock."

He already had his men passing chains under the two broken ends; the chains

were then suspended from the roof of the tunnel, bringing the two ends to a level. No sooner was this done than MacAllister, in spite of the plunging of the ship and the probability of the chains' letting go their burden, crawled in under the break and began to take hurried measurements.

"My God," ejaculated the Captain, "come out of there, Mac. It ain't worth it."

But MacAllister couldn't hear him; it would have made no difference if he had heard. He was under there half an hour — until he completed his measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break. The rest of the night he spent in making the collar, and when it was finished at ten o'clock the next morning, he went up on deck to see the "Gourock" go by. How she bit the waves as she plunged by, and what a triumphant scream of her siren was flung back as a jeer at the poor old "Climax"! White with rage, Captain McWilliams seized the whistle cord and jerked it until even the roar of the storm was shattered by the volume of sound pouring out of the "Climax's" brazen whistle. The "Gourock" replied with several small toots;—it was as acrimonious a dialogue as two vessels ever indulged in. MacAllister went down to his work with a grim smile. Twelve hours he spent on his back underneath the two swaying ends of the broken shaft, and four hours, cramped in a squatting position in the narrow space. At the end of forty-eight hours he had bolted the jacket into place, and then he emerged from the tunnel and toppled over on the engine-room floor, asleep even as he fell. When he came to, he was in his bunk, and the first impression he had was of a vast groaning and clanging down in the "Climax's" vitals, which told him his engines were performing their work once more.

Thus the "Climax" went on her way, the collar holding, and the engines doing all the work that MacAllister could expect, and more, too. From this time there were few minutes that he was not among them, sometimes in the tunnel, but more often — now that the shaft might break again — with his ear against the bulkhead door, listening to the sounds within, almost pleading with the great shaft to be strong and do its work.

Five days later the Captain called him to the bridge to look at a strange object dead ahead. The hull resembled that of the "Gourock," but there were points of dissimilarity which rendered the matter uncertain.

"It must be the 'Gourock,'" said McWilliams, straining his eyes through the battered binoculars. "But she looks queer. Take another look, Mac. She ought to be somewhere ahead."

MacAllister pressed the glasses to his eyes, took a long, hard look, and then uttered a howl of joy as the glasses fell with a crash.

"Whoop, aye, it's the 'Gourock,'" he screamed, "and she's lost her funnel. Rolled it clean overboard. Look."

It was even so. Evidently the storm of the two days back had swept it overboard, and there she lay, gasping and wheezing like a stranded whale.

"I'll sympathize with them," said McWilliams, grimly seizing the whistle cord.

As the "Climax" passed the hooker, the insults all came from her. The "Gourock's" whistle had gone with the funnel.

"Now for it," muttered MacAllister, going below.

Now for it, indeed. Sandy Hook was four days away, and the "Climax" had but a few hours to spare. Even at that, the old vessel must keep pushing. So she did until nine hours after the "Gourock" had been left astern, and then MacAllister began to detect a new note in the chorus of the engine-room. He couldn't tell what it was, but that it was discordant, not in harmony with the spirit of his engines, was clear. Hopeless, pessimistic, jarring, it rose and grew, an alien note for those brave, clattering old engines to send up. So MacAllister was not surprised to find that most of the push was going out of the "Climax." She was logging miserably, and the screw seemed to be putting barely sufficient power in her kick to whiten the water.

For twenty-four hours the "Climax" did not average more than three knots hourly, and the time limit was rapidly drawing to a close. Once fall behind, and it would make little difference whether or not she reached port at all. MacAllister was aging rapidly. He had his suspicions as to what the matter was, but said nothing until he had investigated thoroughly. What he discovered confirmed his worst fears, and it was two hours before he made up his mind to report the facts to the Captain. When he decided, he called his staff together, gave several orders, and then went up on the bridge. In answer

to McWilliams' questioning look, the engineer shrugged his shoulders.

"I have had the fire pulled out from under the main boiler." McWilliams uttered a heavy oath and kicked out a section of the hand-rail.

"Tubes?" he finally asked.

"Aye, leaky tubes," said MacAllister. "Ye might well curse 'em — the 'Climax,' her boilers, and everything else."

"But we can't lose now," cried McWilliams. "Oh, damn such a boat," he groaned. "Can't we do anything?"

"We're a-goin' to try," replied the engineer. "I ain't a drinkin' man, but I have taken four drinks to get me to the point. I have got there, now, and I'm a-goin' into that boiler. If it can be fixed, we'll fix it, all right. Were ye ever in Hell, McWilliams?"

McWilliams stared at him as he made his way from the bridge, and then turned his gaze astern as though he expected to see the "Gourock" rushing up over the ocean. But she was nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later, MacAllister, wrapped from head to foot in a coating of asbestos, approached the manhole of the boiler. He put in his hand, holding it there for five minutes.

"Not so hot. I guess I can stand it. When I come near the opening, stand by to haul me out," he said to his assistants.

Then, with hammer and chisel in hand, he went into that hellish boiler and began tearing out the defective tubes. He worked for a minute, holding his breath in the meanwhile — a single lung-full of that hot, rust-laden air would have killed him. Then he came out. Seven minutes later he went in again. He cut away two tubes before he was hauled out. The next time four tubes were removed, and then he took a ten minutes' rest. He had cut out all the defective tubes, and now new tubes to replace them must be reamed in. In doing this, he was obliged to enter the boiler five times, staying in each time a full minute. As the last tube was fixed, he was hauled unconscious from the manhole and carried on deck. He did not know that the "Gourock" had passed three hours before, with a funnel rigged up out of sheets of tin and pieces of junk, held together by wisps of old sails, twine, and rope-ends, and stayed by lines made fast to the mast and rails,— such a wonderful sight that Captain McWilliams' whistle forgot to swear as she waddled past like a slatternly old woman.

So MacAllister was carried to his bunk, where he lay for many hours, raving and declaring that he was roasting in a fiery furnace. But his work was done. Now it was for McWilliams to carry it through to conclusion. Fires were started again under the repaired boiler, and fat and oil were mixed with the coal. It seemed as if the engines would kick their way out through the bottom of the ship. They got her up to eight knots, and they held her there, and when she passed the "Gourock" between Fire Island and Sandy Hook, McWilliams ran down from the bridge and carried the chief engineer on deck to see the fun.

Up the bay she clattered, pausing just long enough at quarantine to report no contagious disease and to be passed by the health officer — October 4th, and one hour and five minutes before midnight. Events followed swiftly ;— a plunge up to the Statue of Liberty, a tug hurrying alongside in response to continuous whistling, the Captain's leap to the deck with his papers in his pocket ; a dash for the Battery landing, a hack tearing for the Custom House ; a bustling of sleepy clerks ; and then Captain McWilliams sighing and lighting a cigar with trembling hands — one minute before midnight, and his entire cargo sworn in. The "Gourock's" skipper came in time to qualify under the new duties of the McKinley Bill.

A cable despatch to Captain McWilliams the next day announced the gratitude and appreciation of Bolton and Perkins, and when the details of the passage were learned, MacAllister received one himself; and that was all there ever was; but then, what could he expect?

MacAllister is chief engineer on one of the finest trans-Atlantic liners now, where the shaft-tunnel is brilliant with electric lights against white walls and tiled flooring — where the sounds ever constitute a grand symphony. Yet, when MacAllister closes his eyes and thinks of that oily, mysterious little tunnel of the "Climax," he feels that he has lost something. But that is always the way with dreamers.

# EDITORIAL

## WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ON THE PRESIDENT

MR. WHITE'S view of President Roosevelt, in this month's McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, is probably that of the average man. And in so far as it is the view of the average man, it is the view of McCLURE'S. For it is indisputable that the influence of Theodore Roosevelt in this Republic has been a good influence. He has stood for honest things, and more than that he has stood for honest things bravely; and still more than all, he has stood bravely for honest things and has got them done. He combines in his presidential career the honesty of George William Curtis with the courage of Carl Schurz and the effectiveness of Mark Hanna. He has been one of the most active men in American history. He has as many sides as Franklin, and it is but natural that in doing so many things as he has done, he should do things which displease many excellent people. And so it happens that often one hears men disparage Theodore Roosevelt, — men who are obviously honest and evidently sincere, but who stick at some small thing in Mr. Roosevelt's record. One man does not like the way the President handled the Bowen incident; another does not think Senator Bailey and Senator Tillman were fairly treated; still another cannot see any justice in the President's course toward Senator Burton.

But to stop the argument for the moment, let us grant that these men and those who agree with them have just cause for complaint against the President in the matters referred to and scores of other matters of a kind; still the fact remains that as a force for righteousness, in the big issues that have stirred the American people, Theodore Roosevelt has not had a peer in this generation. He has taught the people something of justice ; he has spoken undauntedly for the truth. He has been an apostle without fear and without reproach in the cause of the people against the classes : the class that sows envy and malice, as well as the class that sows cunning and greed. He is our greatest American democrat, and as a democrat he must stand or fall in history. He has made it plain to Americans that there is no aristocracy save that made by service to humanity, and into that aristocracy he has admitted any man, black or white, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, bond or free.

It is odd that democracy should have been over a hundred years breeding such a democrat. But probably it has taken that long to breed out demagoguery. For though he takes special privilege by the throat and shakes its stolen gains from its pockets, he arouses no class hatred, he indulges in no histrionics, and withal he is as good-natured about it as a county sheriff arresting his old army friend. He is one of the few public men who are earnest without being angry, and who are cheerful without being of easy virtue. The example of such a man, wholesome, honest, sturdy, and essentially human, standing, without compromising or budging, for simple justice between men, is worth more to America than a million miles of railroad and a navy belching smoke upon a hundred skies. For men and nations are great only when their ideals are high, and as their daily lives do not shame their aspirations